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LITERARY AND HISTORICAL

MISCELLANIES.

BY

GEORGE BANCROFT.



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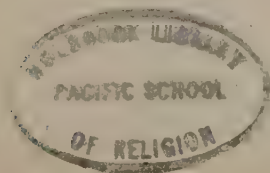
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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ESSAYS:	
I. THE DOCTRINE OF TEMPERAMENTS, 1824, - - -	1
II. ENNUI, 1830, - - - - -	44
III. THE RULING PASSION IN DEATH, 1833, - - -	75
STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE, 1824 AND FOL- LOWING YEARS:	
I. GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS, - - - - -	103
II. THE REVIVAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE, - - -	124
III. MEN OF SCIENCE AND LEARNING, - - - -	152
IV. THE AGE OF SCHILLER AND GOETHE, - - -	167
V. TRANSLATIONS, 1818—1824, - - - - -	206
STUDIES IN HISTORY:	
I. ECONOMY OF ATHENS, 1831, - - - - -	247
II. DECLINE OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE, 1834, - - -	280
III. RUSSIA, 1829, - - - - -	318
IV. THE WARS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY, 1829, - -	334



	PAGE
OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES :	
I. A WORD ON CALVIN THE REFORMER, OCT. 1834,	405
II. THE OFFICE OF THE PEOPLE IN ART, GOVERN- MENT AND RELIGION, 1835, - - - - -	408
III. IN MEMORY OF WM. ELLERY CHANNING, 1842, -	436
IV. ORATION COMMEMORATIVE OF ANDREW JACK- SON, 1845, . - - - - -	444
V. THE NECESSITY, THE REALITY, AND THE PRO- MISE OF THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE, 1854, - - - - -	481



## THE DOCTRINE OF TEMPERAMENTS.

### THE FIVE SOURCES OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN.

THE connexion between the mind and the body can never be explained. As yet, the first principles on which it depends, have not been discovered. Nature, in her mysterious operations, eludes the sagacity of the most careful observers. Her venerable form is concealed by a veil, which no mortal has been permitted to raise. The first cause is "that which hath been, which is, and which shall be, and which no man has comprehended." But we can notice the relation between one set of appearances and another, and may hope to be benefited by practical inductions from our observations. By them we are led to regard the body, not merely as the temporary abode of the soul, but also as the instrument by which knowledge is acquired and purposes executed. No idea of the external world finds its way to the mind but through the senses; while the action of the internal organs excites the passions, modifies the operations of thought, and imparts peculiarities to the moral nature.



The union and reciprocal influence of the mind and body are established before the period for observation has arrived. If the reasonings of physiologists are just, the infant at its birth is already possessed of a consciousness of its being. It has its passions, its desires, its propensities; and not only its physical organization is decided, but also the complexion of its character. There remains room for education to accomplish her high designs in developing its powers, in confirming its advantages, in counteracting its faults, in supplying its deficiencies, in tempering its elements. But there are certain limits, within which this influence of art is restrained. The features of the mind, as of the face, are fixed beyond the possibility of change. Free opportunity is left for the culture of morals; but it is also decided, by what vices the child, on ripening to manhood, will be most liable to be assailed, and in what virtues he is constitutionally fitted to excel.

The native peculiarities of individuals may be illustrated by enumerating those which experience has shown to exist. Sex renders a diversity of moral character inevitable. But not to dwell on this universal division, there may clearly be observed in every one at least five sources of difference, residing in his original organization.

The human family, which now occupies the earth, is composed of several races. Some illustrious physiologists have, it is true, contended that strictly speaking

there is but one; and that men, descended from common parents, have been variously changed by the continued influence of climate and regimen. But while speculative science leads to the belief in a common origin, and establishes beyond a doubt the unity of our kind, the difference at present actually exists; and the child inherits the physical and moral characteristics of the race to which it belongs. The Englishman and the Hindoo, though natives of the same city, are from birth unlike in mind and in feature.

The same race has been variously modified in different ages of the world. The Greek of the Byzantine Empire was not as the Greek of the Athenian democracy. The Roman of to-day is not the Roman of the Commonwealth. A German baron of the present time is all unlike the feudal robber of the middle ages. Each generation bears marks by which it may be distinguished from any former one. These differences, though they are the result of the state of society in its influence on the individuals who compose it, are nevertheless in some measure hereditary; so that the new-born child is affected by the age in which its existence commences. This is confirmed by analogies, drawn from the whole animal creation.

Nations, also, have their characteristics, which are transmitted from one generation to another. The infant, therefore, receives with its original frame the peculiarities of its nation. To what degree this modification of char-

acter extends, it is difficult to determine. It probably reaches further than we may, at first thought, be ready to believe, and not only inclines the mind to certain habits and particular sentiments, to such virtues as valor and prudence, but also to such vices as rapacity and cruelty, to cunning, to effeminacy, to superstition, to servile obedience. It gives an aptitude for acquiescing in certain forms of society and government, and a facility for the acquisition and use of a particular language. The Frenchman is born with a natural predisposition to cheerfulness; the American Indian with an innate passion for the chase; the Arab of the desert with a propensity to plunder. Who will hesitate to ascribe the bravery of the Cossacks to a peculiarity common to their nation, and continued by descent? Who will doubt, that there are tribes of men naturally unwarlike? Is it not to be believed, that the physical organization of many a Tartar tribe inclines them to a wandering life? Could any possible education make of the next generation of the serfs in Russia good citizens of a free, popular government? Animals often show peculiar skill in matters, to which not they, but their parents, have been trained. The books of the naturalists furnish well-attested examples of qualities thus inherited. In like manner we may believe, that the ancient adorers of leeks and onions, or the present worshippers of the Grand Lama, came into the world predisposed to superstition; that the Turk is naturally



given to stern composure and faith in the power of destiny; that the Siamese commoner does, as it were, of himself cringe and fall on his knees before the absurd nobility of his country; and that the descendant of the Pilgrims, whether on the banks of the Detroit, the Iowa, or the Oregon, has the true instinct for liberty. As to speech, the infant in the valley of the Euphrates inherits, it may not be doubted, an aptness to learn the diffuse forms of its Oriental language; and on the borders of the Seine to prefer the dialect of Paris to the deeper accents of the Germans. Though a man may have acquired a foreign language in his infancy, his thoughts were not destined by nature to flow in it; and perfect success in the use of words is obtained only in the mother tongue.

The differences in national character are obvious, when we hold up in contrast the manners and history of nations. It is still easier to observe the traits which mark families. The father's lineaments and constitution, the mother's temper, re-appear in their offspring. The child bears the features of its parents, and how often is the analogous resemblance of mind and tastes perceptible.

And lastly, the life of every person has, from its commencement, its own peculiarities. From the first dawn of consciousness it is distinguished from that of every other intelligent being; and it contains within

itself, the principles which are to decide on character, condition, and happiness.

It appears then, from its race, its age, its nation, its family, and its own organization, the infant receives with its existence peculiar qualities. If it be asked, in what these original differences consist, we might safely invite the reader to consider for himself each class, under which we have arranged them, and test our statement by its application to individual cases. This would be attended with no difficulty as far as regards the three first sources of difference. Where men are to be judged of by comparing them in masses, whether of races or of peoples, and centuries of national existence are to be grouped together for the convenience of observing, it may be easy to seize on characteristics which stand out in bold relief. But it is in the daily walks of life, that a proper discrimination becomes both difficult and invaluable. It is in comparing family with family, and man with man, that an almost endless variety seems to baffle every effort at classification.

But the subject has been happily reduced to order. It is found possible to analyze the ingredients, which compose the physical, and influence the moral nature; and thus to arrive at comparatively a small number of elements, which, by their various combinations, produce the infinite diversity existing between individuals. The ancients already established the simple classification of men according to their organization,

and with the happy sagacity, for which they are justly considered eminent, invented the DOCTRINE OF TEMPERAMENTS; a doctrine, in itself neither unimportant nor uninteresting; of high moment to the physician in the treatment of disease, and not without its advantages to any one in the care of his health; a doctrine which holds a conspicuous place in physiological science; and forms a fit object of liberal curiosity, as belonging in general to the history and knowledge of man.

It is our purpose to expound this intricate subject. Every one who reads, may try the correctness of our views, by comparisons drawn from his own experience. Yet the observer will bear in mind, that the theory has to exhibit each temperament in its purity, unmixed and unmitigated; life generally furnishes only examples, in which one or the other is strongly predominant. It is our duty, in order to draw the lines of separation between opposite classes, to present the peculiar qualities in a strong and distinct light. Nature blends them in harmonious combinations.

#### THE SANGUINEOUS TEMPERAMENT.

The temperament, which in its external appearance, claims the highest degree of physical beauty, is the sanguineous. Its forms are moulded by nature to perfect symmetry, and invested with a complexion of the clearest lustre. The hands of the artist have embodied

its outlines in the majestically graceful Apollo of the Vatican. Its delicate shape is "the dream of love." A mild and clear eye promptly reveals the emotions of the heart; the veins swell with copious and healthful streams; and the cheek is quick to mantle with the crimson current. "The breath of life is inhaled freely; the chest is high and expanded like that of "a young Mohawk warrior;" the pulse is active but gentle; the hair light; the skin soft and moist; the face unclouded; and, in short, the whole organization is characterized by the vigor and facility of its functions.

The moral character of those who belong to this temperament is equally pleasing. They are amiable companions, every where welcome, and requiting the kindness shown them by gentleness of temper and elegance of manners. They are distinguished for playfulness of fancy and ready wit. Their minds are rapid in their conceptions, and pass readily from one subject to another, so that they can change at once from gaiety to tears, or from gravity to mirth. Of a happy memory, a careless and unsuspecting mien, a contented humor, a frank disposition, they form no schemes of deep hypocrisy or remote ambition. They are naturally affectionate, yet fickle in their friendships; prompt to act, yet uncertain of purpose. They excel in labors which demand a most earnest but short application. They conquer at a blow, or abandon the game. They gain their point by a *coup de main*, never by a tedious



siege. They are easily excited, but easily calmed ; they take fire at a word, but are as ready to forgive. They dislike profound meditation, but excel in prompt ingenuity ; they succeed in light exercises of fancy, in happily contrasting incongruous objects, and inventing singular but just comparisons. They are given to display, and passionately fond of being admired. Inconstant by nature, they are full of sympathy, and are eminently capable of transferring themselves in imagination into other scenes and conditions. Hence they sometimes are successful in the lighter branches of letters ; but they are too little persevering to excel. A continuance of intellectual labor is odious to them ; and in no case have they been known to unite the deep sentiments of philosophy to eloquent language. They are the gayest members of society, and yet the first to feel for others. With a thousand faults, their kindness of heart makes them always favorites. In their manners, they unite a happy audacity with winning good nature ; their conversation is gay, varied, and sparkling ; never profound, but never dull ; sometimes trivial, but often brilliant. Love is their ruling passion ; but it is a frolic love, to which there are as many cynosures as stars. It is Rinaldo in the chains, which he will soon break to submit to new ones. Occasionally they join in the contest for glory. In council they never have the ascendant ; but of all executive officers they are the best. They often are thrown by some happy chance to be at the head of

affairs ; but they never retain power very long. They are sometimes even delighted with camps ; but the field of arms is for them only an affair for a holiday ; they go to battle as merrily as to a dance, and are soon weary of the one and the other. Life is to them a merry tale ; if they are ever sad, it is but from compassion or the love of change ; and they breathe out their sighs chiefly in sonnets. Thus they seem made for sunshine and prosperity. Nature has given them the love of enjoyment, and blessed them with the gift of cheerfulness. In short, this temperament is to the rest, what youth is to the other periods of life ; what spring is to the succeeding seasons ; the time of freshness and flowers, of elastic hope and unsated desire.

For examples of this temperament, go to the abodes of the contented, the houses of the prosperous. Ask for the gayest among the gay in the scenes of pleasure ; search for those who have stilled the voice of ambition by the gentle influence of contented affection. In the mythology of the ancients, among whom generally character stood forth in bolder relief, numerous illustrations may be found. We may mention Paris, who, as the poet says, went to battle like the war-horse prancing to the river's side, and who valued the safety of his country less than the gratification of his love ; or Leander, whose passion the waters of the Hellespont could not quench ; or the too fascinating Endymion, who drew Diana herself from her high career. In his-

tory, we have the dangerous Alcibiades, who surpassed all other Athenians in talent, the Spartans in self-denial, the Thracians in abandoned luxury ; Mark Antony, who, for a time, was the first man in Rome, but gave up the world for Cleopatra ; Nero, the capricious tyrant, whose tomb was yet scattered with flowers ; the English Leicester, for whom two queens contended ; the gallant Hotspur of the British drama ; the French duke de Richelieu ; the good king Henry ; the bold and amiable Francis ; or to take quite a recent example, the brave and gallant, but passionate and wavering Murat, now, in time of truce, displaying his splendid dresses and his skill in horsemanship before the admiring Cossacks, and anon in the season of strife, charging the enemy's cavalry with fearless impetuosity. But we have the most striking illustration of the sanguineous temperament, when uncontrolled by moral principle, in the life and character of Demetrius, the famed besieger of cities. The son of Antigonus was tall, and of beautiful symmetry. Grace and majesty were united in his countenance ; so that he inspired at once both affection and awe. In his hours of leisure, he was an agreeable profligate ; in his moments of action, no man equalled him in diligence and despatch. Like Bacchus, he was terrible in war, but in peace a voluptuary. At one time he hazards honor and liberty for the indulgence of his love ; and at another, his presence of mind and his daring make

him victorious in the bloodiest naval battle of which any record exists. Though sometimes capriciously cruel, he was naturally humane. By turns a king and a pensioner, a hero and a profligate, a tyrant and a liberator, he conquered Ptolemy, besieged Thebes, gave freedom to Athens, was acknowledged to be the most active warrior of his age, and yet died in captivity, of indolence and gluttony.

Plutarch's life of Demetrius Poliorcetes might indeed be called the adventures of a sanguineous man, but of one morally abandoned. Where men of this temperament are distinguished for blamelessness and purity, they comprise within themselves all that is lovely and amiable in human nature. They are the fondest husbands and the kindest fathers. They live in an atmosphere of happiness. The fables of Arcadia seem surpassed by realities. It is especially in early life that their virtues have the most pleasing fragrance; "severe in youthful beauty," they are like the Israelites, who would not eat of the Eastern king's meat, and yet had countenances fairer than all. These are they, of whom the poets praise the destiny which takes them early from the world. These are the favorites of heaven, who, if they live to grow old, at their death "fill up one monument with goodness itself."

With regard to the preservation of health, we sum up every precept for the sanguineous man in this one; avoid excess. He should take much active, but not



violent exercise ; and must be careful to diminish the tendency to plethora. He may dance, may fence, may indulge in field-sports, or use any of the exercises of a well instituted gymnasium ; but all moderately. Nature has made him prone to indulgence, but has made indulgence doubly dangerous for his constitution and his morals. We repeat it : let him avoid excess, and his life will pass away in uninterrupted cheerfulness, in deeds of courtesy and benevolence, in the habitual exercise of the gentle and the generous virtues.

#### THE ATHLETIC TEMPERAMENT.

The athletic temperament possesses in some respects the external appearance of the sanguineous ; but it rises to a colossal stature, and is possessed of extraordinary strength. It implies an excess of muscular force over the sensitive. In superior physical powers, it loses all playfulness of mind. The athletic man has great vigor of frame, but is of an inactive spirit. He never attains to elevated purposes, or a fixed character ; he has no acuteness or insight into human motives, no gift of eloquence or poetry. He can be made an instrument in the hands of others, but never of himself conceives vast enterprises. He is good-humored, and by coaxing and flattery may be persuaded to do or suffer almost any thing ; but if his passions are excited, he is capable of becoming ferocious, and even brutal.

The sanguineous man often becomes athletic by a course of exercise, fitted to give the greatest development to the animal nature.

The mythology of the ancients furnishes examples of this class, in the whole race of the Titans, who thought in their folly that they could scale heaven, because their mighty arms could rend mountains from their bases. But the best instance among the demigods is Hercules. The brawny hero was perpetually cozened by Eurystheus, was compelled to execute the most frightful labors, turned rivers from their courses, withdrew the dead from the world of shades, and struck terror into the powers of Orcus, and yet was the slave of his appetites, and the dupe of his mistress. In all this he shows the excess of force and its concomitant mental imbecility.

If we turn to real life for illustrations, it must be remembered, that this temperament rarely fills the high offices of power and trust. The historic muse names of it no one among the benefactors of mankind. Had we the annals of the amphitheatres of old, we could know what giant son of the human race had worn the highest honors for prodigies of strength. In the unsettled period of the Roman empire, there are not wanting instances of men, who gained the diadem by being the strongest of those that joined in the scramble, or won the hearts of the barbarian legions, by excelling in the barbarian virtue of mere

physical force. There was too, quite recently, a Saxon elector, or rather a Polish king, who could break a horse shoe though he could not govern a kingdom, and was more successful in his debaucheries, than in acquiring the respect of men. He pretended to be an amateur of the fine arts, when he really understood nothing but the chase. He left the government of Saxony to his minister and yet believed he did every thing himself; he found the Poles troublesome to manage and therefore abandoned them to anarchy; the capital of his hereditary dominions was menaced by the Prussians; he fled taking with him his pictures and his porcelain, but leaving to the conqueror the archives of the state. Every body knows the story of his father, August Frederic, the second of the name. He sold his fine regiment of dragoons to his most dangerous neighbor for twelve porcelain vases. Once his mortal enemy Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, in the strangest freak, came unexpectedly and unattended to breakfast with him in Dresden; some hours after the king had rejoined his army, Augustus held a council to consider whether he ought not to have detained his royal guest as a prisoner.

In republics, this athletic temperament can have no chance to gain power; it is only by divine right, or the favor of a female ruler, that it can hope to control the fortunes of states. The study of history leads us to cry out against the injustice of history; it is a mere accident,

whether genuine worth finds a place there. Philip, the landgrave of Hesse, was a great friend of Protestantism. He also begged of Luther leave to have two wives at once. This was a strange request from a Christian prince to a reformer of religion; but Luther decided the request to be a reasonable one. Philip was always for prompt measures; he struck a bold blow, or none. Finding war too troublesome, he left the business to others, and gave himself up to slothful indulgence. If his end seems inconsistent with his earlier years, the riddle is solved by a word; he was of the athletic temperament. Indeed the whole family of Hessian princes has had a tendency to that class. Frederic, the second of the line, was fond of splendor; and not famous for nice feeling. He sold his soldiers at a high rate. England paid him more than twenty-one millions of rix dollars for twelve thousand of them, for eight years. Why is it worse for an African prince to dispose of the captives whom he takes in war, to cultivate sugar and cotton in America, than for a Hessian prince to sell his own subjects, of whom he has the divine right to be the parent and the sovereign, to fight the battles of England, and be shot at for less than sixpence a day? The son of the Landgrave just mentioned, was one of the richest and meanest misers in Europe, the most tyrannical petty despot of his time. Inventing a new right of primogeniture, he promulgated a law respecting those who were permitted to be

educated, and allowed the clergy generally, and some public functionaries of a certain rank, to educate only their oldest son. We connect with a prince, at least some ideas of external splendor, and liberality of disposition. But what shall we think of this niggardly autocrat, who fumbled in the pockets of the poor man in quest of his last penny, and raked the barren sands of an exhausted soil for a few more grains of gold?

The most remarkable of all historical personages of the athletic temperament, was Potemkin, for several years the unlimited favorite of Catharine. For a while men thought him possessed of a colossal genius; but he had nothing colossal except his body. He had no character, and soon made it evident. What mighty events spring from petty causes! An inferior officer saw the empress display herself in uniform before the guards; her sword was without tassels; he tore his own from the hilt, to make her an offering of them; she accepted the tribute, and became enamored of his person; and he made himself her master. The chancellor of the empire outwitted him; so that the armed neutrality was the result of a court intrigue. His mind was of the coarsest order. "How many prostitutes are there in Petersburg?" said she to him one day. "Forty thousand," replied he, "without the court." He was excessively grasping and excessively prodigal. He was worth thirty-five millions of our dollars, and yet could not be induced to pay a trades-



man's bill. Catharine lavished on him immense sums ; he would further forge checks in her name on the public treasury, and accept bribes from foreign powers. The first division of Poland was to him but "child's play." When the Tartars of the Crimea hesitated to take the oath of allegiance to Catharine, he ordered thirty thousand of them to be slaughtered in a mass, men, women and children. The grand riband of the order of St. George is given in Russia, only to a commander-in-chief, after a victory. To gain this, he quarrelled with the Porte in 1787, and in the next year, took Otchakow by storm, in spite of sickness and scarcity. He surpassed all men of his time in prodigality, in meanness, in sensual indulgence, and capricious vanity. He died at last, in consequence of his excesses, under a tree by the road-side ; and when Paul came to the crown, the body of Potemkin was thrown into a ditch.

Such is the athletic temperament. Its excess of health and strength is by no means desirable. When the constitution once begins to fail, it is broken up suddenly and rapidly. And there is really less of the true vital principle in this temperament, than in any other. Those who belong to it never acquire eminent intellectual distinction ; and are ignorant of refined sensations. No prayers, no sacrifices, no exertions, not even nightly vigils, can open for them the sanctuary of the muse. Heaven has conferred on them a

majestic frame, but doomed them to perpetual mediocrity. The athletic man can receive few rules for the regulation of his health. Indeed, Hippocrates pronounces his usual condition to be a state of malady. We can only exhort him to be temperate, and to use his strength with discretion. His life will probably not extend to old age, and will be exposed to many infirmities.

In history, this temperament has gained distinction in the troublesome times, when brutal force and fierce indifference were in the ascendant. In poetry, it is illustrated by the Ajax of Homer, and we have an accurate description of it in Chaucer.

“The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,  
 Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;  
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,  
 At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.  
 He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,  
 Ther n’as no dore, that he n’olde heve of barre,  
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.”

#### THE BILIOUS TEMPERAMENT.

We turn to the consideration of a class of men, to whom the destinies of the world are generally committed ; who rule in the cabinet and on the exchange ; who control public business, and guide the deliberations of senates, and who, whether in exalted or private stations, unite in the highest degree instant saga-

city with persevering energy. They possess, like the sanguineous, quickness of perception and rapidity of thought; but they at the same time have the power of confining their attention to a single object. They have good practical judgment; they see things as they are, and are never deceived by contemplating measures in a false light; they have a clear eye to pierce the secrets of the human heart, to read the character and understand the motives of others. They are patient and inflexible in their purposes; and however remote may be the aim of their desires, they labor with unwearied toil even for a distant and apparently uncertain success. They are prone to anger, and yet can moderate or conceal their indignation. Their strongest passion is ambition; all other emotions yield to it; even love vainly struggles against it; and if they sometimes give way to beauty, they in their pleasures resemble the Scythians of old, who at their feasts used to strike the cords of their bows, to remind themselves of danger. The men of whom we are speaking are urged by constant restlessness to constant action. An habitual sentiment of disquietude allows them no peace but in the tumult of business; the hours of crowded life are the only ones they value; the narrow road of emulation the only one in which they travel.

These moral characteristics are observed to be connected with a form more remarkable for firmness than for grace. The complexion is generally not light; and

not unfrequently of a sallow hue ; the hair is dark ; the skin dry ; the flesh not abundant, but firm ; the muscular force great in proportion to the volume of the muscles ; the eye vivid and sparkling. The appetite is voracious rather than delicate ; the digestion rapid. Of the internal organs, the liver is proportionably the largest and the most active ; and its copious secretions give a name to the class.

Such is the nature of those who belong to the bilious temperament. They are to be employed, wherever hardiness of resolution, prompt decision, and permanence of enterprise are required. They unite in themselves in an eminent degree the manly virtues, which lead to results in action. At their birth all the gods came to offer gifts ; the graces alone remained away. They stand high in the calendar of courts, and know how to woo the favor of the citizens of republics ; but Cupid, indignant at their independence of him, degrades them in his beadroll. They do not reign in the world of fashion, and the novel-writer could make of an Oxenstiern or a Sully an imposing picture, but not the hero of a sentimental tale.

Will you learn from living examples, what is the nature of the bilious temperament ? Walk to the exchange, and ask who best understands the daring business of insurance ? Discover by whom the banks are managed which give the surest and largest dividends ? Go to our new settlements in the west,

and mark the men who are early and late riding through the majestic forests of virgin nature, where the progress is impeded, it is true, by no under-wood, but where every hardship must be endured, streams forded, nights be spent under the open sky, hunger be defied, and a thousand dangers be braved by the keen speculator, who will take nothing on trust. Or watch the arena of public strife, and see who it is, that most skilfully, and yet most secretly, touches the springs of national action, and controls the distribution of praise and emoluments in the very court of honor?

Or if you will not trust yourself with scrutinizing the motives of the living, consult the Muse of History, and with her trumpet tongue, she will tell you of those who are the elect of her heart, those who fill the universe with their fame, and have swayed their times by their prowess and their mental power; from the mighty conquerors of earliest antiquity, whose names float to us among the wrecks of unknown empires, to the last wonderful man, who, in our own times, dealt with states as with playthings, and, by the force of his despotic will, shook the civilized world to its centre.

Ancient history furnishes perhaps no more exact illustration of this temperament, than in the character of Themistocles. In his boyhood he shunned boyish sports; but would compose declamations and harangues. He says of himself, that he had learnt neither to tune the harp nor handle the lyre, but that



he knew how to make a small and inglorious city both powerful and illustrious. He could not sleep for the trophies of Miltiades. When his superior in the command raised a staff to repel disagreeable advice by a blow, he coolly said, "Strike—but hear me," rendering patience sublime by his patriotism. Having been a poor and disinherited child, he made his way to the highest honors in Athens, and for a season controlled the civilized world. "He was the first of men," says Thucydides, "for practical judgment." Of Romans we might name as of the bilious temperament, the elder Brutus, the glorious hypocrite, who hid the power of his genius till he could exert it for liberty. The greatest foreigner in the days of the Republic on the Roman soil was Hannibal, and he, not less than Julius Cæsar, was of the bilious class.

But were we to select an example among those, who at any time have been masters of the Seven Hills, we should name the wonderful Montalto, Pope Sextus V. In early life he exerted astonishing industry and talent, made himself the favorite preacher in the cities of Italy, and afterwards won the hearts of the Spaniards, till he was at last made Cardinal. Then of a sudden his character seemed changed; and for almost twenty years he played the part of a deceiver, with unequalled skill. He lived at a retired house, kept few servants, was liberal in his expenses for charities, but parsimonious towards himself; contradicted no one; submitted

even to insults with perfect good humor ; and, in short, acquired the reputation of being the most meek, the most humble, and the most easily guided among the cardinals. Of the forty-two cardinals who entered the conclave, Montalto seemed nearest to another world. A crutch supported the declining strength of his old age ; and a distressing cough indicated that life was fast consuming away. Six parties divided the assembly ; and fourteen cardinals deemed themselves worthy of the tiara. On balloting, Albano, the most powerfully supported, had but thirteen votes. Let us take this good natured, dying old man, thought they ; he will be easily managed ; and four parties of the six united for Montalto. The ballot was ended ; “ Gods ! I am Pope of Rome,” exclaimed the hale old man. Casting from him the cloaks in which he was muffled, he threw his crutch across the room, and bending back, spit to the ceiling of the high chamber of the Vatican in which he was, to show the vigor of his lungs. Never did a wiser man hold the keys of St. Peter. He punished vice even in the high places, with inexorable severity ; he established the library of the Vatican ; placed the magnificent obelisk in front of St. Peters ; caused the matchless cupola to be built ; conducted water to the Quirinal Hill ; erected a vast hospital for the poor ; made the splendid street, called from his name Felice ; reformed the finances of the states of the Church ; and, while he exercised great influence on the affairs of

Christendom, he himself kept at peace. Since his time, the Catholic Church has not had at its head a man of superior genius.

In the care of his health the bilious man has no excess of humors that require to be dissipated by violent exercise. He may use almost any kind of motion in a moderated degree. In summer he must avoid fatiguing labors during the heat of the day. Autumn is the best season for him; especially when the air is at once cool and moist. Then in the midst of nature's decline he forms projects for his own advancement; nor does he always pause, though his path to success may lead through the ruin of others.

#### THE PHLEGMATIC TEMPERAMENT.

There are men, not absolutely dull, yet not of lively sensibility; their thoughts are exact, but neither very gay, nor very profound; their ideas come tardily, but with precision; they are quiet; not disposed to anger; and in general, pursue a middle course. They are fond of repose, and, if left to themselves, would sleep away a large part of their lives. These men are of a light and often delicate complexion; the countenance is without expression; the eye tranquil; the hair of no decided color; the muscles of great volume, but feeble; the pulse mild, and disappearing under a firm pressure. The fibres are soft; the humors of the body abound.

Such are the characteristics, moral and physical, of the phlegmatic, or, as it is often called, the lymphatic temperament.

The phlegmatic man is tranquil in all his affections ; he is never troubled with desperate love. As he possesses neither enterprise nor sudden resolution, he avoids undertakings wherein those qualities would be necessary. He cultivates, or rather seems naturally to possess, the qualities of prudence and discretion. His conduct is free from excesses ; and his vices and virtues are stamped with mediocrity. He easily acquires esteem, and never excites admiration. He is not tormented by ambition, or a thirst for praise ; neither is he exposed to the temptations which most frequently and most dangerously beset the weaknesses of others. But let him not be proud of this imagined superiority. He purchases his distinction by foregoing the highest pleasures of the imagination and the most delicate enjoyments of existence. Unfit for acting in sudden emergencies, he succeeds perfectly well in labors which chiefly require patience, where gradual advancement is the result of moderate but continued efforts. Hence he is sure to be jostled from the road to influence in times of high excitement ; and never possesses power but in seasons of profound tranquillity. It is with great surprise that we find a late popular writer quote the illustrious Fox, as an illustration of the phlegmatic temperament. Fox was given to pleasure as well

as to business ; he had taste, philanthropy, warm feelings, impetuous daring, many of the most honorable qualities of the sanguineous man. The British ministers of greatest note, from Lord Burleigh to Canning, were generally of the bilious temperament. But if we must give a great name as an example of this class, we should take the philosopher and historian Hume. The Dutch are nationally of this organization. It would not seem to suit the character of a poet ; but Thomson was a phlegmatic man, "more fat than bard beseems," though youthful admirers may find it difficult to reconcile this opinion with their idea of the poet of the Seasons. Take these lines as proof of his nature :

"But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretched immense  
 From side to side, in which, with desperate knife,  
 They deep incision make."

And when he compares the steam of hot punch to the breath of May as it comes over violets, and praises the ale which is

"not afraid,

E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie,"

the verses, on the whole, are as barbarous in their measure as they are phlegmatic in their conception.

No exercise is too violent for the man of this temperament. His sleeping energies must be awakened ; his imagination roused from its lethargy by powerful



excitement. In summer, to guard against his natural lassitude, let him rise in time to help Hyperion to his horse; and quicken his system by a cold bath; then, careless of the heat, he may plunge into the forest and pursue the chase, till real fatigue gives him a claim to repose. In winter he may run at full speed till his heavy frame pants for breath; or wrestle violently with an equal antagonist till his chill blood flows warmly to his cheek. Nor need he shun the social circle and the festive dance. The society of the gay will not undermine his gravity, and the noise of mirth and the sight of beauty will never be too stimulating for his sluggish passions.

#### THE MELANCHOLIC TEMPERAMENT.

Observe the pensive man, who stands musing apart from the rest, and whom we should think bilious but for the compression of his chest. His countenance is pallid or sallow; and his features are expressive of melancholy. He is lean, yet of great muscular vigor; his eyes are clear and brilliant, yet of a sombre expression. His hair is dark, and does not readily curl. He is rather tall, and not ill-formed, yet slender; his breast is narrow, and confines the play of his lungs; he stoops as he sits or walks. His internal organization is marked by energy and life; but the action of the system meets with obstructions. His nerves are extremely

sensitive; yet generous warmth is wanting to mollify and expand their extremities. His blood circulates with languor, and if he is long exposed to the cold in a state of inactivity, it is soon chilled. His stomach is apt to become indolent; he is liable to the anguish of difficult digestion. Such are the physical peculiarities of the melancholic temperament.

The man of this class unites an habitual distrust of himself and weak indecision in common affairs, with obstinate persistence in matters on which he is decided, and undaunted perseverance in pursuing one object. When he has no strong motive to fix him, his wavering exposes him to the reproach of pusillanimity; and he might find it difficult to repel the charge, were it not that it is impossible to make him swerve from a purpose once adopted. Beauty has an inconceivable and mysterious power over him. He deserts the society of the wise and learned, the disputes of politicians and the discussions of men of business, for the unquiet enjoyment which he finds in its vicinity. Yet while he yields to the temporary influence and dominion of any one who is lovely, he is slow to form an attachment; and if his affections are once engaged, his love bears the seal of eternity. In his intercourse with men, he avoids all society which does not suit his habits of mind; but he is sincere in his friendships, and, we must also add, slow to forgive an injury. The recollection of a wrong remains imprinted almost indelibly on his memory. In

society his manners are embarrassed and often awkward; yet he does not fail to excite interest and a sentiment akin to compassion. When he converses, his imagination exerts itself powerfully, and he often uses original and singularly expressive forms of language. Indeed the imagination is at all times the strongest faculty of his mind. It creates a world for him, all unlike the real one. He does not see things as they are, but beholds in them only the reflections of his own representations. His delight is in profound sentiment, and he excels in the delineation of strong passions and intense suffering. Powerful motives are required to bring him to action. If suddenly called upon, when he is not moved, he falters; can decide on nothing; and appears to exhibit a complete inefficiency and unsuitableness for business. But if strong excitement accompanies the unexpected summons, he comes with energy and decision to the guidance of affairs, pours forth his ideas in a torrent of extraordinary and irresistible eloquence, and surpasses all expectation. It is a weakness of the melancholic man, that he is always contemplating himself; the operations of his own mind, the real, or more probably, the imaginary woes of his own experience. The sanguineous man is happy in his fickleness; the bilious enjoys himself in the stir of action; the phlegmatic is content, if he is but left alone to repose undisturbed; the melancholic is quite satisfied only when discoursing, or musing on himself and

his sorrows. So far he is liable to the charge of vanity ; but no further. He does not form too high an estimate of himself ; self-conceit is the peculiar foible of the sanguineous. Love is the ruling passion of the sanguineous ; ambition of the bilious ; the melancholy man is haunted by a longing for glory. This gives an impulse to his patriotism ; this kindles his imagination and leads him to beautiful designs ; this prompts him to enter on the career of letters ; this not unfrequently drives him with irresistible power to nightly vigils and immoderate toil, in the hope to enshrine his name among the immortal. He is timid, and his fastidious taste is never satisfied with what he performs, though of all men he can least brook censure ; so that he exhibits the apparent contradiction of relying most obstinately on a judgment which he himself distrusts. This diffidence of himself may at first seem to injure the perfection and utility of his labors. But his doubting makes him anxious to finish his productions in the most careful manner. To what else do we owe the perfect grace and harmony of Virgil ? the compact expression and polished elegance of Gray ?

If the melancholic man errs in his practical estimate of men, he at least studies the principles according to which they act, and carefully analyzes their motives and passions. He understands the internal operations of their minds, even while he is unsuccessful in his direct attempts at influencing them. He is himself

capable of a high and continued enthusiasm. Gifted with affections which may be refined and elevated, he can feel admiration for all that is beautiful and unselfish among men; can pay homage to the fine arts; or be admitted to enjoy the serious pleasures afforded by philosophy and poetry. He has no talent for light humor and pleasantry; but he excels in bitter retorts and severity of satire. He is subject to ecstasies of pleasure no less than of pain; and the former become him less than the latter. He possesses the virtue of patience in the most eminent degree. Nothing can fatigue or subdue him. Disappointments do not weary him, nor can he be baffled by delay.

The history of literature and the arts is full of examples of this temperament; on the world also, it has frequently exercised a wide and lasting influence. The most eloquent of modern philosophers, the gifted child of Geneva, the outcast of fortune, offers an illustration. How brilliant is his imagination! What timidity marks his character in smaller affairs! What dauntless courage animated him, when he published truths in defiance of the Roman Church and the vengeance of despots! What a power also was exercised over him by beauty! How willingly he offers his *Eloise* in manuscript, on gilt-edged paper, neatly sewed with ribands, to his accomplished patroness! What ignorance of the world do we find in him, and yet what discriminating delineations of the passions and



hearts of men! So long as a love of truth, of liberty, of virtue, shall avail with charity to mitigate the condemnation of vices, which a defect of education may palliate but not excuse; so long as splendor of imagination, keen reasoning, eloquent reproofs of fashionable follies and crimes, in a word, the fine thoughts and style of genius, shall be admired, the name and the writings of Rousseau will be remembered, and the analysis of his mind explain the organization which we are describing.

In English poetry, Cowley seems to have been of this temperament. Milton, originally bilious, acquired something of it from age and misfortunes. It was natural to the bard of Mantua; it threw the thick cloud of self-torturing gloom over the poet of chivalry and the cross, the sweetest minstrel of his country, or rather of all time, the inimitable Tasso.

These are instances of men devoted to letters. History describes Demosthenes as of a slender form and short breath; therefore, we infer, of a narrow chest. His physiognomy has a gloomy expression, as we know not only from the busts of him, but from the insolent jests of *Æschines*. He is represented as of unyielding fixedness of purpose; a man, whom neither the factions of the people, nor the clamors of the aristocratic party, nor the gold of Macedonia, could move from the career of disinterested patriotism. Arriving at early manhood, he found an object worthy of the

employment of his life, and remained true to it in danger, in power, in success, in defeat,—at home, on embassies, in exile, and in death. He was an ardent lover of liberty, smitten also with a true passion for glory. Moreover in spite of his perseverance, he was naturally timid. When he was presented at the court of Philip, he is said to have been embarrassed, and to have shown no proofs of his greatness. When called from the forum to the camp, he was not at once capable of directing the battle. He was accustomed never to address the Athenians except after careful preparation; yet, on great occasions, he was sometimes raised beyond himself, and if excited and compelled to speak, he did it as it were by inspiration, and with irresistible force. All these things are traits of the melancholic temperament.

We think we are abundantly authorized by his historical evidence in these remarks on Demosthenes; though, as far as our knowledge extends, he is cited in none of the books of physiology. To this class we venture to add the name of one still more glorious in human annals, and we do it confidently, relying on the portraits of his person and his moral character. It is the illustrious mariner to whom this country has recently paid high honors, by the pen of Washington Irving. We mean Christopher Columbus, who was inspired by the innate majesty of his own soul, to sail so far into an unknown hemisphere,

“Ch’ appena seguirà con gli occhi il volo  
La Fama, ch’ ha mille occhi, e mille penne.  
Canta ella Alcide, e Bacco, e di te solo,  
Basti a i posteri tuoi ch’ alquanto accenne ;  
Che quel poco darà lunga memoria  
Di poema dignissima, e d’ istoria.”

Thus we see, that persons of the melancholic temperament, possess great means of influencing others, and exercising power over the destinies of mankind. In our account of it, we have purposely avoided mentioning the monstrous crimes, which are described by Cabanis, Richerand, and other physiologists, as its natural effects. They are not so. Providence has made no temperament morally evil or good. It has exposed each to its own temptations, and facilitated to each the acquisition of virtues. The rashness of the sanguineous is counteracted by humanity and the softer virtues ; the ambition of the bilious by clear reason and a quick perception of what is just ; the weakness of the melancholic by patience and unwearied application. But it must be confessed that when they become corrupt, their vices may produce very different degrees of horror. The bilious man is never wantonly cruel or wicked. Cæsar, in his ambition, finished the ruin of his country’s liberties, but his success was not sullied by bloody vengeance. Nero, who was sanguineous, was at first humane, then fickle, then corrupt, and when his innocence was gone, he made men miserable for his amusement. Vengeance is the crime of the

melancholic. Witness the proscriptions of Sylla. When the melancholic man surrenders himself to the influence of malignant or degrading passions, he is cold and merciless; his imagination is full of corrupt images; his lusts are unnatural; his breast conceives dark and hateful designs; he becomes indifferent to consequences; he neither respects the happiness of others nor is awed by the prospect of his own ruin; he is deaf to the voice of humanity, reckless of nature, of God, and of eternity. Tiberius, Domitian, Philip II. of Spain; these are examples,—would there were no more,—that the melancholic temperament may be ruinous to public happiness. The mind turns gladly from these men of atrocious souls, to the milder virtues and the better genius of Burke or the elder Pitt.

Let the melancholic man, if he values health of body, or mental peace, never yield to indolence, and shun solitude when his fancy begins to brood darkly over his cares. His diet should be rich, moderate in quantity, but nutritious. Fasting, or a low fare, might give his passions a tragical power. Light wines he may freely use. In winter, if he will but be often abroad, the cold weather will call off his thoughts from his troubles. Sufficient exercise by day, and cheerful company in the evening, will keep him in a good condition. Summer is the dangerous season for him. The solitary admiration of nature confirms all his evils.

“Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,  
Nor to the rivulet’s lonely moanings tune

Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd ;  
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish  
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day.  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes and shifting every hour,  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.  
Or more adventurous, rush into the field  
Where war grows hot ; and raging through the sky,  
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul.”

## THE NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT.

We have finished the enumeration of temperaments, as described by the fathers of medicine. The Greeks recognized but four, considering the athletic only as a modification of the sanguineous. Modern writers form a distinct class of the athletic, and they add another, of which examples doubtless existed among the ancients, and which in modern times embraces no inconsiderable portion of mankind.

The temperament to which we allude is the nervous. We cannot readily give a type of its moral character, for a part of its peculiarity is, that it admits of the most various modifications. It is known by the predominance of the sensitive part of the system. It is not that the nerves are deranged, or delicate, or weak ; on the contrary, the action of the nerves is dis-



proportionately powerful; they do their office too effectually.

The nervous temperament is marked by extreme sensibility. An impression is easily made; the mind is active and volatile; flying hastily from one subject and one feeling to another, not from fickleness, but from a rapidity of associations. It is quick in making combinations and forms its resolutions suddenly; but the durability of these resolutions depends on the texture of the fibres. If they are effeminate, the character is fickle; if they are hard, and in man, this usually happens, the character is firm and possessed of decision. In the latter case the nervous man is lean, and as it were emaciated; his muscles are compact; the eye bright and rapid. He is capable of the most diversified action. He can instantaneously break from deep devotion to give himself up to amusement, from sympathy with the sorrows of others to mix in gaiety. Sometimes he is distinguished in public speaking; but wit and sarcasm, frequent illustrations, abrupt transitions, are more natural to him than careful reasoning or impassioned eloquence. He is scarcely ever pathetic; but he excels in epigrammatic conceits, in the quick perception of the ludicrous, and in the pointed expression of his ideas. He delights in proverbs, and manufactures new ones. He is commonly eccentric in his ways; and while he is frequently suspected of levity by the world, he retorts

upon it by a cold philosophy, and a "contempt for the malignant vulgar." The people of Neufchatel dismissed their pastor, because he disbelieved in the eternity of future punishments. The pastor appealed to Frederic, who declined interference. "If," said he, and it was his only and his formal answer,—“if the people of Neufchatel insist on being damned for ever, I shall interpose no objections.” Frederic is the most striking example of the nervous temperament. Voltaire also belonged to it. So too in the north, we have no hesitation in classing under it the Russian Suwarrow. In antiquity we think that Socrates was an instance of it; to the many he seemed an odd buffoon; but his friends and pupils knew that his mind held glorious converse with the sublimest truths. We further venture the suggestion, that the eccentric apostate, the gifted Julian, possessed the traits of the nervous class. Were we to name two more, they should be the emperor Hadrian of Rome, and his counterpart, the emperor Joseph of Austria.

Where this temperament exists in an intense degree, it becomes a malady. Its remedy is exercise. The balance must be restored between the sensitive and the muscular forces; and this can be effected only by diminishing the action of the intellect and cultivating that of the animal nature. Nothing else can give rest. Friendship, letters, business, action, all will not avail, or rather will but increase the evil. The

labors of agriculture, or any labor abroad, which will gently occupy the thoughts, and at the same time strengthen the body, are of most service. Children of this class suffer from too early attempts to cultivate their minds. Such attempts are immediately followed by great apparent results, but do in fact confirm the natural weakness and misfortune of the individual.

#### THE TEMPERED TEMPERAMENT.

It will hardly be necessary to repeat, that these temperaments are seldom found unmixed, although one is usually predominant. In general it may be observed, that the sanguineous prevails at the north; the bilious at the south; the phlegmatic in cold and moist marshy countries. In our immediate vicinity, examples of the sanguineous occur more frequently than of any other. A mixture of the sanguineous and the bilious is very common, and forms the temperament best suited for the faithful and tranquil discharge of private duties. The melancholic is also not rare; the nervous is uncommon, except in the other sex; busy America does not produce decided cases enough of the phlegmatic to bring them into the account.

And which is the best temperament? Each is content with itself. The bilious man thinks no hours worth remembering, except those which have been

passed in the midst of ambitious toil. But do you think that the sanguineous will desert his pleasant fireside, abandon his cheerfulness, and restrain the fickle wanderings of his affections, for all the boasted superiority of the bilious temperament? Or that the melancholic man, in love with himself and his mournful humor, desires a changè in his constitution? Or that the phlegmatic indolence, which cares not whether the world was made for Cæsar or no, would wish to part with its indifference, and figure in the career of public honors? Providence has been merciful and benevolent to each. The best temperament, the *beau ideal*, is compounded of all the rest, and we will call it the tempered temperament; in which the happiest proportion of the elements is observed, so that nature may be proud of her production. This model may never have existed in perfection: many of the wise and good, who have been the benefactors of mankind, have approached near to it; our own Washington nearest of all.

We have now explained the six classes, into which all physical peculiarities and the corresponding moral ones may be resolved. It no longer remains difficult to show how men vary from one another in the manner in which we have stated. That a peculiar temperament distinguishes a nation, no one who will consult history, or look through the world, at the Turks, the Dutch, the Spaniards, can deny. It is equally obvious that the same defects and advantages of original organi-

zation are transmitted in families. The distinction between individuals is as apparent as between the races.

It is only in the comparison between man in one age and another, that physiologists, following the indications of Plato in his impracticable theory of a republic, believe it possible to effect great changes and improvements in his condition. When these ingenious observers are admitted to offer counsel, the most brilliant prospects are opened for the amelioration of the human race, and the happiness, health, and virtue of future generations. The companions of man's existence, his dogs and his horses, have already seen the epoch of regeneration; it does but remain for him now to try upon himself, what he has so successfully attempted upon others; to review, says the illustrious Cabanis, who, for the most part, uses words considerately, "to review and correct the work of nature." "A daring enterprise" he may well add. In that happy condition, which the physiologists are to prepare, the inequalities of temperaments are to be removed, and a mixture of the elements in the happiest proportions is to form a healthful body, the dwelling and the instrument of a healthful mind. There will then be no more of atrabilious frenzy; no more of athletic dulness; the phlegmatic are to exchange their inertness for the livelier exercise of their bodies and the cheering efforts of imagination; and the sanguineous to be metamor-



phosed from frivolity to fixedness, from inattention and indecision to steadfastness of purpose. There is still to be an infinite variety of character, resulting chiefly from the influence of climate, age, regimen, and pursuits; but there is to be no more excess. Goodness is to be ingrafted on every member of the human race. There is to be no more sorrowing for ideal suffering; the compressed lungs of the melancholy are to find relief and freedom; their sombre features to kindle with habitual cheerfulness. And then this blessed age of our late posterity, is to wonder at the present; and to read with astonishment, that the science of physiology and the kindred studies have had no more influence in a century which boasts, and in many respects may justly boast, of its enlightened condition.

With the best wishes for this improved race of man, which future times may behold, we turn to the world around us, where the thousand inadvertencies, follies, and excesses of men, continue to make them heirs to a thousand evils. Enough we believe, has been said to show, that the care and culture of the physical system should be methodically pursued, in order to promote the health, just action, and harmonious co-operation of the body and the mind.

## ENNUI.

### I.

ENNUI is a word which the French invented, though of all nations in Europe they know the least of it; while the Turks, with their untiring gravity, lethargic dignity, blind fatalism, opium-eating, and midnight profligacies, have undoubtedly the largest share. Next to the Turks, the English suffer most from it. Hear the account which their finest poetical genius of the present century gives of himself, when he was hardly of age :

“With pleasure drugged he almost longed for woe,  
And e’en for change of scene would seek the shades  
below.”

The complaints of a young man in the bloom of life and the vigor of early hope, cannot excite much sympathy. But in his fullest maturity he still draws the appalling picture of unalleviated ennui, in language that was the mournful echo of his mind.

“’Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move ;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love.”

“My days are in the yellow leaf;  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone.”

Such was the harassed state of Lord Byron, at the epoch which seemed to promise him a crowded succession of exciting sensations. He was struggling for honor on the parent soil of glory; he was surrounded by the stir and tumult of barbarous warfare; he had the consciousness, that the eyes of the civilized world were fixed upon his actions; he professed enthusiasm in behalf of liberty; and yet there was not irritation enough in the new and busy life of the camp, to overcome his apathy. He only sought to give away his breath on the field, and take his rest in a soldier's grave.

The literature of the hour is essentially transient. The public mind seizes rapidly every discovery; and rightly claims the instant distribution of truth. But with this is connected a feverish excitement for novelty. The world, in the earliest period of which accounts have reached us, followed after the newest strains; and now the voice of the past, all musical as it is with the finest harmonies of human intelligence, is lost in the jangling din of temporary discussions. Philosophy steals from the crowd, and hides herself in retirement, awaiting a better day; erudition is undervalued, and almost disappears. It would seem, as though the wise men of

old frowned in anger on the turbulence of the petty passions, and withdrew from the contentious haunts, where wisdom has no votaries, and tranquillity no followers. In the days of ancient liberty, the public places rung with the nervous eloquence of sublime philosophy; and the streets of Athens offered nothing more attractive than the keen discussions, the piercing satire, and the calm philanthropy of Socrates. But now it is ephemeral politics which rule the city and the country; the times of deep reflection, of slowly maturing thought, are gone by; the age of studious learning is past, and every thing is carried along the rushing current of public economy, or of private business. Life is divided between excited passions and morbid indifference.

And is this current so strong, that it cannot be resisted? Can we never separate ourselves from the throng, and with dispassionate coolness, watch the various emotions and motives, by which society is swayed?

The moralists, who utter their oracles in the commonplace complaints of a heathenish discontent, tell us, that we are born but to pursue, and pursue but to be deceived. They say that man in his eagerness for earthly honors, is like the child that chases the gaudy insect; the pursuit idle; the object worthless. They tell us, that it is but an illusive star, which beams from the summit of the distant hill; advance, and its light re-

cedes ; ascend, and a wider space is yet to be traversed, and a higher hill is seen beyond. And they tell us, that this is vanity. But how poorly have they studied the secrets of the human breast ! How imperfectly do they understand the febleness and the strength of man's fortitude ! If glory still rests on the remotest hill, if the distant sky is still investéd with the delicate hues of promise, pursuit remains a pleasure ; and the pilgrim, ever light-hearted, passes heedlessly over each rugged barrier. But suppose the alluring star to be blotted out ; the lustre of the horizon to have faded into the shades of a cloudy evening ; the pursuit to be now without an object ; and the blood which hope had sent merrily through the veins, to curdle round the desponding heart. Then it is, that the springs of joy are poisoned by the demons of listlessness.

The scholar and the Christian have guarantees against despair. The desire for intelligence is never satisfied but with the attainment of that wisdom which passes all understanding ; and the mind discerning the bright lineaments of its perfect exemplar, can set no limits to the sacred passion, which recognises the connection of the human with the divine, and places before itself a boundless career of advancement. But it is not with these high questions that we are at present engaged. We have thrown open the book of human life ; we are to read there of this world and its littleness, of the springs of present action, of the relief of present restlessness.



We have said, that the pursuit of a noble object is in itself a pleasure. It is to the mind which shuns the forming a definite design, that the universe seems deficient in the means of happiness, and existence becomes a prey to the fiend of ennui.

Let us analyze this sensation more accurately. Let us fix with exactness the true signification of ENNUI. Let us see if it be widely diffused. Let us ascertain the limits of its influence. Perhaps the investigation may lead us to a more intimate acquaintance with our nature.

## II.

Ennui is the desire of activity without the fit means of gratifying the desire. It presupposes an acknowledgment of exertion as a duty, and a consciousness of the possession of powers suited to making an exertion. It is itself a state of idleness, yet of disquiet; a discontented inertness; an indeterminate craving and ceaseless mobility, without any commensurate purpose. Wherever a course of conduct is the result of cheerful efforts to gain a livelihood, of a passion for intelligence, a zeal for glory, or to sum up a great variety of theories in one, of a just and enlightened self-love, there no vestige of ennui can be found. But should the primary motives of human effort fail, should the mind become a prey to listlessness and gnaw upon itself, all its devices to escape from this self-destructive process, are to

be ascribed to the presence of ennui. The most energetic of our race, in the very crisis of their career, if perchance they are compelled to hesitate in the choice of their measures, and must wait fresh tidings before rushing to the field of action, may suffer from its torments during the hours of expectation, which alike refuse to be filled up or to pass away. Industry itself may tire of its task; and its longings for relief and change may bring with it disgust at its routine and a sense of weariness that can yet find no rest. Even the most indefatigable zealot, on attaining the result of his long, and hearty, and well directed efforts, may at the very moment of perfect success give way to the sentiment of satiety or of lassitude, and suffer the pain of discovering that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that there is no profit under the sun.

It is ennui that stupefies the dull preacher, who yawns over his weekly office and reads a lifeless sermon of which "the saw" puts the sinner to sleep. Often in the endless repetitions of the lawyer you may plainly see how he loathes

"To drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen."

The life of Napoleon, in the very moment of most imminent danger, presents a marvellous instance of ennui. While the allies were collecting around him in their utmost strength, he was himself wavering in his purposes, and reluctant to decide on the retreat to

Leipsic. An eye-witness relates, "I have seen him at that time seated on a sofa, beside a table on which lay his charts, totally unemployed, unless in scribbling mechanically large letters on a sheet of white paper." So heavily and slowly dragged the hours of suspense for the mighty warrior, at a time, when, in his own language, nothing but a thunderbolt could have saved him.

Or, to take an example from the earliest monument of Grecian genius. Achilles, in the pride of youth, engaged in his favorite profession of arms, making his way to an immortality secured to him by the voice of his goddess mother, sure to gain the victory in any contest, and selecting for his reward the richest spoils and the fairest maid, Achilles, the heroic heathen, was fully and satisfactorily employed, and according to his semi-barbarous notions of joy and right, was happy within his own breast, and was happy in the world around him. When the same youthful warrior was insulted by the leader under whose banners he had rallied, when the recesses of his tent were invaded and his domestic peace disturbed, his mind was strongly agitated by love, anger, hatred, the passion for strife, and the intense effort at forbearance; and though there was here room enough for activity, there was nothing but pain and misery. But when the dispute was over, and the pupil of the Centaur, trained for strife, and victory, and glory, withdrew from the army, and gave himself up to an inactive contemplation of the struggle

against Troy, his energies were absorbed in the morbid feeling of ennui. Homer was the truest painter of the human passions. The picture which he draws of Achilles, receiving the subsequent deputation from the Greeks, illustrates our subject exactly. It was in vain for the hero to attempt to soothe his mind with the melodies of the lyre; his blood kindled only at the music of war: it was idle for him to seek pleasure in celebrating the renown of heroes; this was but a vain effort to quell the burning desire to surpass them in glory. He listens to the deputation, not tranquilly, but peevishly. He charges them with duplicity, and avows that he loathes their king like the gates of hell. He next reverts to himself: "The warrior has no thanks," he exclaims in the bitterness of disappointment; "the coward and the brave man are held in equal honor." Nay, he goes further, and quarrels with providence and fixed destiny. "After all," says he, "the idler, and the man of many achievements, each must die." "To-morrow," he adds, "my vessels shall float on the Hellespont." The morning dawned; but the ships of Achilles still lingered near the banks of the Scamander. The notes of the battle sounded, and he was still in suspense between the fiery impulse for war and the haughty reserve of revenge.

When Bruce approached the sources of the Nile, a thousand sentiments of pride rushed upon his mind; he seemed to himself more fortunate and more glorious

than any European king or warrior, conqueror or traveller, that had ever attempted to penetrate into the interior of Africa. This was a moment of exultation and triumphant delight. But when he had actually reached the ultimate object of his research, he has himself recorded the emotions which were awakened within him. At the fountain-head of the Nile, Bruce was almost a victim to sentimental ennui.

In this anecdote of the Abyssinian traveller, we have an example of the rapidity with which disgust treads on the heels of triumph. We will cite another, where misery was followed and consummated by ennui. The most eloquent of the Girondists was Vergniaud. It was he that in the spirit of prophecy compared the French revolution to Saturn, since it was about to devour successively all its children, and finally to establish despotism with its attendant calamities. The rivalry of the Mountain in the Convention, the unsuccessful attack on Robespierre, the trial and condemnation of Louis XVI., the defection of Dumourier and its consequences, had roused the mind of the fervent but foredoomed orator to the strongest efforts which the consciousness of wavering fortunes and the menace of utter ruin, patriotism, honor, and love of life, could call forth. At last came the day, fraught with horrors, when the clamors of a despotic and inexorable mob, claimed of the Convention Vergniaud and his associates, the little remnant of republican sincerity, to be the vic-



tims of their fiendish avidity for blood. Who will doubt, that during that fearful session the highest possible excitement called him into the highest possible activity! Here there was no room for listlessness, and quite as little for happiness. The guarantees of order were failing, and friends were to be buried under the same ruins with the remains of regular legislative authority. Vergniaud retired from the scenes where the foulest of the dogs of war were howling for their prey, and when Gregoire found him out in his hiding-place, the republican orator, though robbery and massacre were triumphant in the city, was discovered reading Tacitus. Why? From affectation? Surely not; Gregoire's visit was unexpected. From cool philosophy? Still less. The studies of Vergniaud on that day were the studies of a man burning for action, and having nothing before him but the heavy weariness of idle hours that seemed to lag forever.

Ennui was the necromancer which conjured up the ghost of Cæsar on the eve of the battle of Phillippi. And when Brutus prematurely esteemed the day lost, he had yet to wrestle with that unseen enemy, and enter on a new contest, where he was sure to be overthrown. "Oh liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name," cried Madame Roland as she passed to the scaffold through intense and unmitigated suffering, dignifying the scene by the majesty of her own fortitude. The Roman had no such nobleness of nature;

“ Oh virtue ! thou art but a name,” he exclaimed, as he resolved on suicide. When Brutus dared to despair of virtue, the atrocious sentiment was dictated, not by the spirit that had aspired to restore the liberties of the world, but by the demon of ennui, which in an evil hour had possessed itself of the pretended patriot’s soul.

Finally, to take but one more example, the timid lover, whose affections are moved, yet not tranquillized, who gazes with the eyes of fondness on an object that seems to be of a higher world, and admires as the stars are admired, which are acknowledged to be beautiful yet are never possessed ; the timid lover neither wholly doubting, nor wholly hoping ; the sport alternately of joy and of sorrow ; full of thought and full of longing ; feeling the sentiment of rapture yield to the faintness of uncertain hope, is half his time a true personification of ennui.

### III.

That the activity of ennui is widely diffused, will hardly be denied by any careful observer of human nature. No individual can conscientiously claim to have been always and wholly free from its temptations, except where there has been a life springing from the purest sources, sanctified by the early influence of religious motives, and protected from erroneous judg-

ments by the steady exercise of a healthful understanding. For the rest, though few are constantly afflicted with it as an incurable evil, there are still fewer who are not at times made to suffer from its assaults. It lays its heavy hand alike on the man of business and the recluse; it has its favorite haunts in the city, but it chases the aspirant after rural felicity, into the scenes of his rural listlessness; it makes the young melancholy, and the aged garrulous; it haunts the sailor and the merchant; it appears to the warrior and to the statesman; it takes its place in the curule chair, and sits also at the frugal board of old-fashioned simplicity. You cannot flee from it; you cannot hide from it; it is swifter than the birds of passage, and swifter than the breezes that scatter clouds. It climbs the ship of the restless who long for the suns of Europe; it jumps up behind the horseman who scours the woods of Michigan; it throws its scowling glances on the attempt at present enjoyment; it scares the epicurian from his voluptuousness, and when the ascetic has finished his vow, it compels him to repeat the tale of his beads.

To the prevalence of ennui must be traced the craving for intense excitement. When life has become almost stagnant, and the ordinary course of events proves unable to awaken any strong interest, ennui assumes a terrific power, and clamors for emotion, though that emotion is to be purchased by scenes of

horror and of crime. "What a magnificent entertainment!" said the Parisian mob, "how interesting a spectacle to see a woman of the wit and courage of Madame Roland pass under the guillotine!" And the sensitive admirer of works of fiction ransacks the shelves of a library for novels of thrilling and "painful" interest.

To the same kind of restless vacancy we have to ascribe the demand for the vehement declamations of the tragic actor, and the splendid music of the opera; the cunning tricks of the village conjuror, and the lascivious pantomime of the city ballet-dancers; the disgusting varieties of bull-fights, and the murderous feats of pugilism. It has sometimes driven men to indulge the locomotive zeal of the professed pedestrians, and sometimes to seek the perfect quiescence of the "pillar saints."

The habits of ancient Rome illustrate most clearly the extent to which the passion for strong sensations may hurry the public mind into extravagances, and repress every sentiment of sympathy and generosity. Ambition itself is not so reckless of human life as ennui; clemency is a favorite attribute of the former; but ennui has the tastes of a cannibal, and the sight of human blood, shed for its amusement, makes it greedy after a renewal of the dreadful indulgence. The shows of the ancient gladiators were attended by an infinitely more numerous throng than is ever

gathered by any modern spectacle. The fondness for murderous exhibitions raged with such vehemence, that they were at length introduced as an attraction at the banquet, and the guests, as they reclined at table in the luxury of physical ease, have been wet by the life-blood of the wounded gladiators.

Quinetiam exhilarare viris convivio cæde  
 Mos olim, et miscere epulis spectacula dira  
 Certantum ferro, sæpe et super ipsa cadentum  
 Pocula, *respersis non parco sanguine mensis.*

Time would fail us were we to illustrate the various atrocities which attended these diversions, designed to amuse the most refined population of Rome; or even to enumerate the various classifications in the art of murder on the stage. And let it not be supposed, that the life of one of these combatants was the more safe, because it depended on the interposition of the Roman fair. The signals in token of relenting clemency, proceeded commonly from the multitude; the more usual signal, made by virgins and matrons, demanded the continuance of the combat unto death. We call Titus the delight of the human race, and praise his commonplace puerility, *perdidi diem*, though it was the exclamation of conceit, rather than of manliness. It was this philanthropist, this favorite of humanity, who caused the vast Roman amphitheatre to be erected, as it were a monument to all ages of the barbarous civilization of the capital of his empire. And as to the



numbers who appeared on these occasions, was it a pair? or a score? We will not ask after the massacres commanded and consummated by a Tiberius or a Caligula. Trajan was a discreet prince; disposed to introduce habits of industry. Yet he kept up a succession of games to cheat the population of Rome of ennui, during a hundred and twenty-three days, in which time ten thousand gladiators were decked for sacrifice.

Thus the intenseness of this passion is evident from the method of relief which it required. We may also remark, that superstition itself, interwoven as it is with all the fears and weaknesses of humanity, subjects the human mind to a bondage less severe and less permanent than that of the terrific craving after something to dissipate the weariness of the heart. At Rome the sacrifices to the heathen deities were abolished before the games of the gladiators were suppressed; it was less difficult to take from the priests their spoils, from the altars their victims, from the prejudices of the people their religious faith, than to rescue from ennui the miserable wretches whose lives were to be the sport of the idle. The laws already forbade offering the bull to Jove, when the poet still had to pray that none might perish in the city under the condemnation of pleasure, -

*Nullus in urbe cadat, cujus sit pcena voluptas.*

Philosophy itself offers no guarantee against the common infirmities of listlessness. Many a stoic has resisted the attacks of external evil with an exemplary fortitude, and has yet failed in his encounter with time. Strange, indeed, that time should be an incumbrance to a sage! Strange indeed, that, when life is so short, and the range of thought boundless, and time the most precious of gifts, dealt out to us in successive moments, a possession which is most coveted, and can the least be hoarded, which comes, but never returns, which departs as soon as given, and is lost even in the receiving,—strange, indeed, that such a grant, so acceptable, so fleeting, and so irrevocable, should ever press severely upon a philosopher!

And yet wisdom is no security against ennui. The man who made Europe ring with his eloquence, and largely contributed to the spirit of republican enthusiasm, wasted away for months in a state of the most foolish torpidity, under the idea that he was dying of a polypus at his heart. Nay, this speculatist, who presumed to believe himself skilled in the ways of man and an adept in those of women, who dared to expound religion and proposed to reform Christianity, who committed and confessed the meanest actions, and yet, as if in the presence of the Supreme Arbiter of life and before the tribunal of Eternal Justice, arrogated to himself an equality with the purest in the innumerable crowd of the immortal—

he, the proud one, would so far yield to ennui, as to put the final and eternal welfare of his soul at issue on the throw of a stone. "*Je m'en vais,*" he says to himself, "*je m'en vais jeter cette pierre contre l'arbre qui est vis-a-vis de moi : si je le touche, signe de salut ; si je la manque, signe de damnation.*"

But Jean Jacques passes for a madman. The temperate Spinoza, being cut off from active life and from social love, necessarily encountered a void within himself. It was his favorite resource to catch spiders and teach them to fight ; and when he had so far made himself master of the nature of these animals, that he could get them as angry as game cocks, he would, all thin and feeble as he was, break out into a roar of laughter, and chuckle to see his champions engage, as if they, too, were fighting for honor.

Poor Spinoza ! It may indeed be questioned, whether his whole philosophy was not a sort of pastime with him. It may be, that he was ingenious because he could not be quiet, and wrote from a want of something to do. At any rate it has fared strangely with his works. The world had well-nigh become persuaded, that Spinoza was but a name for the most desolating form of atheism, and next he is canonized. The skeptic Bayle heaps ridicule upon the great Jewish dialectician ; the dreamer Novalis, who himself died of ennui, revered him as a model of sanctity.

But we have a stronger example than either of these. The very philosopher, who first declared experience to be the basis of knowledge, and found his way to truth through the safe places of observation, gives in his own character some evidences of participation in the common infirmity. He said very truly, that there is a foolish corner even in the brain of the sage. Yet if there has ever appeared on earth a man possessed of reason in its highest perfection, it was Aristotle. He had the gift of seeing the forms of things, undisturbed by the confusing splendor of their hues ; his faculties, like the art of sculpture, represented objects with the most precise outlines and exact images ; but the world in his mind was a colorless world. He understood and has explained the secrets of the human heart ; but he performs his moral dissections with the coolness of an anatomist, engaged in a delicate operation. The nicety of his distinctions, and his deep insight into nature, are displayed without passion, while his constant effort after the discovery of new truth, never for one moment betrays him into mysticism, or tempts him to substitute shadows for realities. One would think, that such a master of analysis was the personification of self-possession ; that his unruffled mind would always dwell in the serene regions of intelligence ; that his step would rest on the firm ground of experience ; that his progress to the sublime temple of truth and of fame, would have

been ever secure and rapid; that happiness itself would have blessed him in his tranquil devotedness to exalted pursuits.

In the mouth of Pindar, life might be called a dream, and it would but pass for the effusion of poetic melancholy. But when the sagacious philosopher asserts, that all hope is but the dream of waking man, the solemn expression of discontent is but the sad confession of his own unsatisfied curiosity; and nothing but the wonderful vigor of his mind could have preserved him from settled gloom.

Again the venerable sage examined into the sources of happiness. It does not consist, he affirms, in voluptuous pleasures, for they are transient, brutalizing, and injurious to the mind; nor in public honors, for they depend on those who bestow them, and it is not felicity to be the recipient of an uncertain bounty; nor yet does happiness consist in riches, for the care of them is but a toil; and if they are expended, it is plainly a proof, that contentment is sought for in the possession of other things. In his view, happiness consists in the pursuit of knowledge, and in the practice of virtue, under the auspices of mind, and nature, and fortune. He that is intelligent, and young, and handsome, and vigorous, and rich, is alone the happy man. Did the world need the sublime wisdom, the high endowment of the Stagyrte, to teach, that neither the poor, nor the dull, nor the aged, nor the sick,



can share in the highest blessings of mortal being? When it is remembered that Aristotle was favored above all his contemporaries in intellectual gifts, we invite the reader to draw an inference as to the state of his mind, which still demanded the beauties of personal attractions, and the lavish liberality of fortune.

When asked what is the most transient of fleeting things, the philosopher made but a harsh answer, in naming "gratitude;" but his mind must have been sadly a prey to ennui, when he could exclaim, "My friends! there are no friends."

He was not willing to sit or stand still, when he gave lessons in moral science; but walked to and fro in constant restlessness. Indeed, if tradition reports rightly, he did not wait the will of Heaven for his release from weariness, but in spite of all his sublime teachings and all his expansive genius, he was content to die as the fool dieth.

But ennui kills others beside philosophers. It is not without example, that men have died by their own hand, because they have attained their utmost wishes. The man of business, finding himself possessed of a sufficient fortune, retires from his wonted employments; but the habit of action remains, and becomes a power of terrific force. In such cases, the sufferer whiles away listless hours of intense suffering; the mind preys upon itself, and sometimes life ebbs of itself, sometimes suicide is committed.

Saul went out to find his father's asses. Pleased with the humble employment he made search with a light heart and an honest one. But, seeking asses, he found a kingdom; and tranquillity fled when possession was complete. The reproofs of conscience and discontent with the world produced in him a morbid melancholy, and pain itself would have been to him a welcome refuge from ennui.

We detect the same subtle spirit at work in the slanders in which gossips find relief. Truth is not exciting enough to those who depend on the characters and lives of their neighbors for all their amusement; and if a story is told of more than common interest, ennui is sure to have its joy in adding embellishments. If hours did not hang heavy, what would become of scandal? Time, the common enemy, must be passed, as the phrase is, and the phrase bears its own commentary; and since the days of gladiators are gone by, what better substitute than blackening the reputation of the living? To the pusillanimous and the idle, scandal is the condiment of life; and while backbiting furnishes their entertainment abroad, domestic quarrelling fills up the leisure hours at home. It is a pretty general rule, that the *médisante* is a termagant in her household; and, as for our own sex, in nine cases out of ten, the evil tongue belongs to a disappointed man.

Fashion, also, in its excess, is but a relief against ennui; and it is strong evidence of the universal preva-

lence of listlessness, that a change in dress at Paris can, within a few months, be imitated in St. Louis. But not ennui, a milder influence sways the conduct of the young and the fair. The latent consciousness of beauty, the charm of an existence that is opening in the fulness of its attractions, the becoming loveliness of innocence and youth, the simple cheerfulness of inexperience, lead them to find delight in a modest and graceful display. The unrivalled Broadway is not without its loungers; yet of these the young and the gay are not discontented ones. In the strength of their own charms, they, like the patriot statesman, neither shun nor yet court admiration; and as they move along the brilliant street, half coveting half refusing attention,

“They feel that they are happier than they know.”

From Broadway we pass to the crowded haunts of business. Is ennui found there? Do the money changers grow weary of profits? Is business so dull that bankers are without employment? Have the underwriters nothing at sea to be anxious about? Do the insurers on life forget to exhort the holders of its policies to temperance and exercise? These are all too profoundly engaged and too little romantic, to be moved by sentimental repinings. But there are those, who plunge headlong into affairs from the restlessness of their nature, and who hurry into bold enter-

prises, because they cannot endure to be idle. Business, like poetry, requires a tranquil mind ; but there are those, who venture upon its tide, under the impulse of ennui. How shall the young and haughty heirs of large fortunes rid themselves of their time, and acquit themselves in the eye of the public of their imagined responsibilities ? One writes a tale for the Souvenirs, another speculates in stocks. The former is laughed at, yet hoards an estate ; the latter is food for hungry sharks. Then comes bankruptcy ; and sober thought repels the fiend that had been making a waste of life ; or the same passion drives its possessor to become a busy-body and zealot in the current excitement of the times ; or absolute despair, ennui in its intensity, leads to insanity.

For the mad-house, too, as well as the debtor's jail, is recruited by the same blighting power, and nature recovers from languid apathy by the excitement of frenzy. Or the thought of suicide creeps in ; fancy revels in the contemplation of the grave, and covets the aspect of death as the face of a familiar friend. The mind invests itself in the sombre shades of a melancholy longing after eternal rest—a longing which is sometimes connected with unqualified disbelief, and sometimes associated with an undefined desire of a purely spiritual existence.

## IV.

We might multiply examples of the very extensive prevalence of that unhappy languor of which we are treating. Let us aim rather at observing the limit of its power.

It was a mistaken philosophy, which believed in ennui as an evidence and a means of human perfectibility. The only exertions which it is capable of producing, are of a subordinate character. It may give to passion a fearful intensity, consequent on a state of moral disease; but human virtue must be the result of far higher causes. The exercise of principle, the generous force of purified emotions, cheerful desire, and willing industry, are the parents of real greatness. If we look through the various departments of public and of intellectual action, we shall find the mark of inferiority upon every thing which has sprung from ennui. In the mechanic arts it may contrive a balloon, but never could invent a steamboat. In philosophy it might beget the follies of Cynic oddity, but not the sublime lessons of Pythagoras. In religion, it stumbles at a thousand knotty points in metaphysical theology, but it never led the soul to intercourse with Heaven, or to the contemplation of divine truth.

The celebrated son of Philip, "Macedonia's madman," was of exalted genius; and political wisdom had its share in his career. Ennui could never have pro-



duced him ; but it may well put in its claim to the Swede. Or let us look rather for a conqueror, who dreamed that he had genius to rival Achilles, and yet never formed a settled plan of action. The famous king of Epirus has seemed to be an historical puzzle, so uncertain was his purpose, so wavering his character. Will you know the whole truth about him ? Pyrrhus was an *ennuyé*.

In verse, ennui may produce effusions from “ persons of quality,” devoid of wit and sense ; but not the satire of Pope. When a poet writes a song for hire, or solely to be sung to some favorite air, it is more than probable his verses will be lifeless, and his meaning doubtful. Thus, for example,—

“The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow.”

This is sheer nonsense, the evidence of a vacant mind. Joy smiles in good earnest, and many an aching heart knows too well the deep truth of distress.

It is dangerous for a man of superior ability to find himself thrown upon the world without some regular employment. The restlessness inherent in genius being thus left undirected by any permanent influence, frames for itself occupations out of accidents. Even moral integrity sometimes falls a prey to this want of fixed pursuits. Genius, so left without guidance, attains no noble ends ; but resembles rather a copious spring, con-

veyed in a decaying aqueduct ; where the waters continually waste away through the frequent crevices. The law of nature is here, as elsewhere, binding ; and no powerful results ever ensue from the trivial exercise of high endowments. The finest mind, when destitute of a fixed purpose, passes away without leaving permanent traces of its existence.

These remarks apply perhaps in some measure even to Leibnitz, whose intelligence and mental activity were the wonder of his age. He attained celebrity, but hardly a contented spirit ; at times he descended to the consideration of magnitudes infinitely small, and at times rose to the belief that he heard the universal harmony of nature ; for years he was devoted to illustrating the antiquities of the family of a petty prince ; and then again he assumed the sublime office of defending the perfections of Providence. Yet with this variety of pursuit, the great philosopher was hardly to be called a happy man ; and it is enough to fill us with melancholy to find, that the very theologian who would have proved this to be absolutely the best of all possible worlds, died of chagrin. Our subject is more fully illustrated in the case of a less gifted, though a notorious man, the famed Lord Bolingbroke. His talents as a writer have secured him a distinguished place in the literature of England ; and his political services, during the reign of Queen Anne, have rendered him illustrious in English history. But though he was

possessed of wit, eloquence, family, wealth, and opportunity, he never displayed true dignity of character, or real greatness of soul. He appeared to have no fixed principles of action; and to have loved contest more than victory. Wherever there was strife, there you might surely expect to meet St. John; and his public career almost justifies the inference, that after a defeat apostasy seemed to him a moderate price for permission to appear again in the lists. But as he always coveted power with an insatiable avidity, he never could rest long enough to acquire it. On the stormy sea of public life, he was for ever struggling to be on the topmost wave; but the waves receded as fast as he advanced; and fate seemed to have destined him to fruitless efforts and as fruitless changes.

In early life he sought distinction by his debaucheries; and succeeded in becoming the most daring profligate in London. Tired of the excess of dissipation, he attempted the career of politics, and found his way into Parliament under the auspices of the whigs. When politics failed, he put on the mask of a metaphysician. Weary of that costume, he next attempted to play the farmer. Dissatisfied with farming, he wrote political pamphlets. Still discontented, he strove to undermine the basis of the religious faith of his country.

He began public life as a whig; but as the tories were in the ascendant, he rapidly ripened into a tory;

he ended his political career by deserting the tories, and avowing the doctrines of stanch and uncompromising whigs. He tried libertinism, married life, politics, power, exile, restoration, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the city, the country, foreign travel, study, authorship, metaphysics, infidelity, farming, treason, submission, dereliction,—but ennui held him with a firm grasp all the while, and it was only in the grave that he ceased from troubling.

To an observer who peruses his writings with this view of his character, many of his expressions of wise indifference and calm resignation, have even a ludicrous aspect. The truth breaks forth from all his attempts at disguise. The philosopher's robes could not hide the stately wrecks of his political passions. Round the base of Vesuvius, the lava of former eruptions has so entirely resolved itself into soil, that vineyards thrive on the black ruins of the volcano; and the ancient devastation could hardly be recognised, except for an occasional dark mass, which, not yet decomposed, frowns here and there over the surrounding fertility. Something like this was true of St. John; he believed his ambition extinct, and attempted to gather round its ruins all the beauties and splendor of contented wisdom; but his nature was still ungovernably fierce; and to the last, his passions lowered angrily on the quiet scenes of his literary retirement.

There is no clue to his career, except in supposing

him to have been under the influence of ennui, which was perpetually terrifying him into the grossest contradictions. He could not be said to have had any principles, or to have belonged to any party; and wherever he gave in his adhesion, he was sure to become utterly faithless. He was not less false to the Pretender than to the King, to Ormond than to Walpole. He was false to the tories and false to the whigs; he was false to his country, for he attempted to involve her in civil war; and false to his God, for he combated religion. He was not swayed by a passion for glory, for he did not pursue it steadily; nor by a passion for power, for he quarrelled with the only man by whose aid he could have maintained it. He was rather driven to and fro by a wild restlessness, which led him into gross contradictions "for his sins." Nor was his falsehood without its punishment. What could be more pitifully degrading, than for one who had been a successful British minister of state, and had displayed in the face of Europe his capacity for business and his powers of eloquence, to accept a seat in the Pretender's cabinet, where pimps and prostitutes were the prime agents and counsellors?

There exists a very pleasant letter from Pope, giving an account of Bolingbroke's rural occupations, during his country life in England, after the reversal of his attainder. He insisted on being a farmer; and to prove himself so, hired a painter to fill the walls of



his countryhouse with rude pictures of the implements of husbandry. The poet describes him standing between two haycocks, watching the clouds with all the apparent anxiety of a husbandman; but to us it seems that his mind was at that time no more in the skies, than when he quoted Anaxagoras, and declared heaven to be the wise man's home. His heart clung to earth, and to earthly strife; and his uneasiness must at last have become deplorably wretched, since he could consent to leave a piece of patchwork, made up of the shreds of other men's skepticism, as his especial legacy to posterity.

Thus we have endeavored to explain the nature of that apathy which is worse than positive pain, and which impels to greater madness than the fiercest passions,—which kings and sages have not been able to resist, nor wealth nor pleasures to subdue. We have described ennui as a power for evil rather than for good; and we infer, that it was an erroneous theory which classed it among the causes of human superiority, and the means of human improvement. It is the curse pronounced upon voluptuous indolence and on excessive passion; on those who decline active exertion, and thus throw away the privileges of existence; and on those who live a feverish life, in the constant frenzy of stimulated desires. There is but one cure for it, and that is found in moderation; the exercise of the human faculties in their natural and health-

ful state ; the quiet performance of duty, in meek submission to the controlling Providence, which has set bounds to our achievements in setting limits to our powers. Briefly : our ability is limited by Heaven—our desires are unlimited, except by ourselves—ennui can be avoided only by conforming the passions of the human breast to the conditions of human existence.

## THE RULING PASSION IN DEATH.

### I.

“LIFE,” says Sir William Temple, “is like wine; he, who would drink it pure, must not drain it to the dregs.” “I do not wish,” Byron would say, “to live to become old.” The expression of the ancient poet, “that to die young is a boon of heaven to its favorites,” was repeatedly quoted by him with approbation. The certainty of a speedy release he would call the only relief against burdens, which could not be borne, were they not of very limited duration.

But the general sentiment of mankind declares length of days to be desirable. After an active and successful career, the repose of decline is serene and cheerful. By common consent grey hairs are a crown of glory; the only object of respect that can never excite envy. The hour of evening is not necessarily overcast; and the aged man, exchanging the pursuits of ambition for the quiet of observation, the strife of public discussion for the diffuse but instructive lan-

guage of experience, passes to the grave amidst grateful recollections and the tranquil enjoyment of satisfied desires.

The happy, it is agreed by all, are afraid to contemplate their end ; the unhappy, it has been said, look forward to it as to a release from suffering. "I think of death often," said a distinguished but dissatisfied man ; "and I view it as a refuge. There is something calm and soothing to me in the thought ; and the only time that I feel repugnance to it, is on a fine day, in solitude, in a beautiful country, when all nature seems rejoicing in light and life."

This is the language of self-delusion. Numerous as may be the causes for disgust with life, its close is never contemplated with carelessness. Religion may elevate the soul to a sublime reliance on a future existence ; nothing else can do it. The love of honor may brave danger ; the passion of melancholy may indulge an aversion to continued being ; philosophy may take its last rest with composure ; the sense of shame may conduct to fortitude ; yet they who would disregard the grave, must turn their thoughts from the consideration of its terrors. It is an impulse of nature to strive to preserve our being ; and the longing cannot be eradicated. The mind may shun the contemplation of horrors ; it may fortify itself by refusing to observe the nearness or the extent of the impending evil ; but the instinct of life is stubborn ; and he, who looks di-

rectly at its termination and professes indifference, is a hypocrite, or is self-deceived. He that calls boldly upon death, is sure to be dismayed on finding him near. The oldest are never so old, but they desire life for one day longer; the child looks to its parent, as if to discern a glimpse of hope; even the infant, as it exhales its breath, springs from its pillow to meet its mother, as if there were help where there is love.

There is a story told of one of the favorite marshals of Napoleon, who, in a battle in the south of Germany, was struck by a cannon ball, and so severely wounded, that there was no possibility of a respite. Summoning the surgeon, he ordered his wounds to be dressed; and, when aid was declared to be unavailing, the dying officer clamorously demanded that Napoleon should be sent for, as one who had power to stop the effusion of blood, and awe nature itself into submission. Life expired amidst maledictions and threats heaped upon the innocent surgeon. This foolish frenzy may have appeared like blasphemy; it was but the uncontrolled outbreak of the instinct of self-preservation, in a rough and undisciplined mind.

Even in men of strong religious convictions, the end is not always met with serenity; and the preacher and philosopher sometimes express an apprehension, which cannot be pacified. The celebrated British moralist, Samuel Johnson, was the instructor of his age; his works are full of the austere lessons of



reflecting wisdom. It might have been supposed, that religion would have reconciled him to the decree of Providence; that philosophy would have taught him to acquiesce in a necessary issue; that science would have inspired him with confidence in the skill of his medical attendants. And yet it was not so. A sullen gloom overclouded his faculties; he could not summon resolution to tranquillise his emotions; and, in the absence of his attendants, he gashed himself with ghastly and debilitating wounds, as if the blind lacerations of his misguided arm could prolong the moments of an existence, which the best physicians of London declared to be numbered.

“Is there any thing on earth I can do for you?” said Taylor to Wolcott, known as Peter Pindar, as he lay on his death-bed. “Give me back my youth;” were the last words of the satirical buffoon.

If Johnson could hope for relief from self-inflicted wounds, if the poet could prefer to his friend the useless prayer for a restoration of youth, we may readily believe what historians relate to us of the end of Louis XI. of France; a monarch, who was not destitute of eminent qualities as well as repulsive vices; possessing courage, a knowledge of men and of business, an indomitable will, a disposition favorable to the administration of justice among his subjects; viewing impunity in wrong as exclusively a royal prerogative. Remorse, fear, a consciousness of being detested, dis-

gust with life and horror of death,—these were the sentiments which troubled the sick couch of the absolute king. The first of his line who bore the epithet of “the most Christian,” he was so abandoned to egotism, that he allowed the veins of children to be opened, and greedily drank their blood; believing with physicians of that day, that it would renovate his youth, or at least check the decay of nature. The cruelty was useless. At last, feeling the approach of death to be certain, he sent for an anchorite from Calabria, since revered as St. Francis de Paule; and when the hermit arrived, the monarch of France entreated him to spare his life. He threw himself at the feet of the man who was believed to derive healing virtues from the sanctity of his character; he begged the intercession of his prayers; he wept; he supplicated; he hoped that the voice of a Calabrian monk would reverse the order of nature, and successfully plead for his respite.

We find the love of life still more strongly acknowledged by an English poet; who, after describing our being as the dream of a shadow, “a weak-built isthmus between two eternities, so frail, that it can sustain neither wind nor wave,” yet avows his preference of a few days’, nay, of a few hours’ longer residence upon earth, to all the fame which poetry can achieve.

Fain would I see that prodigal,

Who his to-morrow would bestow,

For all old Homer’s life, e’er since he died, till now!

## II.

We do not believe the poet sincere ; for one passion may prevail over another, and in many a breast the love of fame is at times, if not always, the strongest. But if those who pass their lives in a struggle for glory may desire the attainment of their object at any price, the competitors for political power are apt to cling fast to the scene of their rivalry. Lord Castle-reagh could indeed commit suicide ; but it was not from disgust ; his mind dwelt on the precarious condition of his own elevation, and the unsuccessful policy in which he had involved his country. He did not love death ; he did not contemplate it with indifference ; he failed to observe its terrors, because his attention was absorbed by apprehensions which pressed themselves upon him with unrelenting force.

The ship of the Marquis of Badajoz, viceroy of Peru, was set on fire by Captain Stayner. The marchioness, and her daughter, who was betrothed to the Duke of Medina-Celi, swooned in the flames, and could not be rescued. The marquis resigned himself also to die, rather than survive with the memory of such horrors. It was not, that he was careless of life ; the natural feelings remained unchanged ; the love of grandeur ; the pride of opulence and dominion ; but he preferred death, because that was out of sight, and would rescue him from the presence of absorbing and intolerable sorrows.

Madame de Sévigné, in her charming letters, gives the true sensations of the ambitious man, when suddenly called to leave the scenes of his efforts and his triumphs. Rumor, with its wonted credulity, ascribed to Louvois, the powerful minister of Louis XIV., the crime of suicide. His death was sudden, but not by his own arm; he fell a victim, if not to disease, to the revenge of a woman. In a night, the most energetic, reckless statesman in Europe, passionately fond of place, extending his influence to every cabinet, and embracing in his views the destiny of continents, was called away. How much business was arrested in progress! how many projects defeated! how many secrets buried in the silence of the grave! Who should disentangle the interests, which his policy had rendered complicate? Who should terminate the wars which he had begun? Who should follow up the blows which he had aimed? Well might he have exclaimed to the angel of death, "Ah, grant me a short reprieve; spare me, till I can check the Duke of Savoy; checkmate the Prince of Orange!"—"No! No! You shall not have a single, single minute."—Death is as inexorable to the prayer of ambition, as to the entreaty of despair. The ruins of the Palatinate; the wrongs of the Huguenots were to be avenged; and Louvois, like Louis XI. and like the rest of mankind, was to learn, that the passion for life, whether expressed in the language of superstition, of

abject despondency, or of the desire of continued power, could not prolong existence for a moment.

## III.

But though the love of life may be declared a universal instinct, it does not follow that death is usually met with abjectness. It belongs to virtue and to manliness to accept the inevitable decree with firmness. It is often sought voluntarily; but even then the latent passion is discernible. A sense of shame, a desire of plunder, a hope of emolument,—these, not less than a sense of duty, are motives sufficient to influence men to defy all danger; yet the feeling for self-preservation does not cease to exert its power. The common hireling soldier contracts to expose himself to the deadly fire of a hostile army, whenever his employers may command it; he does it, in a controversy of which he knows not the merits, for a party to which he is essentially indifferent, for purposes which, perhaps, if his mind were enlightened, he would labor to counteract. The life of the soldier is a life of contrast; of labor and idleness; it is a course of routine, easy to be endured, and leading only at intervals to exposure. The love of ease, the certainty of obtaining the means of existence, the remoteness of peril, conspire to tempt adventurers, and the armies of Europe have never suffered from any other limit than the wants of the treasury. But the



same soldier would fly precipitately from any hazard which he had not bargained to encounter. The merchant will visit the deadliest climates in pursuit of gain; he will pass over regions, where the air is known to be corrupt, and disease to have anchored itself in the hot, heavy atmosphere. And this he will attempt repeatedly, and with firmness, in defiance of the crowds of corpses which he may see carried by wagon loads to the grave-yards. But the same merchant would be struck by panic and desert his own residence in a more favored clime, should it be invaded by epidemic disease. He who would fearlessly meet the worst forms of a storm at sea, and take his chance of escaping the fever as he passed through New Orleans, would shun New York in the season of the cholera, and shrink from any danger which was novel and unexpected. The widows of India ascend the funeral pile with a fortitude which man could never display; and emulously yield up their lives to a barbarous usage, which, if men had been called upon to endure it, would never have been perpetuated. Yet is it to be supposed that these unhappy victims are indifferent to the charms of existence, or blind to the terrors of its extinction? Calmly as they may lay themselves upon the pyre, they would beg for mercy, were their execution to be demanded in any other way; they would confess their fear, were it not that love and honor and custom confirm their doom.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty

incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. There is no type of malignant maladies with which he fails to become acquainted; no hospital so crowded with contagion, that he dares not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and the dying; he is the familiar friend of those who are sinking under infectious disease; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with equanimity; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines which may mitigate the sufferings that he cannot remedy. Nay; after death has ensued, he must search with the dissecting knife for its hidden cause, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of others. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it? Because he despises or pretends to despise it? By no means. It is his especial business to value life; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of his fellow-men, is far from leading him to an habitual indifference to his own. The physician shuns every danger, but such as the glory of his profession commands him to defy.

## IV.

Thus we are led to explain the anomaly of suicide, and reconcile the apparent contradiction of a terror of death, which is yet voluntarily encountered. It may seem a paradox; but the dread of dying has itself sometimes prompted suicide, and the man who seeks to destroy himself, at the very moment of perpetrating his crime betrays the passion for life. Menace him with death under a different form from that which he has chosen, and like other men, he will get out of its way. He will defend himself against the assassin, though he might be ready to cut his own throat; he will, if at sea, and the ship were sinking in a storm, labor with his whole strength to save it from going down, even if he had formed the design to leap into the ocean in the first moment of a calm. Place him in the van of an army, it is by no means certain that he will not prove a coward; tell him the cholera is about to rage, and he will deluge himself with preventive remedies; send him to a house visited with yellow fever, and he will steep himself in vinegar and carry with him an atmosphere of camphor. It is only under the one form, which the mind in some insane excitement may have chosen, that he preserves the desire to leave the world.

It will not be difficult, then, to set a right value on the declaration of those who profess to regard death

not with indifference merely, but contempt. It is pure affectation, or the indulgence of a vulgar levity; and must excite either compassion or disgust, according as it is marked by the spirit of fiendish scoffing or of human vanity and self-deception. A French moralist tells us of a valet, who danced merrily on the scaffold, where he was to be broken on the wheel. A New England woman, belonging to a family which esteemed itself one of the first, was convicted of aiding her paramour to kill her husband. She was a complete sensualist, one to whom life was every thing, and the loss of it the total shipwreck of every thing. On her way to the place of execution she was accompanied by a clergyman of no very great ability; and all along the road, with the gallows in plain sight, she amused herself in teasing the good man, whose wits were no match for her raillery. He had been buying a new chaise, quite an event in the life of an humble country pastor, and when he spoke of the next world, she would amuse herself in praising his purchase. If he deplored her fate and her prospects, she would grieve at his exposure to the inclement weather; and laughed and chatted, as if she had been driving to a wedding, and not to her own funeral. And why was this? Because death was not feared? No; but because death *was* feared, and feared intensely. The Eastern women, who are burned alive with their deceased husbands, often utter shrieks that would pierce the hearers to the soul; and to pre-

vent a compassion which would endanger the reign of superstition, the priests with drums, and cymbals, drown the terrific cries of their victims. So it is with those who go to the court of the King of Terrors with merriment on their lips. They dread his presence; and they seek to drown the noise of his approaching footsteps by the sound of their own ribaldry. If the scaffold often rings with a jest, it is because the mind shrinks from the solemnity of the impending change.

## v.

Perhaps the most common device for averting contemplation from death itself, is in directing it to the manner of dying. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Vanity does not give up its hold on the last hour. Men wish to die with distinction, to be buried in state; and the last thoughts are employed on the decorum of the moment, or in the anticipation of funereal splendors. It was no uncommon thing among the Romans for a rich man to appoint an heir, on condition that his obsequies should be celebrated with costly pomp. "When I am dead," said an Indian chief, who fell into his last sleep at Washington,—“when I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me.” The words were thought worthy of being engraved on his tomb; but they are no more than a plain expression of a very common passion; the same, which leads the humblest to desire that at



least a stone may be placed at the head of his grave, and demands the erection of splendid mausoleums and costly tombs for the mistaken men,

Who by the proofs of death pretend to live.

Among the ancients, an opulent man, while yet in health, would order his own sarcophagus; and nowadays the wealthy sometimes build their own tombs, for the sake of securing a satisfactory monument. A vain man, who had done this at a great expense, showed his motive so plainly, that his neighbors laughed with the sexton of the parish, who wished that the builder might not be kept long out of the interest of his money.

But it is not merely in the decorations of the grave that vanity is displayed. Saladin, in his last illness, instead of his usual standard, ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald, who hung out this winding-sheet as a flag, was commanded to exclaim aloud: "Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests." He was wrong there. He came naked into the world, and he left it naked. Grave-clothes were a superfluous luxury, and to the person receiving them, as barren of comfort as his sceptre or his scymitar. Saladin was vain. He sought in dying to contrast the power he had enjoyed with the feebleness of his condition; to pass from the world in a striking an-

tithesis; to make his death scene an epigram. All was vanity.

A century ago it was the fashion for culprits to appear on the scaffold in the dress of dandies. Some centuries before, it was the privilege of noblemen, if they merited hanging, to escape the gallows, and perish on the block. The Syrian priests had foretold to the emperor Heliogabalus, that he would be reduced to the necessity of committing suicide; believing them true prophets, he kept in readiness silken cords and a sword of gold. Admirable privilege of the nobility, to be beheaded instead of hanged! Enviably prerogative of imperial dignity, to be strangled with a knot of silk, or to be assassinated with a golden sword!

Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)  
 No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;  
 One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,  
 And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

The example chosen by the poet, extended to appearances after death; for the presence of the same weakness in the hour of mortality we must look to the precincts of courts, where folly used to reign by prescriptive right; where caprice gives law and pleasures consume life. There you may witness the harlot's euthanasia. The French court was at Choisy, when Madame de Pompadour felt the pangs of a fatal

malady. It had been the established etiquette, that none but princes and persons of royal blood should breathe their last in Versailles. Proclaim to the gay circles of Paris, that a thing, new and unheard of, is to be permitted! Announce to the world, that the rules of palace propriety and Bourbon decorum are to be broken! that the chambers, where vice had fearlessly lived and laughed, but never been permitted to expire, were to admit the novel spectacle of the king's favorite mistress, struggling with death.

The marchioness questioned the physicians firmly; she perceived their hesitation; she saw the hand that beckoned her away; and she determined, says the historian, to depart in the pomp of a queen. Louis XV., himself not capable of a strong emotion, was yet willing to concede to his dying friend the consolation which she coveted, the opportunity to reign till her parting gasp. The courtiers thronged round the death-bed of a woman, who distributed favors with the last exhalations of her breath; and the king hurried to name to public offices the persons whom her faltering accents recommended. Her sick room became a scene of state; the princes and grandees still entered to pay their homage to the woman whose power did not yield to mortal disease, and were surprised to find her richly attired. The traces of death in her countenance were concealed by rouge. She reclined on a splendid couch; questions of public policy were discussed by

ministers in her presence ; she gloried in holding to the end the reins of the kingdom in her hands. Even a sycophant clergy showed respect to the expiring favorite ; and felt no shame at sanctioning with their frequent visits the vices of a woman who had entered the palace only as an adulteress. Having complied with the rites of the Roman church, she next sought the approbation of the philosophers. She lisped no word of penitence ; she shed no tears of regret. The curate left her as she was in the agony : “ Wait a moment,” said she, “ we will leave the house together.”

The dying mistress was worshipped while she breathed ; hardly was she dead when the scene changed ; two domestics carried out her body on a hand-barrow from the palace to her private home. The king stood at the window, looking at the clouds, as her remains were carried by. “ The Marchioness,” said he, “ will have bad weather on her journey.”

## VI.

The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness, just as it goes out. “ The fit gives vigor, as it destroys.” He who has but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives for dissimulation ; and time, that lays his hand on every thing else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life,

sparing the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

Sticks to our last sand.

Consistent in our follies and our sins,

Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battle-field. The meritorious author of the *Memoir of Cabot*, a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to most late treatises on maritime discovery, tells us, that the discoverer of our continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, once more steering in quest of adventure over waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears, as it read the fabled fate of Fergus MacIvor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance, was the Marquis of Montrose, who had fought for the Stuarts, and fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. His head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and in other public towns of the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. "I wish," he exclaimed, "I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer."



But let us take an example of sublimer virtue, such as we find in a statesman, who lived without a stain from youth to maturity, and displayed an unwavering consistency to the last; a hero in civil life, who was in some degree our own. It becomes America to take part in rescuing from undeserved censure the names and the memory of victims to the unconquerable love of republican liberty.

Vane, young in years, in counsel old: to know

Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,

What severs each, thou'st learned, which few have done.

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;

Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans

In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

He, that would discern the difference between magnanimous genius and a shallow wit, may compare this splendid eulogy of Milton with the superficial levity in the commentary of Warton. It is a fashion to call Sir Henry Vane a fanatic. And what is fanaticism? True, he was a rigid Calvinist. True, he has written an obscure book on the mystery of godliness, of which all that we understand is excellent, and we may, therefore, infer that the vein of the rest is good. But does this prove him a fanatic? If to be the uncompromising defender of civil and religious liberty be fanaticism; if to forgive injuries be fanaticism; if to believe that the mercy of God extends to all his creatures, and may reach even the angels of dark-

ness, be fanaticism; if to have earnestly supported in the Long Parliament the freedom of conscience,—if to have repeatedly, boldly and zealously interposed to check the persecution of Roman Catholics,—if to have labored that the sect which he least approved, should enjoy their property in security, and be safe from all penal enactments for non-conformity,—if in his public life to have pursued a career of firm, conscientious, disinterested consistency, never wavering, never trimming, never changing,—if all this be fanaticism, then was Sir Harry Vane a fanatic. Not otherwise. The people of Massachusetts declined to continue him in office; and when his power in England was great, he requited the Colony with the benefits of his favoring influence. He resisted the arbitrariness of Charles I., but would not sit as one of his judges. He opposed the tyranny of Cromwell. When that extraordinary man entered the House of Commons to break up the Parliament, which was about to pass laws that would have endangered his supremacy, Vane rebuked him for his purpose of treason. When the musketeers invaded the hall of debate, and others were silent, Vane exclaimed to the most despotic man in Europe, “This is not honest. It is against morality and common honesty.” Well might Cromwell, since his designs were criminal, reply, “Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane.”

■

Though Vane suffered from the usurpation of the Protector, he lived to see the Restoration. On the return of the Stuarts, like Lafayette among the Bourbons, he remained the stanch enemy of tyranny. The austere patriot, whom Cromwell had feared, struck terror into the hearts of a faithless and licentious court. It was resolved to destroy him. In a different age or country the poisoned cup, or the knife of the assassin, might have been used; in that season of corrupt influence, a judicial murder was resolved upon. His death was a deliberate crime, contrary to the royal promise; contrary to the express vote of "the healing parliament;" contrary to law, to equity, to the evidence. But it suited the designs of a monarch, who feared to be watched by a statesman of incorruptible elevation of character. The night before his execution, he enjoyed the society of his family, as if he had been reposing in his own mansion. The next morning he was beheaded. The least concession would have saved him. If he had only consented to deny the supremacy of parliament, the king would have restrained the malignity of his hatred. "Ten thousand deaths for me," exclaimed Vane, "ere I will stain the purity of my conscience." Historians report that life was dear to him; he submitted to his end with the firmness of a patriot, the serenity of a Christian.

"I give and I devise," (Old Euclio said,  
And sighed,) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your money, sir?—"My money, sir! what all?  
Why,—if I must,"—(then wept,) "I give it Paul."  
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried,  
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and died.

Lorenzo de Medici, upon his death-bed, sent for Savonarola to receive his confession and grant him absolution. The severe anchorite questioned the dying sinner with unsparing rigor. "Do you believe entirely in the mercy of God?"—"Yes, I feel it in my heart."—"Are you truly ready to restore all the possessions and estates which you have unjustly acquired?"—The dying Duke hesitated; he counted up in his mind the sums which he had hoarded; delusion whispered that nearly all had been so honestly gained, that the sternest censor would strike but little from his opulence. The pains of hell were threatened if he denied; and he gathered courage to reply, that he was ready to make restitution. Once more the unyielding priest resumed his inquisition. "Will you resign the sovereignty of Florence, and restore the democracy of the republic?" Lorenzo, like Macbeth, had acquired a crown; but, unlike Macbeth, he saw sons of his own about to become his successors. He gloried in the hope of being the father of princes, the founder of a line of hereditary sovereigns. Should he crush this brilliant expectation, and tremble at the wild words of a visionary? Should he who had reigned as a monarch, stoop to die as a merchant? No! though

hell itself were opening beneath his bed. "Not that! I cannot part with that." Savonarola left his bedside with indignation, and Lorenzo died without shrift.

And you brave Cobham, to the latest breath,  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,  
Such in those moments as in all the past,—

"Oh! save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

Like this was the exclamation of the patriot Quincy, whose virtues have been fitly commemorated by the pious reverence of his son. The celebrated Admiral Blake breathed his last as he came in sight of England, happy in at least desecrating the land, of which he had advanced the glory by his brilliant victories. Quincy died as he approached the coast of Massachusetts. He loved his family; but at that moment he gave his whole soul to the cause of freedom. "Oh that I might live,"—it was his dying wish,—"to render to my country one last service."

#### VII.

The coward falls panic-stricken; the superstitious man dies with visions of terror floating before his fancy. It has even happened that a man has been in such dread of eternal woe, as to cut his throat in his despair. The phenomenon seems strange; but the fact is unquestionable. The giddy, that are near a precipice, totter towards the brink which they would shun. Every body remembers the atheism and bald sensuality



of the septuagenarian Alexander VI.; and the name of his natural son, Cæsar Borgia, is a proverb, as a synonym for the most vicious selfishness. Let one tale, of which Macchiavelli attests the truth, set forth the deep baseness of a cowardly nature. Borgia had, by the most solemn oaths, induced the Duke of Gravina, Oliverotto, Vitellozzo Vitelli, and another, to meet him in Senigaglia, for the purpose of forming a treaty, and then issued the order for the massacre of Oliverotto and Vitelli. Can it be believed? Vitelli, as he expired, begged of the infamous Borgia, his assassin, to obtain of Alexander a dispensation for his omissions, a release from purgatory.

The death-bed of Cromwell himself was not free from superstition. When near his end, he asked if the elect could never fall. "Never," replied Godwin the preacher. "Then am I safe," said the man whose last years had been stained by cruelty and tyranny; "for I am sure I was once in a state of grace."

Ximenes languished from disappointment at the loss of power and the want of royal favor. A smile from Louis would have cheered the death-bed of Racine.

In a brave mind the love of honor endures to the last. "Don't give up the ship," cried Lawrence, as his life-blood was flowing in torrents. Abimelech groaned that he fell ignobly by the hand of a woman. We have ever admired the gallant death of Sir Richard

Grenville, who, in a single ship, encountered a numerous fleet; and when mortally wounded, husbanded his strength, till he could summon his victors to bear testimony to his courage and his patriotism. "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor."

The public has been instructed through the press in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold, by an inquirer, who has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country, not less for candor and judgment, than for diligence and ability. The victim of the intrigue was Andre. The mind of the young soldier revolted at the service of treachery in which he had become involved, and holding a stain upon honor to be worse than the forfeiture of life, he shuddered at the sight of the gallows, but not at the thought of dying. He felt the same sentiment which made death welcome to Nelson and to Wolfe, to whom it came with glory and victory for its companions; but for Andre, the keen sense of honor added bitterness to the cup of affliction, by exciting fear lest the world should take the manner of his execution as evidence of merited opprobrium.

#### VIII.

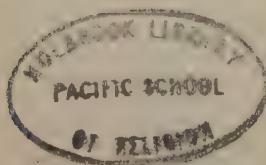
Finally: he who has a good conscience and a well balanced mind meets death with calmness, resignation,

and hope. Saint Louis died among the ruins of Carthage; a Christian king, laboring in vain to expel the religion of Mahomet from the spot where Dido had planted the gods of Syria. "My friends," said he, "I have finished my course. Do not mourn for me. It is natural that I, as your chief and leader, should go before you. You must follow me. Keep yourselves in readiness for the journey." Then giving his son his blessing and the best advice, he received the sacrament, closed his eyes, and died, as he was repeating from the Psalms, "I will come into thy house; I will worship in thy holy temple."

The curate of St. Sulpice asked the confessor who had shrived Montesquieu on his death-bed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. "Yes," replied father Roust, "like a man of genius." The curate was displeased; unwilling to leave the dying man a moment of tranquillity, he addressed him, "Sir, are you truly conscious of the greatness of God?" "Yes," said the departing philosopher, "and of the littleness of man."

How calm were the last moments of Cuvier! Benevolence of feeling and self-possession diffused serenity round the hour of his passing away. Confident that the hand of death was upon him, he yet submitted to the application of remedies, that he might gratify his more hopeful friends. They had recourse to leeches; and with delightful simplicity the great

naturalist observed, *it was he who had discovered that leeches possess red blood.* The discovery, which he made in his youth, had been communicated to the public in the memoir that first gained him celebrity. The thoughts of the dying naturalist recurred to the scenes of his early life, to the coast of Normandy, where, in the solitude of conscious genius, he had roamed by the side of the ocean, and achieved fame by observing the wonders of animal life which are nourished in its depths. He remembered his years of poverty, the sullen rejection which his first claims for advancement had received, and all the vicissitudes through which he had been led to the highest distinctions in science. The son of the Wirtemberg soldier, of too feeble a frame to embrace the profession of his father, had found his way to the secrets of nature. The man who, in his own province, had been refused the means of becoming the village pastor of an ignorant peasantry, had succeeded in charming the most polished circles of Paris by the clearness of his descriptions, and commanding the attention of the Deputies of France by the grace and fluency of his elocution. And now he was calmly predicting his departure; his respiration became rapid; and his head fell as if he were in meditation. Thus his soul passed to its Creator without a struggle. "Those who entered afterwards would have thought that the noble old man, seated in his



arm-chair by the fire-place, was asleep ; and would have walked softly across the room for fear of disturbing him." Heaven had but "recalled its own."

The death of Haller himself was equally tranquil. When its hour approached, he watched the ebbing of life and continued to observe the beating of his pulse till sensation was gone.

A tranquil death becomes the man of science, or the scholar. He should cultivate letters to the last moment of life ; he should resign public honors, as calmly as one would take off a domino on returning from a mask. He should listen to the signal for his departure, not with exultation, and not with indifference. Respecting the dread solemnity of the change, and reposing in hope on the bosom of death, he should pass, without boldness and without fear, from the struggles of inquiry to the certainty of knowledge, from a world of doubt to a world of truth.



## STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

### GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

#### I.

NATIONAL literature varies with national character. It represents the aspect under which the world is contemplated, and shows the coloring imparted by climate, government, and society. The Muse, with her divine inventions, may shape the character of a people after a favorite pattern of ideal excellence; but the beauty, concentrated in the model, must have already existed in surrounding realities, which imagination only combines and vivifies. The hearts of the many will not be moved, except the appeal be made to passions which are already strong, and gratify tastes and awaken sympathies which are already formed.

The literature of a nation, therefore, commends itself to the attention of enlightened curiosity, even independently of its intrinsic merits, from the knowledge it sheds on the nature of man. Genius remains always

the same high gift. But how differently has it ripened under the grateful splendor of an Italian sky, and in the chilling climate of the North! at the court of Louis, and on the soil of Germany! at Edinburgh and Ispahan! at Vienna and Washington! And this diversity gives relief to the productions of each nation, and constitutes their interchange a reciprocity of benefits and gratifications. We censure the extravagant creations of oriental fancy, and yet the East has given to the West more than it has received. It has peopled the air with sylphs, and filled the world of man with magic agencies; it contributed many a strange tale to be wrought into beautiful shape by the more careful European artist. In the Fairy Queen, to glance only at English literature, something of its manner was blended with Spenser's sweetness and melancholy; and it adds vivacity to the playful satire of Pope. The story of the Merchant of Venice is of Eastern origin; and the Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream borrow their charms from the brilliant legends of the same clime. Thus it is, that while learning blesses its possessors, the stores which it collects and dispenses, contribute to the general instruction and amusement.

A universal interest and extended culture favor not the variety of literary productions only, but also the culture of taste. They are necessary to the acquisition of just discrimination, and the quick perception and ready acknowledgment of merit. There may be an

intuitive perception of excellence, but it is only from large comparisons that we arrive at safe inferences. The mind that takes a wide range, is willing to observe the manner in which genius contemplates nature under every sky and in every condition of life; it gains the power of recognising beauty of invention, by whatever disguise the public fashions of place and time may have hid its lustre.

The freedom capable of discerning beauty in writing, independent of local peculiarities, is a victory over prejudice and narrowness. Its reward is vast and immediate, and consists in the power of receiving enjoyment from every exhibition of genius. Perhaps no people offers in its literature more numerous or more opposite causes of gratification than the Germans. Others may surpass them in melody of verse, or exact and measured elegance; but never before did the world behold a nation mature, in a century, a literature so diversified in its character, marked by so much learning and so much liberality, so full of thought and imagination, so distinguished alike for philosophical reasoning, and the boldest expression of enthusiastic feeling.

The aspect of nature is reflected in German literature. In Italy, the Apennines, for the most part scantily wooded, or even entirely naked, rise in beautiful and successive ranges; the clear atmosphere lends to them distinct outlines, and shows to perfect advan-

tage the intermingling of light and shade on the succession of hills and valleys; and the spectator willingly lends an ear to the fables of antiquity. It seems no unnatural idea, that the cheerful brooks and the inviting woods should have joyous nymphs and deities for their guardians. In Germany, the mountains are carefully kept covered with the forest, whose sombre foliage heightens their aspect of gloom; or the thin branches of the pines make the rugged cliffs appear still more bleak and desolate; the mists often gather among the ridges, or wrap the highest peaks in clouds; the productions of the soil, at any considerable elevation, mark an inhospitable zone, and indicate the abject poverty of the inhabitants; and so a rude superstition has assigned to these northern fastnesses the homes of wizards and spectres; the theatre of nocturnal incantations; the general muster-ground of all the motley and fiendish creations of a barbarous fancy.

The history of Germany is unique, and has had its influence on its poets. In many parts of the country, especially along the Rhine and the Neckar, and on the heights which command the rich valleys of central Germany, the genius of the middle ages is still visibly hovering round

“Those gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.”  
There you have the battlements and the massive watch-towers of the baronial castles, the dungeons and subterraneous passages, the banqueting halls and the

chapels, which are so often introduced into romance, and which in themselves are far more touching in their decay, than in the descriptions of any writer of fiction. You may inspect the very chambers of the secret tribunal, its instruments of torture, and its places of execution; or listen to the simple and pure legends which religious tradition has connected with the scenes of greatest loveliness. Of these mediæval relics, enough remains to give clear conceptions of the manners of those times, in which the fierceness of chivalrous courage was tempered by the influence of the Church, and the harshness of the haughty knight contrasted with the impressive piety and graceful gentleness of woman. When we are admitted to the inner apartments and see, as it were, the daily footsteps of their inhabitants, we are brought nearer to the incidents of feudal power; the anxious lady of the castle is still impatiently hearkening for the return of her lord; the courtyard yet rings with the clattering of arms, the neighing of steeds, and the loud merriment of a numerous and idle retinue; the wine still flows freely at the hospitable but intemperate banquet; the priest chastens the fierceness of valor with mercy, absolves the timid soul from the guilt of sin, and at the altar sanctifies to youthful prowess the possession of beauty, whose affection was won by courage in the field.



## II.

The political organization of Germany, after many changes, continues to be a strange anomaly. Its soil, occupying the very heart of Europe, has been the general battle-field for contending nations, while its princely families have for centuries furnished wives to more than half the sovereigns of Europe. Its climate and soil vary, as you pass from the barren sands, cold seasons, and level regions of the North, to the magnificence of the country watered by the Danube, or the genial mildness and abundance that crown the valley of the Rhine. Had its hardy population been bound together under one master, the liberty of the old world would have been at their mercy. But even the appearance of an executive union was destined to disappear in the revolutionary convulsions of Europe. The line of Roman emperors has ceased, and the phantom of a crown is worn no longer. Letters are now the great, and we might almost say, the only efficient bond for the German people. They have a common language, and a common literature; in other respects, their governments are severally nearly as independent as those of the Italian States. The German league forms little beside a vain show. The interests of the several states are heterogeneous, and the connection but nominal; while Goethe is the man of the whole nation, a favorite at Vienna, and on the left bank of

the Rhine. A strange condition of public existence! where there are no topics relating to the whole commonwealth, to call forth an undivided expression of feeling; and yet where works of genius in literature are claimed by a population of more than forty millions.

The inhabitants of Germany are every where distinguished for kindness and hospitality. Here are the strongholds of Protestantism; and here too, Roman Catholics worship in sincerity, and delight in learning; while religion discards alike bigotry and superstition. That the fine arts are held in high repute, is attested by the enthusiasm which the Gallery of Dresden continues to excite. Music is so universally cultivated, that there is no considerable town where admirable concerts may not be heard in private circles; nor is affection confined to Mozart and native composers; sometimes the touching strains of the elder artists are revived; of Scarlatti, who composed and played the harp till almost seventy; but still more of Palestrina, whose ashes were deemed worthy of a place in St. Peter's,—the Raphael of music, than whom no one has better known how to express the spirit of religion by the harmony of sounds.

The tendency of the wide diffusion of culture to promote intellectual freedom, is increased by the fact, that in the Northern and Central parts of Germany there is but one very large city; while Vienna is too near the confines of the ancient Empire to form a cen-

tre for the mind of the nation. Indeed, an impulse greater than any from Vienna, has been given by Weimar, a city not so large, and certainly not so flourishing as was the town of Providence, or Cincinnati, in 1827. The public, that invisible, most powerful, impartial personification of the enlightened opinion and authority of a nation, is in Germany, as in the United States, to be sought for every where. In every village, cultivated minds are unfettered by the decisions of a metropolis, and opinions are freely given and boldly canvassed. The fate of a book published in France, is decided at Paris; but in Germany, the highest honors in letters, as with us the presidential dignity, are to be won only by obtaining the free suffrages of remote, independent, and equal districts.

The arrangements of the bookselling interest are analogous. Leipzig is the great centre of this business; in Leipzig, every book, be it published where it may, is advertised and kept regularly for sale. Nothing is so sure of a good reception, as to pretend to make its way by itself, independent of the usual mode; and nothing so small or so mean, as to be overlooked. So perfect is the system, you may receive of the smallest bookseller, in the smallest town that has a bookseller, any work published in any part of the country, as surely, as soon, and on as good terms, as if you had applied to the house most largely engaged in the trade. Nor is it unworthy of remark, that the

common style of printing is a correct, but not an expensive one.

## III.

There is the more advantage in economical arrangements for distributing books through Germany, as learning is there seldom attended by wealth and independence. German literature is the result of the moral energy of its own votaries. It was fostered by no Mæcenas ; it was cherished by no Augustus ; it was not rocked and dandled into maturity, but struggled against opposition, overcame indifference, and triumphed over contempt. Even Leibnitz, at comparatively a recent day, had the weakness not to be proud of his countrymen ; and Frederic of Prussia could not perceive the germs of that genius, which in his last years was to bloom so abundantly. It was the mass of the nation that wrought out the intellectual salvation of the country ; and hence it comes, that men of letters in Germany, emerging from the middling class, have had their sympathies with the people, and have watched for its liberties. To the aristocracy, Germany owes little of its intellectual elevation.

Of this it is proudly conscious. It is not of the slightest moment, whether the presence of the learned and of those endowed with creative genius is desired among the possessors of political or hereditary rank. Who

asks if Homer kept company with kings? Who is troubled because Milton would not, or could not go to court? An ingenious scholar of the North, whose merits are above our praise, observes, as a favorable characteristic of our time, that authors "constitute the chosen ornaments of society." It may be well for the classes which are privileged by fortune, to associate to themselves the eloquent who can sway public opinion, or the masters of science who can produce new resources of power or wealth. But the willing parasite ranks infinitely beneath the stern recluse, whose mind, self-balanced, finds repose in its own strength. Men of letters belong essentially to the laboring class; they are links in the chain which binds together the widely diversified elements of society. They rise from the general mass and should not separate from it. All the delight of vanity in counting the powerful, the wealthy or the fashionable as friends, should never induce them to resign their right to equality on the field of general exertion,—founded, as their claim is, on the glory of inspiring the thoughts, and moulding the moral existence of contemporary millions. Such is the sentiment of the German universities, where a want of manliness is not forgiven. A professor had received a diploma of nobility. "Ah," said his colleague, the mathematician Kästner, on the arrival of the parchment; "the fellow rises on the ruins of his like; one foolish sheep builds his greatness on the skin of another."



It would be melancholy to follow the lives of eminent German scholars through their trials in the commencement of their career, were it not that we may almost always discern the hopeful serenity proceeding from the conscious exercise of exalted intellect. Many of them provided at first for their subsistence, by filling subordinate stations in schools; to many the universities offered a temporary theatre, or a scene of honor and exertion for life. The admirable constitution of the German universities, rendered it the more easy to appear there in the capacity of public instructor. In them the care of the several branches of science is not exclusively intrusted to any one. The regular professor is liable to find competitors in any, whose predilections or whose wants may lead them to instruct in the same department. The few establishments where the system of restraint prevails, have had little or no share in the prosperity, vigorous industry, and sound and impartial learning, for which the German is distinguished. According to its theory the business of teaching should be as free as with us the practice of law. To insure the co-operation of some one eminent man in each department, a regular professor is appointed, with a very moderate salary, which operates only as a bounty, to influence his choice of abode. His income depends on his industry and success, and is as unlimited as his talents and reputation. Beside this, any man, who can offer evidence of

his competency, by an examination, a public disputation, and a printed dissertation, that may serve as a specimen of his erudition, is allowed to give public or private lessons, under the sanction of the university, with every facility to be derived from the use of its fixtures, and with all the advantage of being fairly in the list of equal competition.

Here, mark the difference in our institutions. With us all instruction in the universities is monopolized; whether the professorship derives its income from fees paid by the students, or endowments, the care of each branch of knowledge is entirely in the hands of the person appointed; he has no competitor. In Germany the professor has his salary; the right to teach, and to gain emoluments from teaching, he shares with all who have the requisite qualifications. There are not a few men in America now, who have no connection with any of our public institutions, and who could not, of their own accord alone, enter on the career of instruction in them, who yet have a right, that would not be disputed, of teaching the sciences publicly, and at will, in any one of the leading German universities. It may be thought, that this liberty of teaching is fruitful of endless strife and undignified jealousies. Far from it. It makes the public teachers industrious and faithful, for otherwise they would soon be out of employment; and it is no more productive of evil, than the custom among us, of a young lawyer

or physician attempting to practise his profession in any place where he thinks an opportunity offers. The established professors find nothing grievous in the arrangement. Now and then, it is true, a professor who remains behind the age, or has little talent as a teacher, is doomed to see his lecture-room vacant, and offer instruction which no one cares to receive. And so it ought to be. But a faithful man derives such an advantage from his regular appointment, that to him his youthful competitors are but as followers and coadjutors, who give assistance to the students in those things for which he has neither time nor inclination. A competitor of equal years and standing is unknown, except as a professor likewise regularly established; for talent and learning are not such every-day qualities as to be left unsought for. When a professor dies, or is incapacitated by age, the public has the benefit of being able to select a successor from the crowd of young and experienced aspirants. And if, which will sometimes happen, the regular professor grows idle, the science does not droop; the want of instruction calls forth persons competent to give it; and the public is not a great loser by any misappropriations, since the receipts of a teacher fall off with the decline of his own exertions.

Nor let it be supposed that the universities, which have had so wide an influence on the culture of mankind, are all of them hallowed by age. Göttingen is but of the last century, though it has already gathered

the most useful library in the world. The foundation of the University of Berlin belongs to the present century ; and the number of its students has, at times, been the largest on the continent. Within a year of the foundation of a university at Munich, in 1826, its success was assured. But how were those foundations laid ? Not by building halls, but by collecting together learned men, and opening to them a career of utility, honor, and emolument. *Honos et præmia!* Where these are dispensed freely, learning will thrive ; industry, unchecked in its exertions, and unlimited in its rewards, will in this, as in every thing else, lead to brilliant results.

It would not be without interest to glance at the condition of our country, and form an estimate of the character of men who would become public instructors, if our institutions were put on a similar liberal footing ; the relative number of those, who, in this country and in Germany, are desirous of a public education ; the influence of the respective governments ; the liberality of the community. But the subject is too important to be treated incidentally ; and we will only remark, that if our universities languish, the cause does not lie in the apathy of the public.

The influence of the German universities is incalculable. They fill the offices of state with men of culture ; and there is hardly a village where they have not domesticated learning. They give an earnest and speculative character to the common mind ; render

the public capable of appreciating eminent merit, and impress even on the works of fiction, traces of an intimate acquaintance with other ages and nations. A union of strength of imagination with the power of various acquisition, is characteristic of German genius.

## IV.

Letters are in Germany a career to which men are regularly educated. The profession is, moreover, a thronged one; of course, moderate merit is abundant, and distinction difficult. There are few instances of scholars who have at once risen to eminence. The first years on entering life are generally years of hardship and struggle; but where talent is joined to industry, notoriety is at last gained, and a moderate competence secured. There is nothing in our country more nearly analogous to this state of things, than the condition of the profession of law. The road of emulation is so crowded, that it is unsafe to rest upon honors already acquired; persevering diligence is necessary to preserve even a favorite from neglect. German scholars understand that there is much hard work to be done, requiring time and habitual toil, from day to day; letters are not to be the pastime of a dull afternoon—the business over which a man may loll in an easy chair—the fashionable topic for a half hour's conversation in the evening; they are considered, as they



ought to be, a most honorable and most laborious occupation for life.

To these habits of industry we must attribute the profoundness and the universality which characterize German literature. In almost every department of human knowledge, it can show some one treatise, which may be said to exhaust the subject; containing not the views of the author merely, but a condensed sketch of all that has been written upon the matter in discussion.

There is one branch of speculative learning, requiring rare sagacity and deliberation, and cultivated but little except in Germany. It is called the *Higher Criticism*, and begins its office where historical criticism ends. Thus, as to the poems of Homer, all the evidence which we possess, enables us only to establish the essential identity of our printed copies with the edition collated and published by the Alexandrian scholars. But what changes may have taken place in the verse, previous to that period? What proof have we that the Alexandrian scholars had an uncorrupted text? The same kind of questions has been raised in theological philology. It is obvious, that to ask them of the rash, is only to throw open the floodgates of literary doubt. And in fact, there has been left hardly one eminent author of antiquity, who has not been cheated out of part of his fame. Sophocles is made to give up one of his plays; Plato half his dia-

logues; Anacreon almost all his odes; and the Iliad and the Odyssey are declared to be full of interpolations, the shreds and rags of audacious sophists, patched upon the simple and majestic robes of Homer. The too great prevalence of this dangerous method has given to a branch of science an air of skepticism, which was not the object of the writers, and which by no means exists in the people.

The same spirit of expansive inquiry, which does the business of research so faithfully, has encouraged a universal interest in literary productions. The great works of other countries and ages are not merely known to the man of letters, but are for the most part nationalized in translations which give the very form and sentiments, the ideas and the tone of the original. We should mention Wolf's German translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes, and William von Humboldt's of the Agamemnon of Æschylus, as admirable specimens of this kind of work, of which Voss may be called the inventor. Where such fidelity is required, the style was at first harsh; but long and frequent exercise, and unceasing efforts, have given such flexibility, copiousness, and variety to the German language, that many of the greatest poets of all times, not the ancients only, but Calderon and Shakspeare, Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante, are reproduced in their own measures and their own style, and have become familiar topics of interest to all who know how to

beguile an hour with a book. So numerous are the translations from the Latin and Greek, that a work in two large volumes was required for their enumeration. All good versions meet with a favorable reception. On the theatres, *Romeo and Juliet*, or the *Merchant of Venice*, of the English dramatist, will draw as large a house, and gratify it as much, as the *Wallenstein*, or the *Mary Stuart* of Schiller. Calderon is played as often as Goethe; and even a comedy of Terence is sometimes represented.

This enlarged curiosity increases in an unparalleled manner the amount of knowledge in circulation, and liberates the general mind from prejudice, without impairing the originality of German inventive literature. The nation has its own character, which is preserved inviolate, though it is strengthened and fructified by additions from many sources.

Independence is a characteristic of German scholars. Controversy is carried on with the utmost freedom. Where truth is the object, it is not deemed tolerable, that social considerations should check a free expression of thought. Hence there is a great collision of opinions, as with us in the political world, and every one comes finally to be examined. It is not esteemed unseemly for men, who reside in the same place, or are employed at the same university, to advocate opposite views; and the habit of conducting literary researches in personal seclusion, encourages the

scholar to unbiased inquiry and boldness of utterance. Passing their time in retirement and application, the men of letters have little communication with each other, or the world, but by their writings. Separated from society by continual industry, while they yet hold close intercourse with the public through the press, intimate relations of friendship, and on the other hand, implacable hostilities, may grow up between those who have never heard the sound of each other's voice.

The continuance of solitary study leads finally to a state of high mental excitement. The scholar, within the walls of his closet, feels the impulse of passionate motives, the rush of rapid thought, and the charms of crowded existence. He represents to himself not a distinct, visible, and well-known audience, but a vast and undefined mass of intelligence and numbers, an assemblage unlimited in its possible extent, and deriving new dignity from the awful mystery in which it is enveloped. The German scholar writes under the conviction that his work will fall under the eyes of men competent to judge, and his usual tranquillity and regularity make him the more susceptible of this kind of encouragement.

The remoteness in which the German student lives from ordinary interruptions, favors devotedness to a single object. The instances are numerous, of men who have consecrated the best part of their lives to one engrossing pursuit. The science which thus engages

the mind for years, becomes ever present to their thoughts, and is treated with liveliness as well as learning. There are some who can describe to you the antiquities of Egypt, or the ruins of Persepolis, who may hardly know there are republicans among the Andes ; others have a better understanding of the springs that directed the Peloponnesian war, than the French revolution. Subjects of antiquity are treated as though they were present to the senses ; and the lecturer on Greece transfers himself and all his interests, for the time, to the scenes which he describes. The historian of nature, too, lives in his theme ; he carries his enthusiasm into the details of physiology, and explains with animation the wonders of the mineral kingdom ; or, if his topic be the fossil remains of the former creation, he seems almost to throw his mind back into that wonderful state of things, when plastic power delighted in monstrous forms, when trees dropped amber, and insects were enshrined in transparent tombs.

With much that is excellent, much extravagance has been published in Germany, where, in the first ten years of this century, there were more than ten thousand living authors. Sentiments bold and paradoxical, inventions wild and wonderful, sometimes for a season engage the attention, which nothing but genius and truth can hold fast. But among so many good intellects, error cannot proceed far without opposition, nor folly without exposure. The nation does not stand



answerable for the aberrations of any of its citizens, since it is the first to censure their perversity.

The facility of receiving enjoyment from every exhibition of genius, is an advantage of high value. Every man has, indeed, the right to choose his own guides to the summit of Olympus; but we question the soundness of those who deny that there are more ways than one. Such an opinion could be explained, only as the result of a narrowness that willingly wears the shackles of prejudice. We all admire the loveliness of our own landscape; but shall we have no susceptibility to other charms? Shall Switzerland, where the glaciers enter the fertile valley, and winter and summer are seen side by side, have no power to please us? Or a scene beneath a southern sky, where the palm-trees lift their heads in slender magnificence, the forests glitter with the splendor of variegated plumage, and earth is gay with all the colors that gain their deep tints from a tropical sun? The eye that communes with nature and understands it, discerns beauty in all its forms. And shall we, who are certainly not incurious as to the concerns of all nations, be indifferent to foreign letters? Is there no happy moment of tranquillity in which learning may raise her head fearlessly and be respected, and the pursuits of contemplative life be cheered by the free expression of general approbation, and quickened into excellence by the benignity of an attentive nation?

We cannot as yet be said to have a national literature ; but we already have the promise of one, and the first fruits ; as the literary character of the country is developed, it should resemble our political institutions in liberality, and welcome excellence from every quarter of the world.

#### THE REVIVAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

##### I.

The first use of the German as a written language, is full of interest for the antiquary ; but, like the researches into the earliest Anglo-Saxon literature, can hardly claim universal attention. No relic has come down to us, of the bards of whom Tacitus makes mention. The Edda furnishes but a very doubtful means of ascertaining what kind of poetry was in vogue in the days of Herman ; nor do any existing documents explain the changes produced in popular poetry and habits of thought by the introduction of Christianity. Religious hymns were circulated by the monks ; and one considerable poem, the Life of St. Anno, by an unknown author, will long be preserved, not for its merit, but as a curious literary production.

The Suabian period, in which the romance of chivalry prevailed, forms the next stage in the progress of German poetry. From the twelfth to the fourteenth century, at least two hundred candidates for fame may

be counted. There are not wanting critics, who persuade themselves that Homer hardly deserves higher esteem than the poets of love and the singers of the Nibelungs. But these derive their chief interest from the age in which they were produced. The lyric pieces of the period, which ring sweet and harmonious chimes on the vernal season, the tender passion, and devotedness to woman, were mere lispings in the accents of the Provençal muse.

In the fourteenth century, the romantic poetry degenerated; and the rhymes of the master workmen among the several corporations of mechanics became all that Germany, for three centuries, could exhibit in proof of poetic activity. The knights and warriors had had their day; it seemed but just, that that of the tradesmen should dawn. Miracles in literature are rare; the interminable strains of the rhyming artisans may have beguiled their wanderings as apprentices, or glorified their respective cities, or professions; but they contain little of the spirit of poetry.

Hans Sachs was a wonder in one sense of the word. He wrote more rhymes than any person of whom literary history makes mention, with the single exception of Lope de Vega. Of comedies and tragedies, he composed two hundred and eight; his works, collectively, consist of six thousand and forty-eight pieces; the selections of his choicest productions fill three folio volumes; and he sustained withal the character of a

reputable citizen and good shoemaker. Poets may find tongues in trees and wisdom in stones, the materials for philosophic verse in the tale of a wagoner, or the discourse of a pedler; may illustrate from the unlettered hinds of a village all the vices and passions which can disturb mankind; but it would be hard to discern beauty in a play, for example, where God is introduced as catechising Abel and his playfellows, and the good child answers correctly, according to the orthodox manual of the day; while Cain and his party reply like inattentive boys, who have not half learnt their lesson. In his multitudinous works, Hans Sachs introduces heroines and heroes of classic antiquity; soldiers and statesmen; lovers and poets; saints and devils; men, angels, and women; but they all are made on the same last; they all, both male and female, wear the costume of Nuremberg.

The literature of Germany was destined to sink still lower, before its glorious awakening. In the seventeenth century a piebald jargon, compounded of Latin, and French, and German, assumed to be the fashion; and pure German, in spite of all its native wealth and energy, was derided as rustic, clumsy, and ungenteel. The style of the day travestied the borrowed words with a domestic termination, and the labored periods, admitting here and there the homely expressions of the pure Saxon dialect, resembled some room in an old castle, where the sober wainscoting, in its

stern and real beauty, is bedizened, and all but wholly concealed under second-hand finery.

## II.

A century ago, original genius was still inactive; the propensity to imitate predominant; and the talent for imitating exceedingly feeble. The intellectual condition of the empire resembled its political; its native energies were impaired by foreign alliances, and the German language and literature seemed as much neglected as the permanent interests of the state. The style of writing was a diffuse and pedantic barbarism. Nor was there any earnest of a renovation of taste and a revival of nationality. A foreign system cramped the mind, and translations from the French masters lost the delicacy and splendor which they possess in their own idiom. The nation as a political body had ceased to have a common feeling; in the quarrels of Europe, the states of Germany were ranged on different sides; civil wars were not objects of horror; a community of political feeling did not exist even in theory. Skepticism had counteracted the former energy of the religious principle. The princes and German courts were all French in taste and manners; and though many were lavish of their means in gaining new luxuries and increasing their splendor, yet it never occurred to them to gather round their baby thrones the best spirits of their nation, and so to embalm their own



memories in a permanent literature. Thus letters had nothing to hope from the government, the nobility, or the opulent ; and could find inspiration neither in national taste, nor in the religious feeling of the age, nor in patriotism.

Of the leading sovereignties in Germany, not one was administered in a national spirit. Motives of local policy and relative aggrandizement swayed the cabinets. The imperial constitution had become a frail bond of union for elements, which had at no period been well consolidated, and which were now forcibly repelling each other ; tottering towards its end, it resembled a decrepit old man, whose gray hairs may gain a respect which his strength cannot command. The influence of Prussia at the diet made the imperial crown still more an empty pageant. The political alliance of Austria with the French, though it ended in disasters to the latter, was unfavorable to patriotism ; while Frederic, who had to contend with a German army against the Bourbons for his existence, trampled on the nationality of his subjects, gathered round his person the writers of France, and contemplated the literary occupations of his own countrymen with supercilious indifference or contempt. Circumstances like these weighed down the spirit of native writers. A general languor characterised style, which had nothing of natural passion, or even of uncouth energy. The noble dialect of Germany was used without strength, dignity

or grace, while the practice of reciprocal indiscriminate praise, that pestilent patron of mediocrity in either hemisphere, lavished honors, as if genius had been of every-day growth.

Light began to dawn when public discussion became more free; and a Saxon and a Swiss school were formed, at first in rivalry, and finally in declared hostility. Of the former, Gottsched was the leader, at Leipzig; while Bodmer, at Zurich, with Breitinger for his squire, challenged his adversaries to battle. A thirty years' war preceded the establishment of the civil and religious liberties of Germany; a thirty years' literary feud between two men of narrow minds and boundless vanity, went before its literary awakening.

Of the belligerent parties, Bodmer made the attack, and for several years Gottsched acted on the defensive. The Swiss called in the English to his assistance; the Saxon took the French for auxiliaries. Bodmer deemed himself sure of victory and unlimited glory, when he brought forward a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and we venerate the man who could summon Milton as his ally; but Gottsched damned the translation with faint praise, and having, as Professor of Eloquence and Poetry in the University of Leipzig, formed a literary circle in which he was the dictator, he issued a decree for translations from the French, and comedies, and tragedies, in Alexandrines. The rules of criticism having been established, poems were writ-

ten, as if to illustrate a principle. Fame, "the bright guerdon," is distributed by favor. Many a man has suffered martyrdom for his faith; but John Rogers alone found his way into the Primer. To Bodmer and Gottsched, circumstances secure a conspicuous place in the history of letters.

Bodmer, born 1698, was of narrow intellect and limited taste. His mind was fitted out with some knowledge of English literature. Of the genius of Shakspeare, he had, indeed, no conception; but he was firm in the love of Milton. He detested music; and rhyme was a greater offence to him than wine to a faithful Mussulman. Himself destitute of humor and of wit, he questioned their value. He held the poetic diction of Homer inferior to his own; and would have thought himself slighted, had his tragedies been called only equal to those of Æschylus and Sophocles; though his imagination was as dry as the leaves of last year. At first he was a translator and critic, and tried to compete with his Leipzig rival; but when almost fifty years old, he was smit with the desire of becoming an epic poet, and chose Noah for his theme. Something he contrived to borrow from Milton and others; but he who could not write prose agreeably, attains the maximum of ridiculousness in his catalogue of the beasts, whose well-arranged columns he marches into the Ark in hobbling hexameters.

Bodmer has the merit of having revived some

earlier German works, that were falling into oblivion. His adversary, Gottsched, born two years after him, was a German at heart, and his love of country is the best thing about him. This led him to cherish his own language, and to plead for its purity. His poetry is made up of common-places, which he could pour out like water; and he was as indefatigable as a mill-stream, that runs even on holidays. In Leipzig his authority became supreme; and elsewhere, his tragedies were acted with applause. His *Cato*, a tame imitation of Addison's, passed through ten editions. He rebuked all levity of manner; abominated operas; did his utmost to banish Harlequin from the stage; and passed judgment on Shakspeare as a complete barbarian. When he was attacked, his self-complacent pedantry was a shield, that the keenest weapons of his foes could not pierce.

His wife surpassed him in talent. The daughter of an eminent physician, she had, in her childhood, been employed to copy for her father. In her seventeenth year, Gottsched became acquainted with her, and offered her all the love of which he was capable. Their courtship lasted for five years; and their marriage was a barren one, so that she had none of the consolations of her sex. She was his assistant rather than his wife; their union was but a literary partnership. He made her read Greek and Latin authors of the most heterogeneous character, and in the original lan-

guages ; concealed behind a partition of tapestry, she was compelled to listen, as he screamed out his lectures, and to take notes of them ; she carried on his correspondence with public men and scholars ; she daily translated for the press ; she wrote for him tragedies and comedies, reviews and prefaces ; in the division of labor, he composed the elaborate treatises, and she defended her husband from ridicule in epigrams. She had, moreover, to write the titles of books on the backs of some thousands of volumes in the professor's library. All that she accomplished under such auspices, is of little value. More feeling and nature are expressed in her private letter to a female friend, to whom, about three months before her death, she writes :—" I have sad news to tell you ; I am losing my eyesight almost entirely. Oh, how I long to hear the hour of my dissolution strike. Do you ask for the cause of my sickness ? Here it is. Twenty-eight years of unbroken labor, secret sorrow, and tears without number, which God only has seen flow."

Of one man, who, at this early period strove for the honors of verse, we must speak with veneration. Albert Haller, a native of Berne, a pupil of Boerhaave, the most eminent physiologist of his day, not only applied himself to almost every department of learning, but in his youth wrote pastorals, and an epic of some thousands of lines. These he threw into the flames in his twentieth year. His poem of the Alps was



composed by him while yet a minor. As a physician in Berne, he was not very successful ; but MÜNCHHAUSEN, the father of the Georgia Augusta, invited him to Göttingen. There he awakened a public interest in the youthful university, and established and perfected the collections requisite for a high school of learning. After he had been professor seventeen years, he longed for his own country again, the canton, which is filled with the brightest and boldest scenes that Europe can show ; where brooks, that come from dissolving snows, leap down precipices of so many hundred feet, that they are dissipated into spray as they fall ; where flowers grow by the side of masses of ice, and the mountains produce the plants of coldest regions just above the ripening grape : he longed for his native city, where one man in four attains the age of seventy ; where the eye embraces from the hills, in one view, the brightest glories of the crowded Alps ; and, looking beyond the fertile fields of the immediate vicinity, beholds in the distance the glaciers, as they sparkle in the sunbeams. In Göttingen, he had every wish for the advancement of his science gratified ; but then he was in the midst of the ambitious and contentious, whose clashing interests did not fail to breed dislikes ; and so his mountain land won him again to independence. Being still in the best years of manhood, on his return to Berne, he gave himself up in part to study, and in part to his countrymen. To the

learned periodical, issued at Göttingen, he continued to contribute, till finally the number of his articles in that work amounted to twelve thousand. In practical life, he was always honored with the magistracy; he devised a plan for an orphan-house; he reformed the medical police; he took care that the poor should have good salt to their bread; he settled dissensions about boundaries between the cantons; and all the while continued to advance natural science by his labors, and conducted a wide correspondence in the polished dialects of Europe. Meantime, the Universities of Halle and of Göttingen solicited him to be their chancellor; the learned societies of Europe vied in electing him their associate; the Russian government desired to win him for St. Petersburg; the King of Sweden decorated him with the order of the Polar Star; and Joseph II. sought him out in his retirement. But Haller was, in the common sense, neither ambitious nor happy. His spirit never knew the joyousness of content. In his seventieth year, he escaped from the sorrows of a melancholy temperament and a sickly frame; having, a twelvemonth before his death, published the eleventh edition of his poems.

The praise of Haller extends as far as the science which he advanced. In his poems he writes from his own warm feelings; and his earnestness communicates to his verse an air of solemnity. His style is not uniformly correct; and his manner seldom has freedom

and ease. His "Alps" had no model in the literature of his language; the descriptions are just, but sometimes too minute and trivial; noble reflections are interspersed amidst description.

## III.

A greater and a better impulse was given to the national mind by Klopstock, who, having remained the usual season at the celebrated school of Schulforte, and then pursued his studies as a theologian at Jena, and afterwards at Leipzig, published, while yet in his twenty-fourth year, the first three cantos of a poem which will never be forgotten. At once a new prospect seemed opening for German letters. In 1748, the poet, though still at an early age, covered with the glory of unbounded success, went as a teacher in a private family to Langensalza; where he became deeply enamored of one who did not return his affection. The nation heard with astonishment, that there lived the German maid that could be indifferent to the suit of the bard of the Messiah, to whom the laurel had been decreed by acclamation. Letters were sent from remote parts, conjuring her to yield her heart, and become the inspiring muse of her lover. All in vain; and Klopstock, who was deeply chagrined, in the days of his dignity remembered his unrequited passion as a sinful weakness. His fancy lost something of its

delicacy, and his manner assumed more of stateliness. From that time he appears officially as the ambassador of the muses, the representative of morality, and the example for the nation.

The summer of 1750 he passed in Switzerland, on Bodmer's invitation, and universal veneration welcomed him to Zurich; but the favor of the king of Denmark called him to Copenhagen, where he resided for twenty years; in 1771 he established himself in the republic of Hamburgh. Age could not chill his love of liberty. With a zeal like that of youth he participated in the enthusiasm excited by the French Revolution, before it soiled itself with blood. He died in 1803; and his funeral was celebrated with a magnificence never before vouchsafed to a poet's obsequies. It took place on a fine day, in the last of March; thousands and thousands thronged to gaze; and every honor which could be shown by the citizens and the authorities of two opulent mercantile cities, was manifested, as his body was carried from Hamburgh to a village near Altona, and buried by the side of his wife.

Klopstock's manners were simple; but he had the carriage of a pattern-man, as though the whole world had an interest in his saying or doing nothing improper. Of friendship he made a sort of idolatry; and his sincere heart and warm fancy sometimes invested ordinary men with qualities of excellence. His muse never had cause to blush for him, either for want of purity, or of

honesty ; and his life was as spotless as his verse. As it regards the great, he was too upright to flatter. He had enemies ; but he went always his own way, and never turned to the right or to the left, to answer an adversary. When younger poets began to render his supremacy questionable, he neither encouraged nor censured them.

Klopstock's merit for the influence he had on German literature, and his general merit for us all, as a poet, are very different things. In the first respect, we give him the highest place among his countrymen. When mediocrity was extolled, he taught the way to nobler creations ; he reformed the measure of German poetry ; he led to the abolition of the Alexandrine verse, so inconsistent with the genius of his language ; he introduced into letters, patriotism, with a genuine love of religion.

Klopstock expressed the spirit of romantic poetry in classic forms. His measures and his severity of taste were ancient ; the sentiment and the tone were peculiar to the moderns. He is the poet of feeling ; but it is feeling, over which a manly understanding keeps guard. His mind never plays with alluring forms, that charm the senses ; he is uniformly earnest. He despised rhyme, though his best hymns are in rhyme. He is always national, and full of enthusiasm, and yet he is in no respect a bard of the people ; we mention it not to his praise. He is so refined, that he



can be understood only by delicately cultivated minds ; he is a mannerist ; he aims at presenting what never can be described ; and he confounds the spirit of epic and lyric composition to the injury of his narrative. He carried his imitations of Greck and Latin metres to pedantry.

Of the world he knew little ; he found his way to moral beauty, not through struggles but by his heart. His love has not the character of an earthly passion ; for with him, the place for happy love is heaven ; and in delineating the joys of affection, he most frequently dwells on the sublime hope of recognition in another world. His Messiah was not completed till almost thirty years from the time when it was commenced. This shows it was a work of labor with him. It did not burst from a full soul ; and is in reality very tedious to read.

There can be no comparison between Klopstock and Milton. Our English poet is immeasurably superior in all but the expression of visionary and mystic feeling.

Between Klopstock and Dante, the contrast is still more striking. Klopstock, to enliven his main subject, introduces the dead, awakening from the tombs, and describes their sensations on recovering life. His conversations of this kind are monotonous. In Dante, action follows on action ; every thing is dramatic ; as you tread with him on the ashes of the dead, the fires blaze up under your feet. After having made such

demands on the imagination, to follow him at all, he assumes the exactest standard of accuracy; his sublimity is the natural reflection of an observing mind; his sentiments flow from the occasion; his language is homely, significant, and concise; he is fervent, and yet deals in facts. Klopstock wraps himself up in a cloud, and walks forth in shadowy sentimental sublimity. Much of his *Messiah* is characterised by a constant effort. He flaps his wings sturdily, but fails to soar. He aims at reaching the loftiest heights of sublimity, and his feet are still on earth. His writings have not the serenity that belongs to divine things. Instead of presenting them in their natural simplicity and clearness, he gathers around them a misty glory, and indulges in a sort of intoxication of religious feeling in most of his works of a religious stamp. From this censure, however, some of his hymns must be excepted; as for instance, the sublime one on Resurrection, of which the idea is proclaimed with distinctness, simplicity, confidence, and sublimity.

In his odes Klopstock gains a beautiful earnestness, and an unaffected elevation. Friendship, religion, and patriotism, inspired him in these admirable compositions. The style is severe, unadorned, and concise, even to occasional obscurity; but every word is in its place; and the light of conviction breaks out in every line. This praise, which we think the highest, belongs to no inconsiderable number of the odes, which fill two

volumes of his works. They never will be well translated; for it would almost be as easy to write them anew.

## IV.

Klopstock regenerated the poetry of Germany; the first writer of the eighteenth century, whose manner in prose made an epoch, is Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. He dethroned the idols that men were worshipping; he taught a bolder, more decisive, more profound way of criticism, and gave an example of a style, which in its kind has not been excelled.

The son of poor and most religious parents, he passed a childhood of self-denial, under a strict system of domestic discipline. At an early age he was removed to the school of Meissen, and became an excellent scholar in the ancient languages and in the mathematics. He went from Meissen to the University of Leipzig; where, profiting by the instructions of no professor but Ernesti, he fell into company which it alarmed his parents to hear that he kept, took a lively interest in the theatre, actually wrote for the stage, and remained without any fixed pursuit. Weary of Leipzig, he removed to Berlin, where he engaged in literary labors of minor importance. From thence, to please his parents, he went to Wittenberg, where he faithfully pursued his studies. Having no source of income but his literary labors, he next acquired a reputation as

a critic, which made him feared in all Germany. Tired of Wittenberg, he returned to Berlin, where Mendelsohn and Nicolai were his friends, and he produced a tragedy on a subject of common life. After an unsatisfactory engagement as a travelling companion to the son of a merchant, he went to Berlin again, and supported himself by his writings. For a season, he was employed actively in Silesia. From Berlin he was induced to go to Hamburgh, as a dramatic critic. From thence he was transferred to Wolfenbüttel, as Librarian; and he died in the service of Brunswick.

Lessing was distinguished for a clear understanding, accurate and immense erudition, and a rapid mind. He took nothing on trust; and, least of all, followed the impulse of feeling or of fancy. During his whole life, he never had a dream; and a story is told of him, that, when a friend, who was travelling with him on a fine day in spring, expressed rapture at the beauty of the season, he replied, that he envied the sensation which he could not share. He described himself to be a critic, not a poet. His words always have a plain meaning. Sometimes he throws out his ideas in a style that flows like a torrent; and sometimes enforces them by imagery, always significant, and often beautiful. His imagination, which never dazzled, was fertile in illustration, so that his style is eminently epigrammatic. He had a passionate love for what

seemed truth; and, so far from fearing the harsh censures of others, he delighted in opposition. The tendency of some of his writings is unquestionably skeptical; but his opponents were not without bigotry, and no one came forward to cope with him with his own weapons. His conflicts were numerous; and no man, that ever engaged with him, came off unhurt. Dean Swift was not more tremendous in Irish controversies. Indeed, in the most famous of Lessing's battles, he so cut in pieces the leathern shield of pedantry and prescription, that his enemies were obliged to gag him by an edict from his government.

If, from a general criticism, we turn to a consideration of the several works of Lessing, we have to consider him as a dramatic writer, a critic, and a writer on subjects of philosophy and theology.

Of his dramas, *Minna von Barnhelm* appeals to national sympathies, having in the background the incidents of the seven years' war.

*Emilia Galotti*, a tragedy in prose, is the finest of its kind, in the German, or in any language. But this kind is not the highest. The tale of the Roman Virginus is made to wear the mask of modern Italy, so that it becomes a protest against the vices of the petty princes, not of that peninsula only, but of Germany. Thus it gains a political interest. In the Roman story, the knife that is drawn, reeking with blood, from the wound of Virginia, has a consecrated



power, to cut asunder the bonds in which the nation was held. Rome's liberty reconciles us to Virginia's martyrdom. In Emilia Galotti, no revolution breaks out, and there is nothing but the moral beauty of the sacrifice, to relieve the impression of horror at the sad catastrophe.

Lessing is the most distinguished critic of his nation, whether we regard his manner, his originality, or his influence. His greatest work in this department is his series of essays on the drama, published during the period of his connection with the stage at Hamburgh. The French taste was at that time prevalent in Germany. Frederic II. did not attack the French armies more boldly than Lessing the French dramas; denying the identity of the ancient Grecian and the modern French dramatic art. August Schlegel has but developed the ideas of the great master. Lessing's error was, that he wished to make the stage too natural; thus preparing the way for a flood of tame copies of common incidents. But he gave back to the Germans their intellectual liberty in matters of imagination, especially the drama; he drew the attention of his countrymen to Calderon and Spanish literature; he gave a masterly analysis and defence of the critical principles of Aristotle, whose name he declared he would not have regarded, had not the reasons of the Grecian sage possessed such cogent force; and finally, he set in a strong light the genius of Shak-

spere, at a time when it was a rare thing, in any country, to award the highest honors in the drama to the greatest of masters.

The theological controversies of Lessing embittered his last days. He himself was opposed to all positive religious institutions. His view was, that religious truth is eternal, and knows no change; that by degrees the human mind has advanced, and is still advancing in this, as in every branch of knowledge; that a revelation is a truth, communicated to those not yet quite ripe to receive it; that it is a step towards perfection, to get rid of those prepossessions which incline to one form more than another; since religion is above them all—without division and without change.

When Lessing, by the superiority of his own talents, was crushing his feeble antagonists, he himself was silenced by an effort of despotic authority. For this, and the abuse he received, he determined to “play the theologians a trick,” and wrote his last, most perfect drama, *Nathan the Wise*. It is a didactic drama, of which the moral is borrowed from a story of Boccaccio, whose wealth has fed a hundred beggars. The scene is in Jerusalem at the period of the crusades; and the poet introduces the most various personages; the chivalrous Saladin, the lord of Mussulmen; the wise and wary Nathan, the great leader of the Jews; the Christian patriarch; a dervise from the remote

East ; a Knight Templar ; a Christian female slave ; and a heroine, who was born a Christian, but had been educated in Nathan's house without any particular religion. Now, great as is the dramatic interest, the philosophical object is the leading one ; and that is, to represent these several men as going wrong, and doing unjustifiable things, whenever they follow their own particular faith ; and as gaining on our admiration, in the degree in which they sacrifice their exclusiveness. In so far as a grand lesson of toleration is inculcated, and the virtues of humanity, which may bloom on the Ganges or in Syria, in Jew or Mussulman, in the Deist or the Christian, are concerned, the tendency of the play is a noble one. But more is designed ; the writer wishes not only to show, that generous feelings may be produced in any clime, but that all forms of religion counteract those feelings—that the Jew, and the Turk, and the Christian, must each throw away the peculiarities of his faith, as a dangerous prejudice. And under this point of view, Nathan the Wise merits the severest reprehension ; for there is not one particle of the winning graces of Christianity in the only Christian characters whom he introduces. The female menial is a simpleton, that hardly knows more of her religion than that she has been baptized ; the Knight Templar is a splenetic, disappointed young man ; brave, but misanthropical ; honest, but rash ; and the patriarch is a bloodhound, who

thinks no more of burning a Jew than of whipping a thief.

Lessing's merits were negative. He was strong to pull down, not to build up. He showed the insufficiency of the rules of criticism prevalent in his country; but he left it for his successors to establish a better; he unveiled the defects in the works which then enjoyed popular admiration; but he erected no perfect model in any branch of poetic invention, and his theory of the drama is a perverse one; he waged war on bigotry and blind faith, but he did not leave religion on a firmer foundation. In short, he attacked admirably; he opposed triumphantly; but he has added little to the sum of human happiness and intelligence.

## v.

The contemporary and coadjutor of Lessing and Klopstock in revolutionizing German taste, was Wieland, whose career is psychologically curious. He began as a religious enthusiast, and afterwards paraded the pretensions of a free-thinker; he was in youth prudish, and in his ideas of love eminently Platonic; and by and by he thought it manly to be able to tell a coarse story without blushing.

In this second period, he drew his system of philosophy partly from Shaftesbury, partly from Helvetius, commending virtue, as a sort of heroism, not to be

expected from every body, but to be admired when it appeared; and esteeming morality, because it is graceful and becoming. Having been a visionary, he turned satirist; and having himself paraded religious sentiment like Bodmer, he mocked at enthusiasm and ridiculed his master. But as plants cannot thrive without the pure air of heaven, so true poetry cannot put forth its glory without the "breath of God in the soul of man." We venerate the erudition of Wieland, but in respect to the moral of his writings, he seems to us like a snail, creeping over the best things in life, and leaving them odious by the slime which marks his progress. The agony of doubt in minds of real energy deserves forbearance; but quiet skepticism is a result of intellectual indolence, or weakness; and contempt falls on those who make a base "abandonment of reason" in Epicurean employments. Wieland's life was regular, but speculatively he yielded himself up to the influence of his animal nature, and then rattling his chains, pretended to think their clanking was melody, and poetry, and wisdom.

An agreeable style in narration, a pleasant cheerfulness of mind, a great extent and variety of acquisitions, a literary industry which kept him on the theatre of action full sixty years, are claims to praise which we readily acknowledge belong to Wieland. He writes gracefully, but without vigor; his style is diffuse, so that good-natured critics greeted his birthday with



the wish, that the thread of his life might be spun out as long as his ideas in his own periods; his subjects have no real variety; his manner of treating them is devoid of nobleness and dignity. A young man in conflict with the temptations of life, is his perpetual theme, repeated with wearisome prolixity. We have it in his novels and in his poems; in the worst and in the best; it is the turning point in *Oberon*, the foundation of *Agathon*, and, in short, the main staple of Wieland's productions. It is his philosophy, his poetry, his prose, his incident, his catastrophe.

We cannot much admire even the epic poem of *Oberon*. The narration is easy and agreeable, clear, and generally interesting. The plots are closely connected, and the story conducted to a perfect end. But the best things in it are borrowed. Besides, our author selects for his highest effort, the scene in which the unmarried heroine gives birth to a child; and, after making all possible allowances for nature, and heathenism, and chivalry, and youth, the accident which brings about the trials of the hero and heroine, cannot, by any machinery of fairies, be dignified into a poetic incident.

*Agathon*, the most famous prose work of Wieland, is *Tom Jones* turned philosopher. The story is invested with an Attic mask, and the arts of erudition are called in to give a lustre to the romance. We have the system of Plato, assailed by *Hippias* in person; the commonwealth of Athens alternates with *Syracuse*;

and Dionysius, and Dion, and Aristippus, and last of all, the excellent Archytas of Tarentum, are conjured up by the learning of the novelist. But we are not taken into the secret abodes and private mansions of Grecian life. It is only modern coquetry that puts on an Attic name. For ourselves, we think we perceive a want of individuality, and a wonderful family likeness in the heathens and christians, the infidels and heretics, the ancients and moderns, who have been described by Wieland; and we should trust his delineations of life at Smyrna, or Syracuse, or Athens, as much as at the court of Charlemagne, or any where else, except in the coteries of his contemporaries.

The mind of Wieland was passive, not creative. He did not gain his stock from communing with his own soul, or with nature, or with God; but he picked it up by piecemeal; bringing into his own garner an idea from Plato, and a theory from the French materialists; a satirical touch from Cervantes, and yet more from Lucian; stealing an incident from Fielding, a grace from Ariosto, and a story from Chaucer. He obtained his inspiration, not "by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance, but by the invocation of memory and her siren daughters." Klopstock thought meanly of him; and Schiller's Almanac did justice to his general acquaintance with literature, but called him the "graceful girl of Weimar, insipid and vain."

Wieland and Klopstock are of opposite polarities; those whom the one attracts, the other as surely repels. Wieland treats of actual life, Klopstock of sentiment; Klopstock is heavenly-minded, Wieland is earthly to excess; Klopstock is elegiac, Wieland is gay; Klopstock excels in lyric verse, Wieland in narrative; the former despised rhyme, the latter delighted in it; Klopstock is an eagle soaring away from the crowd, Wieland a starling that insults the passers by.

Of the three most distinguished writers, in the first period of reviving literature in Germany, each filled a large and important part; the one, by exciting a national spirit; another, by exercising the severity of criticism; and the third, by keeping in favor the blandishments of rhyme in narrative poetry. Thus they divided among themselves the labor of restoring letters in their country, while throngs of inferior writers gathered in groups round the admired triumvirate.

## VI.

But there was one, who pursued his solitary career apart from the crowd. The name of Winckelman is not to be pronounced without veneration for his earnestness, and sympathy for his sorrows. The whole circle of human knowledge does not possess a more cheerful subject of study than that of ancient art, to which he devoted himself; and we know not the man

of superior mind, whose life has been less favored by the ordinary gifts of fortune. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, in a town of little note. At the public school, the aged master was pleased with him, and took him into his house; and when the old man grew blind, the boy used to be his guide, and to read to him, receiving in return the benefit of his conversation. After the hardest struggles with extreme poverty at the gymnasium, at the university, and in early life, when twenty-nine years old, he obtained a place in the employ of the Saxon minister, near Dresden, with a salary of fifty-six dollars. And here he was happy; for he could make himself familiar with painting and sculpture. When his merits were perceived, the sovereign of Saxony gave him a pension of one hundred and fifty dollars, to continue two years, with leave to travel in Italy. There he made himself friends, and resided, chiefly in Rome, for thirteen years. In 1768, he was induced to visit Germany. As he saw the mountains of the Tyrol, his heart grew heavy; as he descended them on the north, he was seized with a real home-sickness for Italy. With difficulty he was induced to proceed to Vienna. Here he was well received by Kaunitz, who had a taste for the fine arts, and kindly noticed by Maria Theresa. It was in April that he entered Germany; and early in June, he was on his way again to Italy. On the journey, the kind-hearted, unsuspecting scholar fell into the company of a

pardoned convict, who murdered him at Trieste, in the hope of getting possession of his gold medallions.

Winckelman's *History of Ancient Art*, first published in 1764, is the common property of cultivated nations; original in its design; full of taste, erudition, and eloquence. When we consider the nature of the subjects, in treating which he obtained his glory, so unlike any thing that lay in his horoscope; or the finished style in which his works are written, especially when the imperfect state of German literature, previous to his leaving Germany, is remembered, we feel for him an unmixed admiration. How energetic a will must he have possessed, to accomplish what he did, as it were in spite of his destiny! And how much is it to his honor, that, though he could find rest only among the creations of Southern art, he preserved the pride of a German, and laid his laurels at the feet of his country.

#### MEN OF SCIENCE AND LEARNING.

##### I.

Enthusiasm in letters manifests itself by devotedness. Singleness of purpose can alone conduct to the highest eminence; it may leave the character feebly developed in the points that concern the details of business and active intercourse; but it will give the mind a singular power in the department with which it is familiar. Engendered in a fervid spirit by



a noble object, it grows by exercise into a habit; and intellectual life, upheld by a permanent excitement, almost entirely independent of fortune and the world, becomes its own solace and reward. The constant effort at advancement in culture and the discovery of truth, gives variety and value to existence. In the eye of the world, such studious men may appear to be but poor calculators, who sacrifice the main chance to follow ideal interests; but, on the other hand, in their theory, the man of lower pursuits is a thoughtless spendthrift, who, being possessed of nothing but time, squanders it wastefully, and lays up no treasure in himself.

We name a planet after a German who began his career as a musician in a Hanoverian regiment. He possessed that power which can consecrate a life to a great design. Too poor to buy a telescope, he had ingenuity enough to make one; and Providence, as if to laugh to scorn the vain distinctions of scientific corporations, left it to this child of nature to make the most striking astronomical discovery of the last century.

Perhaps it may be thought that fame and wealth are the leading passions which have impelled men to earnest and undivided application. Certainly the love of fame becomes a generous mind; for who would not wish to stand well with his fellow-men? Yet Herschel's great precursor, Copernicus, was superior to its allurements. He deliberately spent the greatest part of a life of more than seventy years, in establishing the

theory which bears his name ; and possessing a kind of knowledge which could not but secure to him a universality of reputation beyond any which a poet can compass, he yet communed with himself on his great discoveries so long, that he never saw them published till the very day of his death.

Or is the prospect of wealth the excitement to intellectual efforts ? In the same department of knowledge, the industry and labors of Kepler were unwearied. While others have gained glory by bringing forward isolated doctrines, Kepler created science. He had taste and genius for poetry, but gave his enthusiasm to the study of the skies. Though in the service of the German emperor, he yet lived on the narrowest means ; and, after all his success and all his labors, left to his family but twenty-two rix dollars, and an old horse, worth a few florins. But was Kepler therefore unhappy ? His correspondence breathes the spirit of cheerfulness, and he tells the story of his own penury without complaints. Kepler was the precursor of Newton ; the Englishman lived to be more than eighty ; Kepler died while not yet sixty. We do not contrast their respective merits ; but when it is done, the miserable external existence of Kepler should not be left out of mind. Newton was worshipped in his lifetime as a superhuman being. He was member of parliament ; was knighted ; enjoyed the benefits of fortune ; and, dying, left a good estate. Kepler's body

was given to the earth without honor; the remains of Newton were interred with pomp, dukes and lords being the pall-bearers; on his monument, he was called "the honor of the human race." In the last century, a proposal was made to erect a monument to Kepler by subscription, and the plan failed. "After all," said Kästner, "since Germany refused him bread while he dwelt on earth, it matters little now that he has been immortal for more than a century and a half, whether it gives him a stone." "His monument," said another, "is in the moon."

This devotedness is more frequently illustrated among the Germans than elsewhere in Europe. It is the same spirit under a different form, that supported the man, who, more than any other, is the fit representative of German character—the father of the reformation. When he perilled his life without fear, before the imperial diet, under the frown of the emperor himself, he would not swerve from his purpose, declaring for his only excuse, "I cannot act otherwise, that God knows."

The exact sciences have continued to be successfully cultivated in the country which gave the first impulse to modern astronomy. Euler continued his labors with cheerfulness, even in the last seventeen years of his life, though the light of heaven shone on him in vain and his eyes were closed on the splendors of the firmament, through which he had loved to trace

the wanderings of the planets. In our day the greatest of mathematicians in Germany is Gauss. Nothing that he has attempted, is left incomplete. In science, like Schiller in poetry, he always finished his work with the most scrupulous exactness and elegance, not so much to delight others, as to satisfy himself. He has written little; but the highest perfection belongs to all that he has published. Those who are best competent to judge, consider him as the rival of La Place. In variety of powers, the French astronomer has the ascendancy; in devotedness, he is surpassed by the Hanoverian. La Place had the vanity to be a peer; one may see his portrait in Paris, in which he is represented in the robes of the privileged order. But who feels an interest in the *Marquis de La Place*? For the farmer's son, who expounded the system of celestial mechanics and discovered new applications of the doctrine of the calculus, who reconciled the apparent irregularities in the motions of the heavenly bodies with the influence of acknowledged laws, and deduced directly from the principle of gravity the results which had been gathered from the observations of many centuries—for him, one of the greatest mathematicians of all times, we have the most profound respect. But La Place, the unskilful minister of the interior, the chancellor of Napoleon's senate, the member of the upper house of the Bourbons, was, after all, but an inferior man.

## II.

May we not then infer, that the power of consecrating a life with undivided zeal to one great object, is characteristic of Germany? In the department of natural history, this quality leads to wonderful accuracy and minuteness of knowledge. We might refer to the cabinet in Berlin, as perhaps the best arranged of any in the world. Not to enumerate many names, we yet must express veneration for the patriarch Blumenbach, who for more than fifty years taught the great branches of natural history and physiology to crowded audiences. The spirit that breathed in all that he uttered, enkindled the ardor of curiosity. Versed in all that could interest a philosopher, he strayed into other departments of science only to illustrate his own.

His great contemporary in Paris, the Baron Cuvier, took office under the Bourbons, and, without one single talent as a statesman, except the gift of speaking gracefully and fluently, was yet tickled with the cap and bells of public place. Blumenbach, too, had been at court; but not as a possessor of office. On a journey to England, George the Third, who loved his Hanoverian subjects, invited him to Windsor. "Now tell me," said the king familiarly, "of all that you have seen in my capital what has most surprised you?" "The Kangaroo," replied Blumenbach promptly; for that singular animal had then for the first time been brought from Australasia.



The pupils of Blumenbach cherish towards him respect and affection ; and long after the echo of his voice shall have died away, they will remember the hours that were passed in his lecture-room as among the most profitable and agreeable of their lives. Is it asked by what secret charm he so long gathered around him from all parts of the world a throng of curious youth, whose affection he governed, and whose zeal he inflamed ? It was genius united with singleness of purpose and cheerful benevolence. At ease in his own mind, he observed all earnest efforts with delight, and derived information from every possible source ; and while his powers are of a nature which would conduct to eminence in any career, he never faltered in his attachment to the science which won his first love.

In the same way the secret of German success in philological pursuits lies in the unity of object, encouraged and strengthened by free and numerous competition. In England men of learning often acquire high offices in the church. But Heyne, once immersed in philological lore, was never to quit it except with life. Eighteen years did not seem too many to give to the elucidation of one poet. That poet was indeed Homer, and the interpretation of his rhapsodies brought into discussion the whole of Grecian mythology. Heyne acquired, on the score of personal character and capacity for business, a great and well-founded fame. He was the confidential friend

of a prime minister, yet his influence was used solely to perfect the establishments of the university of which he was a member. In a letter from him to Herder, he describes his mode of life. "I see company," says he, "hardly three times a year," and he declares that "all his colleagues, except the fools," thus live within themselves. He was accustomed to rise at five, and was so closely employed during the morning, that he did not see his family till the time for dinner. This was a hasty meal. At tea, he spent with them a quarter of an hour, and that only in his advanced age. At eight came the evening repast, to which he willingly gave an hour, and then he continued his employments till half-past ten or eleven. In this way he was able to read three or four lectures of an hour's length daily, to despatch more than a thousand letters a year, to publish elaborate works, of which the titles cover twenty octavo pages, and to write at least eight thousand articles in the Review of which he was the editor, beside many contributions to other journals. Such a career is hardly enviable; and he may seem to have renounced all the comforts of social life. Yet Heyne was beloved in his family, and tenderly respected by his children. His external circumstances were, for a part of his life, severe in the extreme. But at last he found a refuge. Having acquired by his wisdom the direction of the most respected university of the continent, he beheld all its institutions thrive under his management; his

name spread through the world ; even in his lifetime the greatest of the Roman poets was introduced into the United States in the text which his industry had amended. The merit of Heyne extended to a reform in learning. The necessity of grammatical precision continued to be acknowledged, but taste also was cultivated, together with a lively sensibility to all the beauty and instruction contained in the written monuments of antiquity. It was in his school, and following in his steps, that the seed was sown for the rich harvest which is now gathering in Germany in every branch of philological research.

One peculiar merit of Heyne we cannot forbear mentioning. He was the librarian of the Georgia Augusta, and an excellent one ; and to us this seems high praise. There are probably at this time not more than six good librarians in the world, and of these we, in this country, at least have one. The office requires devotedness ; and further, a good librarian must be conversant with all the sciences, must possess the very spirit of order, great activity and vigilance, and an almost intuitive judgment, to make new purchases with prudence, and preserve a proportion in the several departments. Heyne, though he began under no peculiarly favorable auspices, was chief librarian for forty-nine years, with almost unlimited influence ; and he left the collection, the very best, decidedly the best arranged, and the most judiciously put together, in Europe. The royal

library at Paris is a chaos to it. In a collection of about 300,000 volumes, there is not one on which even a younger clerk cannot readily lay his hand.

## III.

No one has contemplated classical antiquity from a more commanding point of view than Frederic Augustus Wolf, the illustrious rival of Heyne. This most celebrated scholar of our times, was born of humble parents in 1757, at Hainrode, in the county of Hohenstein. Hardly was he seven years old, before he was entered at the Gymnasium in Nordhausen; and at seventeen, he repaired to the University of Göttingen, with the reputation of having already acquired an extraordinary acquaintance with the works of the ancients. His favorite study led him at once to Heyne, who questioned him on his plans. When he declared his intention of devoting himself to classical philology, Heyne, who in his early years had suffered from extreme want and deferred expectation, endeavored to dissuade him, saying, "There are but three professorships of Eloquence in all Germany." "One of those three I am determined to have," replied the young aspirant; and, in fact, in 1783, before he was twenty-seven, he became professor of Eloquence in the University of Halle, where he pursued his high literary career with

boldness, ardor, and, we believe, with prodigious, though irregular industry.

In after life, he used to say of himself, that it was his object to be an instructor, not an author. And it is the testimony of one of his pupils, that at times it was with difficulty he could make his way through the crowd in his lecture-room. His hearers, it was said, "hung upon his lips with such attention and love, that you might have heard their hearts beat under their shaggy coats." On the other hand he was excessively overbearing toward his colleagues; excusing himself in the words of Bentley, with whom he delighted in being compared; and who would take off his hat only to the junior students, saying, "Of the former nothing can be made; the latter may yet come to something." But with all the excesses of his occasional arrogance, Wolf's disposition was benevolent. His time he gave most liberally to his pupils. He lent books from his very valuable library cheerfully; and when these have been sold by some ungrateful vagabond, he has repurchased his own volumes without losing his temper, and without becoming less liberal in his spirit. He used to say, that there was a malice of the head, and a malice of the heart. Of the last he declared he possessed nothing.

When Halle was annexed to the kingdom of Westphalia, Wolf was transferred to Berlin; and though he did not take an active part in the new university,



which was then establishing in that city, he still professed to read lectures. But here was the trial of his character. The use which a man makes of his leisure, shows the spirit he is of; and if prosperity is in general the great trial of character, it is the opportunity to be indolent which is the touchstone of the scholar. Wolf, when he found himself possessed of leisure and a pension, became idle; and he who as a philologist would have had no peer in Europe, set up for a fine gentleman. But with all his efforts, the man, who had spent his youth among the mountains, and his manhood among books, never could get the air of a courtier.

The stranger that would see him, might expect to find him on a sunny morning in the park between eleven and one, or at the best *restaurateur's* about three, or an hour or two later at his own rooms. If joined on his walks, and he preferred society, he would, with delightful garrulity, tell the story of his early life, repeat his good sayings, especially his severe ones, fight his battles with his assailants over again, and boast that his five letters to Heyne were as symmetrical as a Greek tragedy. He would recount the persons of rank, by whom he had been treated with civility; and now and then he would speak of the poetry he admired, and the examples of ancient or of modern worth to which he offered a willing tribute. For he retained to the last something of the lofty spirit

of a scholar ; if he loved good cheer, he loved a good book also ; the exquisite airs in the last opera of Rossini, or the admirable acting on the Berlin stage, never made him faithless to the strains in the Greek choruses, which he would pretend that he could read as easily as the prayer-book. He studied the art of living well ; but he also retained a soul for the unrivalled eloquence of Plato. If in his desultory conversation he sometimes repeated the newest tale of scandal, he would at others with his clear voice, which was melody itself, read aloud the perfect hexameters of Homer, or run through the mazes of a Pindaric strophe, or chant the rapid anapaests of his favorite Aristophanes. He prided himself also on his knowledge of the English ; and Fielding's *Tom Jones* was his favorite work. His pronunciation of the French was not good, yet he held himself perfectly competent to judge of the delicacies and rules of that language.

He could not brook a superior in any thing. To show his own mastery over the German, he began a strictly literal version of the *Odyssey*, adding nothing, exhausting the meaning of each Greek word, and giving not merely line for line, but foot for foot, and *cæsura* for *cæsura*. When he had completed exactly one hundred lines in this manner, he stopped in the midst of a sentence, declaring that there lived not the man who could go on and finish the period. Again, when he wrote in German, he, more than once, made

an apology for employing a language that was less familiar to him than Latin. Of his style in Latin, no praise could seem to him excessive. Cicero had, in one of his works, translated a long passage from the Euthyphron of Plato; Wolf turned the whole of the dialogue into Latin in a most masterly manner, and on purpose, as he has been heard to say, that he might challenge a comparison with Cicero himself.

## IV.

Wolf was accustomed to complain, that the study of theology was made a profession by itself, and Grotius was his example, to prove the compatibility of theological erudition with the acquisitions of a statesman.

German theology, however, is a topic on which it is not our province to enter. Its learning is universally acknowledged; but objections are raised to its faith and spirit. We venture to suggest that Christianity has nothing to fear from investigation; that Germany is the centre and main support of protestantism on the continent; that to declare its most learned divines no better than infidels, has at least nothing of consolation in it; and finally, that the German nation, as a mass, is eminently quickened and cheered by religious influences. We will add one word more, for to defend a tolerant spirit is never out of season. The

Germans in their turn are astonished, when they are told that thousands of children walk our streets who have not been baptized ; and that the great majority in our country know nothing of the rite of confirmation. Let us then beware of rash judgments respecting a great people. The proper consideration of differences in usages and habits of thought may nourish a stronger attachment to the principle which underlies a ceremony and lends to a custom its importance.

Nor shall we attempt an analysis of the masters in German philosophy. The effect on the nation at large of the earnest and continued study of metaphysics, is as manifest as that of Edwards and Hopkins on the intellectual habits of the people of New England. So various are the systems, that almost every possible theory may be found, either in the lessons of Kant, who investigates with exactness the sources of science, measures the boundaries of the human understanding, sets up the landmarks between positive knowledge and idle speculation, and then deduces the rules of taste, the principles of justice, the doctrines of virtue, and the truths of religion, from reason itself, and the ultimate laws of human existence ; or, in the audacious Fichte, who leaves the ideal Berkeley far in the rear, annihilates earth and heaven, and exaggerates the sentiment of individuality, till he comes to know of no essence but himself, and deems the universe and its glories but creations and images of his own mind ; or

in Schelling, who claims existence for the external world, and, after exhibiting it in the splendors of its actual being, falls down and worships it, as though it were identical with the divinity itself; or in Hegel, who dresses up common truths in uncommon forms, transposes ontology to logic, and constitutes the laws of logic which to him are the laws of being, the minor deities of a new religion; or lastly, the pure and gentle Jacobi, whose nature abhorred skepticism and speculative abstractions, and received the truths which he vindicated, as well as his happy style, from the impulse of his heart.

## THE AGE OF SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

## I.

Of the men of letters in Germany, who in the second great period of its literature contributed to elevate the reputation and improve the taste of their country, Herder was distinguished for variety of attainments, industry and purity.

The son of a poor Prussian schoolmaster, he received his literary education in Königsburg, at a time when the chair of philosophy in that university was filled by Kant; and while he devoted himself especially to the study of theology, he was deeply interested in philosophy and elegant literature, felt the inspiration which had been breathed into his country by Klopstock



and Lessing, and was desirous of taking part in guiding the taste and thoughts of the public.

While yet in the vigor of early manhood, after travelling in his own country and a part of France, and after having passed five years with the Prince of Bückeburg, Herder was invited to accept a professorship in theology at Göttingen. But the reigning king of England, George the Third, in the exertion of his power as Elector of Hanover and Rector of its University, negatived the appointment, on the ground that his religious opinions were not orthodox. The more liberal duke of Saxe Weimar placed him at the head of the clergy in that Duchy ; and by the change of residence, Herder became the companion of Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller.

Without possessing great originality, he had that power which gives life to acquisitions. Conscious of his own inability to tread firmly in the highest "heaven of invention," he contented himself with occupations suited to his capacities, taking the widest range through the literature of almost every age and nation. He knew how to enter upon the study of a foreign work, as if he had been of the country and the time for which it was originally designed, and he was able to transfer into his own language the lighter graces, no less than the severe lessons of foreign poets ; the ballads of Scotland, and the songs of Sicily ; the traditions of the Spanish Cid, and the brilliant sayings of the Per-

sian Saadi. To turn over some parts of his works is like walking in a botanical garden, where the rare and precious plants of other countries, which thrive in climates the most distant and most different, are artificially, yet safely collected, and planted without injury in soils suited to their natures.

In 1778 and 1779 he undertook to collect, and faithfully transfer to his own language the most beautiful and most popular songs of all nations, and thus by comparing the national feelings of different ages and races to exhibit the identity of all. The noblest bards were to be assembled, and each to express the genius of the people to which he belonged, so that from the most various national tones, the harmony of all with one common nature might be apparent. These representatives of popular feeling from all parts of the world and all periods of history, were to meet together and unite in bearing testimony to humanity, the affections, and moral rectitude. The design was not carried out in its full extent, but its spirit pervades the volumes of Herder, some of which may be compared to a fanciful piece of mosaic, composed of costly stones from all parts of the world, and if not always arranged in the very best taste, at least always rich in themselves, and well fitted to instruct. He did more than translate. Wherever he found a just and happy image or allegory, he would interweave it gracefully into his criticisms or essays; or remarks on history and man.

From the rubbish of verbal commentators and allegorical expositors, he has drawn many curious and instructive fables, narratives, proverbs, and comparisons; thus putting in currency again many a bright thought, which lay covered with the rust of learning. In fables, dialogues, and familiar letters, in poems and allegories, imitated, translated, or original, he alike endeavored to please and to teach lessons of goodness. It may be said of Herder, that he passed his life in tranquil industry, possessed of a delicate perception of the beautiful, cherishing in himself and others a love of learning, creating as it were anew the thoughts of the wise and good, disseminating a knowledge of what seemed to him the elements of virtue, and cherishing and promoting whatever can improve or adorn humanity.

In his prose, his thoughts are communicated under the most various forms and images; and his style would seem gorgeous from excess of ornament, were it not that for him a profusion of comparisons and figures of rhetoric seems not the effort of art, but the most natural mode of expression. Few of his works can be recommended as finished performances, or of universal interest. His philosophical reflections on the History of Man are written in a solemn and contemplative mood, and exhibit, perhaps, most fairly his private character not less than his merits as a writer.

There are those who delight in poetry, because it crowns enjoyment with the most exquisite gaiety.

The muse that guided Herder's steps, showed him the worm that gnaws at the bud of earthly joys, till in bitterness of heart, he railed at the fools who put their trust in them. She showed him the traces of death in the very haunts of crowded existence, but also led him to familiarity with the lessons of immortality, so that qualities apparently the most opposite were united in him. He was heavenly-minded and serene in his own love of goodness; but he hated all that was opposed to the objects that he cherished. When reproof was forced from him, his censure was not measured. Dislike became antipathy; and disdain all compromise, he loathed what he did not admire, and detested even to injustice what was not in harmony with his feelings. In this way his peace was disturbed, and his life embittered. He held up the torch to the defects and faults of others with an unsteady hand, and "the dark flame, throwing out sparks in every direction, injured himself the worst."

Herder possessed vivacity, but not cheerfulness; a kind disposition, but not a happy one; great susceptibility, but no content. Being of a glowing temper, he carried his elegance of taste into mournful themes. He muses on the grave, but covers it with flowers; his imaginings are of death, but he bodies forth its angel as a beautiful youth, with whom he could even grow familiar. He used to long to see a spirit, and was

doubtless in earnest in the desire. His imagination has been compared to the night-blooming Cereus.

He was fond of nature, for nature soothes irritable men by her permanent loveliness. To his eye the meanest floweret opened views into Paradise. But he never was calmly contented. Wrong affected him, as some lively poisons do the system. He would commit acts of indiscretion in defending the side of good feeling and truth; and when the serpents of the age turned and hissed at him, he kept his ground, in haughty defiance, striking passionate blows, without good aim, at those against whose venom he took no pains to protect himself. All his intercourse with man was attended with excitability; and he had little practical talent, and no tact in the management of ordinary concerns. He grew to be dissatisfied with the whole age in which he lived, not less than with his part in it; and one fine morning, as he heard the clear tones of the bells of the cathedral, he exclaimed, "Would that I had been born in the middle ages!" Nay, he was dissatisfied with life itself, and at the close of it is reported to have said, "Thou Sun, I am weary of thy beams!"

His luxuriant and productive learning hung round his melancholy nature like a vine with its delicious clusters round a cypress tree. Yet the works of Herder are so filled with lessons of benevolence, and excellent examples, that they nourish the love



of virtuous action, and above all, the respect for human nature. The admiration of moral beauty was a part of his religion; his faith in it lay enshrined within him, with the love of God. His mind is earnest to gather together the scattered proofs of human excellence, to discern, amidst the wrecks of genius and the abuse of power, the marks of a better nature, to form a beautiful *ideal* of humanity. The most touching testimony to the personal excellence of Herder, was given by the celebrated Amelia, dutchess dowager of Weimar. On the morning of her own death, she observed with serenity, "Now I shall soon be with my dear Herder."

## II.

Herder's friend and admirer, John Paul Richter, at home called Jean Paul, was one of the most singular and original writers of his age. His works are difficult to read; his character and place as an author not easy to determine. In the old Spanish plays, the part of the buffoon is conspicuous. He has the readiest wit, the greatest shrewdness, the happiest invention. Not a responsible actor in the drama, he is the coolest spectator, and all the while observes with judgment. He sees all that there is that is ludicrous in connexion with sublimity; he moralizes often in an elevated strain, but his sentimental borders on the burlesque,

and his sublimity partakes of rant. Does not the world give cause for the existence of such a being? Are not the grandest things which human power can produce, found by the side of something inexpressibly mean? In the genuine Harlequin, the keen sensibility to sublime emotions, is united to a powerful talent at ridicule; and raillery and irony are blended with sincere admiration and eloquence. Of this character our English Milton has nothing; Scott has not much; Moore a great deal; Byron, except for his misanthropy, most of all; especially in his later period. Now, if we were to express our view of Jean Paul's place in the great drama of letters, we should call him the sublime Harlequin. He philosophizes as wisely and as morally as Hamlet and the churchyard clowns put together; like them he is as likely to sing at grave-making as at any time, and would be as ready to defend religion with a jest as with an argument. He is more nearly mad, and not less given to muse, than the Prince of Denmark; and poor Yorick could not have surpassed him in infinite jest and excellent fancy. The first impression produced by almost any of his works, will be a bewildering one; but he who is once initiated into his manner, will readily acknowledge him to be one of the most original and able writers of his time.

Hoffmann followed in the steps of Jean Paul, but had neither the deep philosophy, nor the fine moral

sense of his master. His was at once the madness of the musician, the man of letters, and the libertine; his mind was as free from restraints, as his life from rule; and as he had few sympathies with man, he delighted in the terrors and excitements of supernatural existences. Striving after terrific interest, he degenerates into common-places. His enthusiasm is foaming and turbulent; his eloquence is but in flashes; and his feverish fondness for unnatural excitement in literary composition, led him to fantastic inventions. His life was the life of a spendthrift Epicurean, his death the death of a Stoic. Nothing that he has written is of such terrific power, as his own conduct in the illness which followed his excesses and terminated his life. It was the criminal grinning at the executioner, as the wheel crushed him.

Of Bürger the best ballads are well known to the English reader, for Scott has been willing to translate them. His private history and character were too wretched to admit of scorn, and too pitiful to win respect. His poems were made the subject of a review by Schiller, in which the great bard has developed his own views of his art, with too much, perhaps, of speculative criticism, but with a noble sublimity of feeling. The critique condemned Bürger, as deficient in delicacy and the conception of ideal beauty,—in every quality which constitutes the essence of poetry. It is usual to

charge Schiller with an error of judgment, resulting from his temporary addiction to Kant's philosophy. But whatever objections may be brought against his abstract reasonings, his judgment on Bürger's poetry is in no wise too severe.

The Stolbergs have hardly a claim to be remembered out of their own country; and the good, rural, homely, plain-spoken Voss never tasted the stream of Helicon, though he was a very learned and very accurate translator and editor. But as a man, he wins our esteem for his simplicity and independence. The manners and household of Voss were distinguished for hospitable frugality. "I thank God," he would say, "for leaving me cheerfulness in my old age." And again: "I have lived a happy life, dividing my time between my books and my garden." He even imagined himself to be possessed of philosophic tranquillity, though he was the most contentious scholar of his day. He was always ready for battle. He foamed at the bare name of nobility; at the mere mention of feudal knights, he raised a hue and cry after the thieves and robbers; and as some men, according to Shylock, cannot contain themselves if they hear

"The bagpipe sing in the nose,

And some are mad if they behold a cat,"

so the excellent and ingenuous Voss caught fire at the name of a rival or an antagonist.

Whoever touched Voss on republicanism, struck the key-note. A splendid eulogy of Washington and Franklin would follow ; but the discourse would probably terminate in a tirade against the caste of privileged birth, of which the chief privilege, he would say, was, never to be hanged on the gallows.

Voss's hobby-horse was the danger impending over the Protestant church. He would tell a long story about secret societies for making proselytes to the bosom of the Roman Catholic faith ; and rave against mystical tendencies ; any one who lived on terms of amity with a Roman Catholic, was to him already little better than a renegade ; and he had the most rare talent at getting scent of a disguised Jesuit.

He was a religious man ; but his religion partook of the sternness of his own character. He pardoned nothing to devout weakness, or to superstitious feelings. "This life," said he, "is but the prelude ; action is happiness here, and without action there can be no Heaven." And then he would get into a passion and hotly declare that he could not endure the thought of Heaven as a place of absolute rest, or of blessedness, where the blessed have nothing to do. But what activity could such a man mean ? An English philosopher avowed his hope, that his soul after death would revisit the scenes of its earthly interests, and hover with delight round his laboratory and his chemical apparatus ; and they say Johann von Müller trusted in



the next world to be able to continue making excerpts for his universal history. The heroes of Greece believed they should still, in the realm of spirits, pursue each "his favorite phantom;" and the Indian hunter looks for ampler grounds for the chase,

"The hunter and the deer a shade."

By the same rule Voss might expect still to declaim intolerantly against intolerance, still to oppose bigotry with a bigotry yet more obstinate, to scold at rivals, to unmask Catholics in disguise, to translate good verses and write dull ones, and to live on for ever in the turmoils of controversy. He has at last gone to his rest with "the patriarchs of the infant world," and now we trust he has found, that men of all religious sects, and even Jesuits themselves, may reach the world of unclouded truth; that mistakes in literary opinions are of no more moment than the dust we tread upon; and that all errors are terminated and forgiven in the regions of perfect knowledge.

Of the Schlegels, the successful founders of a critical school, the extraordinary merit as critics, displayed both in contributions to public journals and in elaborate works, is cheerfully acknowledged. Still the light of Lessing outshines them far, and not to them, but to that great master, belongs the credit of having given to the public mind in Germany the impulse which has finally extended its influence through the world.

Of Tieck, an industrious and gifted adherent of the critical school of the Schlegels, the brightest poetical side is the polemical. Whilst the Schlegels criticised, he wrote humorous and ironical dialogues, poems, and tales. He contributed essentially to the emancipation of literature from pedantic rules, though at the same time the tendency of his works, and of those of his school generally, has likewise been to produce a feeble and affected imitation of natural excellence.

The fragments of Hardenberg, who wrote under the name of Novalis, abound in exaggerated opinions, and also in flashes of real sagacity; but a sickly hue belongs both to his poetry and his prose. He is like Laocoon whom the sculptor represents with the mouth open, as if to shriek; only in the statue, the agony of the father excuses the expression of anguish; but sympathy is not willingly extended to the melancholy of a young man, with whom life had not dealt harshly. Yet, in a serious hour, the detached thoughts and mournful songs of Novalis, will be read with interest.

### III.

We do not attempt an enumeration of even those men of letters, who within the last fifty years have gained success in Germany. That country boasts of more than twelve thousand living authors, of whom more than a thousand are female. In 1823, a curious observer was able to count two hundred and eighty-seven

dramatic poets alone. In the sciences, which are carried forward by industry and research, no discovery may be neglected; but in works of invention, the few great masters of a foreign nation alone pass the boundary of their native land to become denizens of the world.

Of these Schiller is one of the greatest. No poet ever possessed more of the affection of his countrymen. His fame has been cherished by them with a tenderness approaching to a personal attachment. His nature was frank, earnest, and virtuous; and commanded respect for the man, who sacrificed every thing to his art and the culture of his genius. When the news of his untimely death was promulgated, men mourned, as though each family had lost a favorite inmate. His life was one continued struggle. The severest censures ever passed upon his faults, have been pronounced by himself; while he strove with unceasing zeal to emancipate himself from every influence which could prevent his acquiring the highest moral and poetic perfection.

His theory of poetry led him to consider beauty as something independent of the passions which it can excite; and to be pursued in a sphere, elevated above the common sympathies of mankind. The poet was, in his mind, a superior being, upon whom the bright sunshine of inspiration was the direct effluence of celestial light; he might, indeed, stoop to his fellow-mortals, but only to lift them to the elevated regions of purity

in which he moved. These views were the result of patient study; they commended themselves to an acute and speculative mind, which, from its own constitution, took no part in the ordinary bustle of existence. But, when Schiller came to write, he was not restrained by cold rules within the icy limits of an austere, or metaphysical sublimity. In his theory he derided nature, and longed to depict the *ideal*; when he invented, his theory gave him dignity, correctness, and a noble firmness of character; but his feelings hurried him to throw himself as a penitent at the feet of nature, and she, like a doting mother, readily forgave him his temporary absence, in joy at his return.

An only child of fond parents, Schiller was, from early life, sensitive to every noble quality, and disdainful towards all that is common and mean. His education was military, and opposed to his natural tastes, which he could nourish only in secret. Entirely cut off from the world, confined within a school which was governed by mechanism, knowing none but his fellow-students, wholly unaccustomed to female society, he ventured to write a play, while yet a minor, and to publish it a few months after he came of age. "The Robbers" is universally known. It is the marvellous production of a schoolboy Titan, endeavoring to take the heaven of invention by storm. Every thing is sketched in strong and glaring colors; vices and virtues are exhibited in their greatest light and dark-

ness, with no intermediate shades. It is a monstrous production; but spirit and genius move in it, and impart to it permanent life. His maturer taste was not able to improve it. The merits and faults are so mingled, that it is now printed in its first and boldest form.

Schiller attempted the career of an actor, but without success. In the same period he published two other tragedies, in one of which his burning zeal for freedom expresses itself in a withering rebuke of the German Princes who were then selling their troops to fight against American independence.

After some years, he gave the world *Don Carlos*, in which drama he unfolds his own heart, and gives the noblest lessons of liberty and public justice. The play is admirable, but has more of eloquence than of action, and more of the careful and elaborate views of a fine mind, than the passions of real life.

The course of Schiller's destiny led him next to the pursuits of history, for he became the successor of Eichhorn, at the University of Jena. Kant and abstract philosophy also won his earnest attention. He applied himself to these pursuits seriously, for his object was to satisfy his inquisitive and impatient spirit. His lyre lay by his side almost untouched, while he was making every effort to acquire within himself that harmony which can alone result from clear convictions. At the same time his rejection of the



realities of being, and longing for ideal goodness, wasted his physical powers; and the result of his irregular and too great application, was an illness from which he never entirely recovered, and which contributed to impart more of gentleness to his intellectual character. He now strove to reconcile himself with the world. At this period, his character was fully established in its great outlines. In early life he had broken away from all patronage. "The public," he had exclaimed, "is alone my sovereign, and my confidant. I belong to it exclusively. Before this tribunal, and before none other, will I plead. This only do I fear and reverence. I am elevated by the thought of bearing no chains but the decision of the world, of never again appealing to any other throne than the soul of humanity." His noble nature, improved by careful study of the records of mankind, and raised to contemplative excellence by the zealous and solemn study of philosophy, was now restored to the career of poetry. A series of most beautiful lyrics, some of which are among the best in the literature of the world, were gradually published, and won universal favor. But the results of his investigations in history and speculative science were to be embodied in one grand production. It is not in the narrative of the Thirty Years' War, but in the tragedy of *Wallenstein*, that the peculiarities of Schiller, at this time, are most clearly reflected. In the English drama, *Macbeth*

is the production with which it has the nearest analogies. In the display of men, hurried to their ruin by a moral necessity existing in themselves, they are alike. But the inimitable master has laid his scene in remote and apocryphal history; in Wallenstein, we have real men, and events all too true; and this union of historic dignity and dramatic excellence was a triumph reserved for Schiller.

Mary Stuart, and the Maid of Orleans, rapidly followed. In the first of these, Schiller has succeeded better than in any of his works, in delineating woman. It has in a less degree than Wallenstein the stern sublimity which is imparted by the unseen influences of an avenging destiny; but it makes a more direct appeal to the human heart. The Maid of Orleans is a dramatic narrative written in the spirit of legendary romance; it is full of striking contrasts and marvellous interpositions, rather than a careful representation of human agencies and passions. One of its scenes furnished to Scott the fine passage in *Ivanhoe*, where the Jewess observes the battle, and describes its progress to the imprisoned hero.

The speculative tendency of Schiller's mind led him to make an experiment of introducing the Greek chorus into modern tragedy. The experiment failed, and the *Bride of Messina* is sustained by the splendor of its several parts, not by its general merits. The

poet returned at once to the right path, and history again lent itself to his genius.

The love of humanity, the zeal for freedom and social progress, which pervade his lectures, essays, tragedies and poems, made him restless and anxious, in a season of deep dejection for the friends of liberty. For him the French Revolution seemed to have failed from the vices of its friends, and the despotism by which it was succeeded. The eagle of France was invading Germany; public virtue in sovereigns seemed exhausted; the people had not yet been disciplined into independent action. A deep gloom was settling on the prospects of his country. The darkness, which to him overspread the civil world, was as thick as that which shut the bard of Paradise from "the sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose;" and, like Milton, Schiller did but the more turn inward, preserving his trust unimpaired in the truths and in the providence which were to rescue liberty, and peace and virtue. At the opening of this century it had seemed to him that they could nowhere find a refuge; and reproving alike the military ambition of France and the commercial avarice of England, he complained despondingly that the search on earth is vain for the happy region where freedom preserves its freshness, and the beautiful youth of humanity its bloom. But hope never expired within him; in his last great production, he sketches Switzerland and the life of the Swiss in unaffected simplicity,

and finds a work of the sublimest character on the patriotism of a commonalty of peasants and herdsmen. His heart in its anguish dwelt in the vales of Uri and Unterwalden, the rocky shores of the lake of Lucerne, among the consecrated scenes of Altorf and Küssnacht that had echoed the voice and borne the footsteps of William Tell. The poem which commemorates the emancipation of the three cantons, is the masterpiece of Schiller's genius. In it he gave lessons of national independence, of resistance to tyrants, of the inalienable right of the pure, laborious, peaceful husbandmen, to govern themselves. The interest of the play rests not on William Tell; but with infinite skill, which nothing but affectionate sincerity could have inspired, it is diffused through the little nations that were lifting themselves into political independence, and gathers round the action more than the man. In this Schiller has not been surpassed by poet or historian. Such was his last work, completed while the hour of death was drawing near.

As the hart pants for the water brooks, he panted for the realms of truth, which puny despots and time-servers could not invade. He had studied the whole history of man, and nowhere found his visions realized. "It is the dove," says a French biographer, "that quitted the ark to wander over all the earth, but finding nowhere rest for its wing, returned to its heaven-appointed shelter." Just a few instants before his last

breath, a friend inquired of him how he was, and received the answer, "Calmer and calmer."

"E'en then," says our own Bryant, who is of a kindred character, but born in a happier land,

"E'en then he trod

The threshold of the world unknown;  
Already, from the seat of God,

A ray upon his garments shone—  
Shone and awoke that strong desire

For love and knowledge reached not here,  
Till death set free his soul of fire,

To plunge into its fitter sphere.

Then who shall tell, how deep, how bright,

The abyss of glory opened round;

How thought and feeling flowed, like light,

Through ranks of being without bound!"

Thus he died; just as the world was hoping from his maturity a series of works that might be associated with the best of the literary treasures which it has taken ages for human genius to accumulate. And yet he has been declared happy in the period of his death. In the memory of coming generations, men live as they are found when the angel of death summons them away. Schiller will be ever present, as dying in the noonday of his glory; and to gratitude for all that he was permitted to accomplish, there will ever be united a regret for what humanity has lost. Yet to him death was seasonable. Another year, and he would



have seen the army of a detested enemy in his home, and the flag of foreign tyranny waving in triumph over the fairest parts of the land of his nativity.

If we should compare any English poet with Schiller, it would be Byron. And yet there is still more room for contrast than comparison. Both were restless, and found no happiness in the world; but one was happy in himself: both were of wild and irregular habits of mind in early years; but of one the life was pure: both imparted the character of their respective passions to all the objects which they represented; but the one was soured to misanthropy, while the other glowed with benevolence. Schiller has produced nothing like the narrative poems of Byron; but Byron must yield the palm in the drama. Both are among the best lyric poets of modern times; but here too Schiller is the superior. Both died in the vigor of life, the one a martyr to his art, the other to his zeal for liberty.

#### IV.

Goethe and Schiller are an antithesis. Schiller, though ennobled, remained in sympathies essentially a plebeian; Goethe had the title and the views of a man of rank: Schiller was proudly independent, exhausting his life in unrelenting industry, rather than receive a pension; Goethe had no scruple in accepting from a prince enough for wants which he declares were not

little. Schiller had a warm heart, and a mind which would think and utter itself freely; to Goethe the affections were subjects for dissection, and he always considered before he spoke. Schiller's writings bear evidence of his discipline in the sublime lessons of Kant; Goethe rarely troubled himself about philosophy or religion.

Of the value of Goethe's poetry and the result of his influence different opinions exist; but it is too late to dispute his genius. Pericles is acknowledged to have been a consummate statesman, because he for forty years preserved his supremacy in the councils of one city; in the German republic of letters, opinions are as free and as fickle as was the popular voice at Athens; and he who has had them in his favor for more than half a century, and has all that time been hazarding his reputation by new efforts, has given the clearest indications of unsurpassed power. Extensive and lasting popularity is the least questionable testimony to poetic excellence. If the multitude and the critic are at variance, the latter is in the wrong. The poet reflects the passions and sentiments of men; he cannot please long and widely, unless he reflects them with truth.

The literary history of Goethe is explained by his private life. Frankfort, the place of his birth and early residence, facilitated the acquisition of his native language in all its richness; at the same time the free im-

perial city, the theatre of the emperor's coronation, imbued his imagination from childhood with mediæval images. At the university of Leipzig he found little that was in harmony with his tastes; he was therefore driven to look into his own heart and intrust its experiences to verse. His earliest productions took the color of his studies and his emotions. The strictly national drama of Goethe shows how fondly he had looked into the antiquities of Germany; and in Werther he introduced all that observation and experience had taught him of the wasting vehemence of love.

Two years after the appearance of Werther, Goethe is found at Weimar, in the full enjoyment of public applause, possessed of the affectionate regard of the prince, who had just inherited the ducal purple, surrounded by the best artists and scholars of Germany, and admired at court by a circle celebrated for its refinement. In due time he was honored with the various civil titles which are most coveted by his countrymen. The pencil of Raphael almost made him a cardinal; skill in poetry introduced Goethe into the council of his sovereign; but he never was withdrawn from literature by political ambition.

A change went forward in the character of Goethe's mind. Though possessed of public favor, and conscious of unexhausted resources, he for twelve years published nothing of importance; but the society of

Weimar, a tour in Switzerland, reflection and study, contributed each in its degree to finish his education as a poet. At last, in 1786, he was seized with an irresistible longing to go beyond the Alps, and his sovereign enabled him to gratify the passion for travelling ; that passion, which is stronger than ambition, and stronger than love ; which has relieved dethroned monarchs of their weariness, and allured statesmen from public life ; which tempted Cæsar from victory and Cleopatra to gaze at the cataracts of the Nile, and drew an illustrious Swedish queen from a reign of glory to the ruins of Rome. Had Italy nothing but its sky and its scenery, where nature has exhibited her loveliest forms ; or its poetry, which contains all that can delight and elevate the imagination ; or its music, chanted in the streets, given in full choirs in the churches, charming the senses by the artful combinations of harmony in operas, and heard in all its tenderness and perfection at the vespers in St. Peter's and the choruses of the Holy Week ; or its buildings and statues ; or its pictures, which exhibit not only all that is most pleasing in real life, but all ideal loveliness ; or its recollections, not of the ancient heroes of the commonwealth only, but of Petrarch, Raphael and Michael Angelo ; or lastly, the race which now dwells there ; it would be a country fit to enrich the mind of the traveller with images, excite and diversify his inventive

powers, and impart a poetic impulse to all his faculties. Goethe entered it in the best years of early manhood, possessing a cultivated taste, a lively perception of the beautiful, a judgment improved by study and fitted to observe and compare. What wonder, then, that a residence in Italy of two years should have formed an epoch in his personal history.

At the period of his return from Italy, the intellectual character of Goethe was matured. His *Faust* had been an invention of his youth, but was now finished with the severest care. His *Iphigenia*, and his *Tasso*, are monuments of industrious genius, which his countrymen admire with one voice, and which posterity will not suffer to perish. His memory was all the while acquiring new stores of thought, and his love of art was gratified by the most varied studies. And this is perhaps the only point, in which the inventive writer has the advantage over the man of science. The latter is more sure that industry will ultimately be followed by reputation and opportunities of usefulness; yet he must limit his investigations, and subordinate general culture to his particular pursuit. But it is the duty of the former to roam wherever there are flowers, to contemplate excellence of one particular class till the mind has become enriched by it, and then to pass onwards to new stores of information and new sources of beauty; so that every principle of human nature,



every passion, feeling, and power may be developed, disciplined, and brought to its highest perfection.

The later works of Goethe are characterized by dignity, composure, and deliberation. Having acquired a knowledge of man by a ready talent at observation, and having possessed himself of extensive learning, which, though it may in itself be barren, fertilizes and adorns, he continued to write with perfect self-possession, to plan with coolness, and to finish with effort and care. In a word, the years of his apprenticeship were over, and he had become a consummate master in his art. *Werther* had been written in four weeks. His productions were no longer the accidental effusions of genius, but the finished works of an artist, considerate in the use of his resources, and regularly and harmoniously advancing to the accomplishment of his design. The dramatic poem, *Tasso*, the performance in which, perhaps, the German language appears in its most perfect state, bears the marks of long study and care; and *Wilhelm Meister* occupied its author for more than fifteen years.

If Goethe, amidst his unequalled success in Germany, has not in the same degree obtained the suffrages of other nations, the causes exist in the character of his works. Instead of describing sentiments of tenderness and true humanity, he has more frequently sketched the sorrows which spring from the imagination, and the vices of refinement. In Germany, the

characters in the *Elective Affinities* are acknowledged to be drawn with truth; in the United States, the book would be thrown aside as a false and dangerous libel on human nature.

Among the ancients we hear nothing of the torments of a diseased or ill regulated mind, at least till the age of Sappho. A man like Rousseau could not have been formed under the institutions of Attica; beings like Childe Harold and Lara of the English poets, or Faust and Tasso of the German, could not have been invented by an early Greek writer. Human nature, and usually under a cheerful aspect, as the dispenser of social happiness and the mother of generous actions, was the theme of the epic and tragic muse. The bard of Chios was the friend of man; and in the spirit of cheerful benevolence exhibits Glaucus rejoicing in his youth and glowing with generous emulation; Nestor, though he had seen three races of men fade before him, still complacently contemplating the labors and changes of being; Hector, in the season of danger, yielding for a moment to the softness of parental affection. In Homer, the scenes are hopeful as on the morning of a battle, when the war horse is prancing, and the hero exulting as a strong man before a race. But Goethe presents the field at evening, when the weary are retiring from the conflicts of life, with mangled limbs and heavy hearts. He depicts men driven to despair and suicide by hopeless desire, women

languishing from a passion, which their own innocence condemns ; persons of delicate sensibility brooding over unreal pains, till they turn every object in nature into nutriment for their weakness, and “ drink misanthropy even from the sources of love.”

But not only has Goethe described the perverted sentiments which grow out of vicious refinement. Some of his works are offensive from the indifference to moral effect, pervading both their plan and execution. There is cause to express both surprise and disgust, that a man of fine genius, *conversant with the sentiments and principles which are the living springs of beauty* ; a man, who, as he observes of himself, had received the veil of poetry from the hand of truth, should have stooped to win a disgraceful popularity by appeals to the weakness and unworthy passions of human nature, and darkened the clear revelations of celestial beauty by the mixture of earthly passions.

For derelictions like these a just indignation need not spare its censure ; but it must still be acknowledged that Goethe has excelled all his countrymen in the ease and grace of his style ; and his superiority is still more conspicuous in his variety. Indeed, no two of his works have the same character. Other writers multiply their efforts on some one congenial class of subjects ; Goethe is universal. He delineates not a portion of the world, but the whole. Misfortune moves freely over the earth, and joy selects for itself no aristocracy ; in like

manner, the poet has allowed himself to wander into all classes of society, and has brought back inspiration from all. He treats successfully a multitude of subjects which would have bewildered inferior men. With the step of serene activity and unimpassioned judgment, he walks, like the enchanted hero of an eastern romance, through the hundred halls of the palace of invention, and all the gates fly open at his approach; but hardly has he entered, when the portals close again, so that none can follow in his footsteps.

The character of Goethe's mind is that of self-possession. No pining passion prostrates the energy of will; no crazed imagination corrupts the healthy exercise of judgment. The author of *Werther* is the very last man who would have killed himself for love; the poet who has delineated Tasso's exquisite sensibility, was never a misanthrope or a hypochondriac. The stream of life gushes for him from a clear fountain, and during all its course has reflected the light of day. This it is, which distinguishes him from Rousseau and Byron, from Tasso and Schiller. The peculiar mark set upon all his writings is a placid contentment with nature and reality. He never turned in disgust from the world in which he has his being. Life and man are his themes. He does not require to annihilate every thing that is clear and individual around him, in order to gain free exercise for fancy in an ideal world; he is like the fabled giants, who were strongest when their

feet touched the earth. There is in him no trace of sickliness of mind, no lines worn by a diseased imagination. The beings who move, speak, and act in his works, are men and women, of veriest flesh and blood. It is of human life that he unfolds the panorama.

The manner of Goethe is generally elaborately finished. Let every young man take a lesson from the master in this; he always wrote with difficulty. He held it a duty to labor, and did not take advantage of his talent to write with slovenly facility. Yet he leaves upon his works no traces of the toil which they cost him; we are introduced at once to a splendid and highly finished edifice, but all the instruments of preparation are removed.

Hence it is that he does not excel in fragments merely. His works, as such, merit admiration. It is not in parts that he deserves praise, so much as in the whole. To the reflecting reader he furnishes abundant lessons; those who clap their hands only at fine lines, and care little for complete perfection of workmanship, Goethe takes no pains to please. He is uniform and sustained; and his best passages derive a peculiar charm from their adaptation and fitness.

The drama of Faust is the production most nearly exhibiting the general cast of thought which pervades the writings of Goethe. All its scenes have an air of reality; and with much that is coarse and offensive, it describes vice in the fathomless depths of its misery.



But the greatness of the play consists in its faithful reflection of the sensuality and skepticism which were characteristic of the author's times. It is an age of analysis confessing its want of all faith, and the prevalence of that spirit of doubt, which would gladly drown its troublesome restlessness in pleasures, but only finds itself more and more disquieted. Milton invests Satan with the majesty of an archangel; Mephistopheles is a very devil, hideous and mean, ridiculing all noble feeling, scoffing at human knowledge and aspirations; and he holds Faust so riveted to him, that the poor victim who had paid his own soul to purchase the right to command, is neither able nor willing to free himself from grovelling subjection to his base companion, who hurries him from one excess to another, nearer and nearer to the gloom of despair.

A great poet is the mirror of his time, just as a great philosopher is the exponent of its general culture. Goethe is in one sense the representative of his age. The philosophy of Descartes had introduced the spirit of skepticism; Voltaire, beginning with skepticism, had proceeded to the work of analysis; and in the general proving to which all things were subjected, a generation seemed resolved on considering what was to be thrown away, and not what was to be preserved. The Titans went forth to destroy; and in the overthrow of ancient superstitions, forms of government and thought, the old world seemed coming to an end. At

this period Goethe appeared. He lived before the European mind was ready to rebuild, and after it had caused the time-honored institutions to totter. Faith in verbal inspiration was gone; and it was still rather the fashion to deny the existence of the soul, than to look for sources of truth within it. This is the moral and political aspect of Goethe as a writer. He is not a destructive. He came into a world of ruins; but he had not vigor to continue the warfare, nor creative power to construct anew. And thus he floated down the current passively; adhering to the past, yet knowing that it was the past; no iconoclast himself, yet knowing that the old images, before which men bowed down, were demolished. His works have no glimmering of faith; he cries *hist!* and lets the multitude continue to adore the idol which he knows to be broken. His infidelity reaches to the affections and to intelligence. He writes of love; and it is to recount its sufferings, and leave the sincere lover to shoot himself. He writes of a hero, the liberator of his country, the martyr for its independence; and confounding patriotism with libertinism, he casts aside the father of a family, whom history had extolled, to represent a reckless seducer. He writes of a scholar, outwatching the bear, becoming wise with stores of all knowledge, and makes him so dissatisfied by his acquisitions, as to sell himself to the Devil for the opportunity of sensual

enjoyment. Every where the pages of Goethe are stamped with evidence, that he has no faith in reason, or in the affections; in God, in man, or in woman. Will you have the type of Goethe's character? Behold it in his conduct. In his earlier life he joined the army of Prussians, when it invaded France to restore the Bourbons. He was no Roman Catholic; he knew that legitimacy was a worn-out superstition; he knew that the old noblesse of France had lost its vitality; and yet he takes up arms to compel the worship of the public at deserted shrines and broken altars. Such was he in opening manhood; such was he as a writer; such was he throughout his pilgrimage. Goethe,—who in youth was indifferent to God, and reverential only towards rank and the Bourbons,—Goethe, who, in his maturity, while his country was trodden underfoot by foreign invaders, quietly studied Chinese or made experiments in natural philosophy,—Goethe, who wrote a fulsome marriage-song to grace the nuptials of Napoleon,—Goethe, the man of letters, who, in his age becoming a Duke's minister, almost alone, with but one ally, stood out against the freedom of the press,—Goethe, is the poet, who represents the morals, the politics, the imagination, the character, of the broken-down aristocracy, that hovered on the skirts of defeated dynasties, and gathered as a body-guard round the bier of legitimacy.

Goethe is inferior to Voltaire, not in genius and

industry only, but still more in morality. The Frenchman had humanity; he avenged the persecuted; he had courage, and dealt vigorous blows for men who were wronged. His influence was felt in softening the asperity of codes, in asserting freedom of mind, in denouncing the severity that could hate protestantism and philosophy even to disfranchisement, exile, and the shedding of blood. But Goethe never risked a frown of a German prince for any body. He was a prudent man, and, in the great warfare of opinion, kept quietly out of harm's way. On religious subjects, he mystified; on political subjects, he was discreetly silent, except that he adored rank; worshipping birth like intellect, and ever ready with flattery for the ruling powers.

Goethe has sometimes been the divinity of men, who rely on the spontaneous action of human nature, and reverence impulse as the voice of God. But a just analysis does not sustain their preference. He never was carried away by a holy enthusiasm for truth or freedom. On the contrary, Goethe was one of the most wary, calculating, circumspect people of his times. He did not speak unpleasant things in a tone louder than a whisper; he kept his thoughts to himself, if his thoughts were likely to give offence in high places. In all his works,—except perhaps in some of the feeble, rambling, ill-conceived, diffusely-executed productions of his extreme age,—there is not a line,

which would by possibility excite the distrust, alarm the sensitiveness, or twinge the conscience of the profligate aristocrat; the empress of Austria will find in every line of his poems to persons, that the poet knew the awful distance between himself and the high personages whom he flattered; and the emperor Francis could consider his politics orthodox. A free press was to him not at all desirable. He had already so ruled his own spirit, that the words it uttered had no need to fear an imperial censor. "Royalists," he says, "Royalists, who have the power in their hands, should not talk, but act. They may march troops, and behead, and hang. That is all right. But to argue is not their proper way. I have always been a royalist. I have let others babble. I understood my course, and knew what my object was." In history his judgments are analogous. Marathon was a name that found no interpreter in his breast. The field on which the hopes of human freedom were redeemed, was in his view eclipsed by Waterloo. Or hear him explain the true foundation of parties. "Much is said," exclaims the rival, as he calls himself, of Napoleon, of Frederick II., and of Luther, "Much is said of aristocracy and democracy; but the whole affair is simply this: In youth, when we possess nothing, we are democrats; but when we have come to possess something of our own, we wish to be secure." "Freedom," he says, "consists in knowing



how to respect what is above us." And, again: "If a man has freedom enough to live in health, and work at his craft, he has enough." Goethe expresses his deep sympathy for Lord Byron, who had the folly to speak out all that he thought; and he entreats "pity" for Lessing, because Lessing would speak his mind, would "meddle," as he expresses it, would share the polemical character of his times; would insist on taking occasion to "vent his pique against priests and against princes." And Goethe sums up the whole mystery of political wisdom in the following maxims: "The art of governing requires an apprenticeship; no one should meddle with it before having learned it."—"Let the shoemaker abide by his last, the peasant by his plough, and the king by his sceptre." He condenses his system into three lines, which he puts into the mouth of Tasso:

"Der Mensch ist nicht geboren frey zu seyn;  
Und für den Edlen ist kein schöner Glück,  
Als einem Fürsten, den er ehrt, zu dienen."

This was written in the period of the American Revolution, and is in plain English, "Man is not born to be free." Mark the meaning; man is not only not born free, but not designed by Providence "to be free."

In morals and their theory, and in philosophy, Goethe is true to the character which he displayed in actual life. In every thing that relates to firmness of principle, to love for truth itself, to humanity, to

holiness, to love of freedom, he holds perhaps the lowest place. Byron, Voltaire, Shelley, soar far above him in generous feelings.

Yet Goethe has made an epoch. In the art of writing German he has no superior. He entered on the career of letters, at a time when his countrymen had not obtained mastery over their language, and in German style, he became the instructor of his nation. It has been said of Dryden, that from his writings sometimes not a word can be spared. The admirer of Goethe may turn to his prose, where a golden style, slightly tinged with mannerism, possesses clearness, richness, moderation, and melody; to his smaller poems, where often for pages together no word but the right one occurs; where each word is in its proper place; and where the little song, in its terseness, its completeness, and its felicity of expression, leaves nothing to be desired. Coarseness abounds; but again there are poems which are of the utmost delicacy, pure in the conception and harmonious in the execution. His *Herman and Dorothea* is a strictly national idyl, in which the German manners are portrayed, in a plain and almost homely but graceful manner, with inimitable truth; and again in his drama of *Tasso*, which has no other object than to depict a condition of mind, the nicest shades of sentiment, and the most exquisitely refined tastes, are described in language of perfect harmony. In *Egmont*

we find ourselves transported to the streets of Brussels, mixing in the popular clamors and complaints of the disaffected Netherlands ; and it would almost seem, that the tragic muse of the Greeks had herself dictated Iphigenia to a worthy disciple of Euripides.

At the close we must again concede to Goethe that quality which distinguishes Scott, and in which Shakspeare was of all English writers pre-eminent—Truth in his descriptions. This, combined with the beautiful style and artistic skill of an accomplished master, will preserve through all the vicissitudes of taste the fame of a poet, whom universal consent would revere as one of the greatest of all time, if he had connected the culture of art with the service of humanity.

## TRANSLATIONS.

[THE few pieces which follow, were written at a very early period of life ; some of them while the translator was still a student.]

### THE IDEALS.

SCHILLER.

Schiller having arrived at the age of five and thirty, bids farewell to the illusions of his youth.

And wilt thou, fond deceiver, leave me,  
With scenes that smiled in fancy's eye,  
With all, that once could glad or grieve me,  
With all inexorably fly?  
Can naught delay thy rapid motion?  
Can naught life's golden season save?  
'Tis vain ; eternity's vast ocean  
Receives the streamlet's hastening wave.

The dazzling light has long been spent,  
Which round the paths of childhood shone ;  
The chains of fancy all are rent,  
And all her fair creations flown.

The pleasing faith has passed away  
In beings, which my visions bore ;  
Reality has made its prey  
Of what seemed beautiful before.

As once with vehement desire  
Pygmalion held in warm embrace  
The statue, till sensation's fire  
Glowed in the marble's kindling face ;  
I threw the arms of youthful love  
Round nature, till I too was blest,  
Till she began to breathe, to move,  
To live on my poetic breast.

The world, awakening, shared my bliss ;  
For me the dumb possessed a voice,  
Learned to return me love's warm kiss,  
Feel my heart's music, and rejoice.  
Then lived to me the tree, the rose,  
Then sang the fountain's silver fall ;  
And things, that spiritless repose,  
Echoed with joy my spirit's call.

Itself a universe, the breast  
Aspired with strong, resistless force,  
To act and speak, and onward prest  
To join in life's exciting course.



While in the bud it lay concealed,  
The world appeared a boundless scene ;  
What have the opening leaves revealed ?  
How little ! and that little mean !

By daring mind endued with wings,  
Blest by his visions false but gay,  
Untamed by anxious care, how springs  
The youth along existence' way !  
There's nought so lofty, nought so far,  
To which his wishes may not rise ;  
E'en to the heaven's remotest star,  
On wings of bold design he flies.

How swiftly was I borne along !  
And happy feared nor toil nor care !  
With winning grace a friendly throng  
Before me danced of forms of air ;  
Love with sweet looks that ne'er could frown ;  
Joy with his golden garlands bright ;  
Glory adorned with starry crown ;  
And Truth, that blazed in solar light.

But ah ! how soon these guardians flew  
Far from my side, ere life's mid-day ;  
The airy band became untrue,  
And one by one they turned away.

His rapid pinions Joy extended ;  
The wells of Knowledge all were dry ;  
Doubt's heavy clouds round Truth ascended,  
And hid her light from mortal eye.

I saw, too, Glory's holy flowers  
Round common brows profanely twined ;  
And, Love, how swiftly flew thy hours !  
How soon I left thy spring behind !  
Still and more still the scene became ;  
More lonely seemed the rugged way ;  
And dying hope a pallid flame  
Scarce threw across the darksome way.

Of all that gay and noisy crowd  
Will none with faithful fondness wait,  
To raise me when by sorrow bowed,  
And follow me to death's dark gate ?  
O Friendship ! thou my age shalt brighten,  
Thou, who dost heal our every wound,  
With love the cares of life dost lighten,  
Thou, whom I early sought and found.

And thou, whose spell like hers can charm  
The spirit's storms, beloved Employ ;  
Thou, who with strong, unwearied arm,  
Dost hopeful raise, but ne'er destroy ;

The building of eternity  
 Slowly thy patient toil uprears,  
 From time's great debt before we die,  
 Strikes minutes, hours, and days, and years.

## FRIDOLIN, OR THE JOURNEY TO THE FORGE.

SCHILLER.

## I.

A guileless page was Fridolin,  
 As from my tale ye'll learn ;  
 He served with heart, that knew no sin,  
 The Countess of Savern.  
 She was all gentleness to him ;  
 But any wish of hers, or whim,  
 The wayward bent of woman's will,  
 He would have hastened to fulfil.

## II.

From morning's dawn, when day first shone,  
 Till evening's twilight died,  
 He lived for her commands alone,  
 Yet ne'er was satisfied ;  
 And if she bade him "Toil no more,"  
 His glistening eye with tears ran o'er ;  
 Nor e'er from labor would he rest,  
 Till weariness his limbs opprest.

## III.

Therefore above the servant crowd,  
    She loved the youth to raise,  
While from her beauteous lips there flowed  
    Incessantly his praise.  
Nor of her servants seemed he one ;  
Her heart esteemed him as a son ;  
And oft her eye reposed with joy  
On the sweet features of the boy.

## IV.

For this there rose in Robert's breast,  
    The huntsman, deadly hate ;  
His envious bosom never ceased  
    With malice to dilate.  
And to the count, whose honest heart  
Was open to the traitor's art,  
And quickly kindled, he drew nigh,  
To plant the seeds of jealousy.

## V.

Thus with deceitful words he spake :  
    " O count, I deem you blest ;  
No jealous doubts your slumbers break,  
    Nor haunt your golden rest ;  
For you so chaste a spouse possess !  
Discretion guards her loveliness ;  
And all the wiles of wooing youth  
Were vain against her virtue's truth."

## VI.

At this the count with frowning brow  
 Exclaimed—"What say'st thou, knave?  
 I build no trust on woman's vow,  
 Unstable as the wave.  
 But though fair words their hearts allure,  
 My lady's troth I hold secure;  
 Love's eye on her none dare to turn,  
 Or woo the spouse of Count Savern."—

## VII.

The wily keeper speaks—"Tis clear,  
 Contempt the fool deserves,  
 Who, born to serve thee and to fear,  
 Thus from his duty swerves,  
 And to the lady he obeys,  
 An eye of longing dares to raise."  
 Trembling with wrath the count replies,  
 "The villain, that hath dared it, dies."—

## VIII.

"And can it be? the public tale  
 To thee hath ne'er been told?  
 Yet what my Lord desires to veil,  
 My lips shall ne'er unfold."—  
 "Speak, wretch, or die; what hast thou seen?"  
 Exclaims the count with threatening mien,  
 "Who hopes her favor to engage?"—  
 "I speak, sire, of the fair-haired page.



## IX.

The stripling hath a pleasing form."

Thus he deceives his lord,

Whose blood by turns ran cold and warm,

Thrilling at every word.

"And have you truly never known,

That he hath eyes for her alone,

Of you at table hath no care,

But languishes behind her chair ?

## X.

Here in these verses is confessed

His passion's bold desire"—

"Confessed!"—"He hath the countess pressed

To love with equal fire.

The lady is discreet and good,

She feared for him your angry mood ;

'Twere useless to repeat the tale ;

For what to you could that avail ?"

## XI.

At this the count grew wroth, and rode

To where a forest rose,

And fires in many a furnace glowed ;

There melted iron flows ;

Early and late with zealous speed

The glaring flames his servants feed ;

The sparks ascend ; the bellows play ;

As though the rocks would melt away.

## XII.

There might you see their wondrous force  
 Both fire and water blend ;  
 To urge the wheel's revolving course  
 Their power the torrents lend ;  
 The works keep up their ceaseless chime ;  
 The heavy hammers strike in time ;  
 And e'en the iron pliant grows,  
 Subdued and shaped by mighty blows.

## XIII.

Straight at their master's beck there come  
 Two servants from their task ;—  
 “The first, whom I shall send from home  
 To greet you, and to ask  
 If ye've obeyed your master well,  
 Him seize, and throw in yonder hell ;  
 The flaming furnace be his grave ;  
 I would not see again the slave.”

## XIV.

Infernal joy the demons feel,  
 To hear that dark behest ;  
 For hardened were their hearts like steel ;  
 No mercy touched their breast.  
 Aloft the smoking pile they raise ;  
 The flames ascend with crackling blaze ;  
 They thirst for crime, and long to slay,  
 With murderous will, their destined prey.

## XV.

Robert on this his comrade calls,  
    Who nought of malice knew ;  
“ Now haste thee to our master’s halls ;  
    He needs thy service true.”  
The count then spake to Fridolin,  
“ Straight wend to where my forge’s din  
Is heard ; and of my slaves inquire,  
If they’ve fulfilled their lord’s desire.”—

## XVI.

“ ’Tis mine,” he answers, “ to obey,”  
    And hastes his will to do ;  
Then paused—“ Perchance my mistress may  
    Have duties for me too.”  
Before the countess soon he bows ;  
“ Forth to the forge thy servant goes ;  
Thine is my duty ; lady, say,  
Thee can I serve upon the way ?”

## XVII.

Thereat the countess called him near,  
    And spake with gentle tone ;  
“ The holy mass I long to hear,  
    But sickness wastes my son.  
Go then, my child, and on thy way  
For me in still devotion pray ;  
With penitence thy sins efface ;  
And then for me entreat heaven’s grace.”

## XVIII.

The sacred charge was doubly sweet ;  
 He rose and journeyed fast ;  
 Yet through the neighboring village street  
 He had not fairly passed,  
 When on his ear distinctly swells  
 The solemn chime of matin bells,  
 Which summon sinners to repent,  
 And taste the holy sacrament.

## XIX.

“To fly from God were surely sin  
 When in the road we meet.”  
 He sees the church, and enters in,  
 Yet hears few coming feet ;  
 For 'twas the harvest-tide, and then  
 Its toil detained the husbandmen ;  
 None came the sacred hymns to sing,  
 Or chant the mass, or censer swing.

## XX.

At once the page resolves to stay  
 And serve as sacristan ;  
 “Sure this,” thought he, “is no delay ;  
 First serve the Lord, then man.”  
 The belt and stole, which priests should wear,  
 He hangs upon the priest with care ;  
 The burnished cups he next displays,  
 Preserved for mass on holy days.

## XXI.

When this with cautious hand was done,  
    Before the priest he stands ;  
Devoutly to the shrine moves on,  
    The mass-book in his hands.  
And right and left he meekly kneels,  
And careful at the signal wheels ;  
And when the words of " Sanctus " came,  
His bell thrice tinkled at the name.

## XXII.

Then as the priest with reverence bowed,  
    Kneeling before the shrine,  
And high, with hands uplifted, showed  
    The Eucharist divine ;  
The sacristan, observing well,  
Rings loudly with his little bell ;  
All cross their brows, their bosoms beat,  
And Christ the Saviour kneeling greet.

## XXIII.

Thus careful he performed each part  
    With readiness and skill ;  
He knew the sacred rites by heart,  
    And served with cheerful will ;  
Served till the close unwearied thus ;  
Till with " Vobiscum Dominus "       
The priest before the people bends,  
The holy service blessing ends.



## XXIV.

Then where the priests their vessels kept,  
 The sacred gear he laid ;  
 With busy hand the church he swept ;  
 This done, no longer stayed ;  
 But now with conscience in repose,  
 Straight to the forge with speed he goes ;  
 And yet his heart still bids him say  
 Twelve Pater-Nosters by the way.

## XXV.

And as he sees the curling flames,  
 And near the workmen stand,  
 " Have ye obeyed," the youth exclaims,  
 " Our master's strict command ?"  
 The hateful demons grin at this,  
 And pointing to the hot abyss,  
 " We merit trust, the count will own,  
 For nothing's left of flesh or bone."

## XXVI.

And swift the nearest pathway home  
 The page returning took ;  
 But as his master saw him come,  
 He gazed with doubting look.  
 " Whence com'st thou, wretch ? I fain would  
 know."—  
 " I come from yonder forge."—" Not so ;  
 Or hast thou loitered by the way ?"—  
 " My lord, I tarried but to pray.

## XXVII.

As from thy face my steps I bent  
    This very morn, forgive,  
To ask my duty first I went  
    To her, for whom I live.  
'Go, hear the mass,' my lady said ;  
Her words I willingly obeyed ;  
And thrice my sacred beads went through  
For her salvation and for you."

## XXVIII.

The count was rapt in deep amaze,  
    And horror o'er him fell ;  
"What answer, where the forges blaze,  
    Was made thee? Quickly tell."—  
"They pointed to the curling smoke,  
And darkly thus the ruffians spoke ;  
'We merit trust, the count will own,  
For nothing's left of flesh or bone.'"

## XXIX.

"And Robert?" cold with curdling blood  
    The count impatient cried ;  
"This morn I sent him to the wood ;  
    Hast thou his track espied?"—  
"In field and forest, sire, I've been,  
But Robert's footsteps have not seen."—  
"Now," cries the count, and looks aghast,  
"Our God himself hath sentence passed."

## XXX.

The count, unused to actions bland,  
 Beyond his wont grew kind ;  
 And grasps his faithful servant's hand,  
 And hastes his spouse to find.  
 " I pray thy favor for this child ;  
 No angel is so undefiled ;  
 The traitor's malice is revealed ;  
 God and his hosts the guiltless shield."

## THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

SCHILLER.

" Take ye the world," cried Jove from heaven's far height  
 To mortals ; " take it all to keep, or spend ;  
 I give it for your heritage and right,  
 But share it wisely, friend with friend."

To seize his part, in busy haste, uprose  
 Both young and old, whoever had but hands ;  
 The hunter through the forest lordly goes,  
 The farmer grasps the fruit of lands.

His magazines with wares the merchant loads,  
 The abbot stores the choicest vineyards' wine ;  
 The king bars up the bridges and the roads,  
 And loud proclaims—The tithe is mine.

At last, when the division long was o'er,  
 From some far distant spot the poet came ;  
 He came too late ! for there was nothing more ;  
 Owners appeared each gift to claim.

“ Alas ! Alas ! Shall I then, I of all,  
 Thy truest offspring, be forgot alone ? ”  
 Thus to the God did he complaining call,  
 And threw himself before Jove's throne.

“ If in the land of dreams thou wouldst delay, ”  
 Replied the God, “ then quarrel not with me ;  
 Where wast thou when the world was given away ? ”  
 “ I was, ” replied the bard, “ with thee.

“ Mine eye hung dazzled on thy features bright,  
 Mine ear upon thy heavens' sweet harmonics ;  
 Forgive the soul, that blinded with thy light,  
 Lost earth, to revel in the skies. ”

“ What shall I do ? ” says Jove ; “ I've nought to give,  
 The harvest, market, chase, no more are mine ;  
 But dost thou wish with me in heaven to live,  
 Come when thou wilt, that heaven is thine. ”

## MY CREED.

SCHILLER.

What's my religion ? None of all the sects,  
 Which thou hast named. “ And why not ? ” From  
 religion.

## THE SKEPTICS.

SCHILLER.

Men now prove all things, search within, without ;  
 Truth ! how canst thou escape the fierce pursuit ?  
 With staves and nets have they gone out to take thee ;  
 Thou, like a spirit, marchest through the crowd.

## KANT AND HIS COMMENTATORS.

SCHILLER.

How one rich man so many beggars feeds !  
 When monarchs build, the draymen find employ.

## COLUMBUS.

SCHILLER.

Sail, fearless mariner, though slower wits  
 Speak lightly of thy daring, and the hands  
 Of the spent helmsman sink so wearily.  
 Still to the west ; there shall the shore be found,  
 Distant, yet by thy reason clearly seen.  
 Trust in the God that guides thee ; follow still  
 The world's wide ocean, though its silent waves  
 Should nought reveal ; for did not yet the land  
 Exist, e'en now 'twould rise for thee to being.  
 Nature and genius in eternal league  
 Are joined ; and one performs, what one has promised.



## THE WORDS OF FAITH.

SCHILLER.

Three words I repeat ; and their meaning is high ;  
 From spirit to spirit they go ;  
 Though with us, they never are seen by the eye ;  
 Their truth can the heart only know ;  
 The glory of man overshadowed will be,  
 When he ceases to cherish and trust in the three.

For Liberty man was created ; in chains  
 His freedom he never can lose ;  
 Nor doubt, though the rabble her sanctity stains,  
 And fools the high watchword abuse ;  
 Should slaves burst their fetters, be glad without fear ;  
 Nor tremble at danger when freemen draw near.

And Virtue is more than a perishing sound ;  
 She can bloom in your deeds while ye live ;  
 The weakness of mortals your efforts may bound,  
 Yet man for perfection may strive ;  
 The wisdom that pride from the learned conceals,  
 The life of the guileless in action reveals.

And God lives ; his infinite spirit hath power,  
 Though man's fickle will is but nought ;  
 High rules above space and the hurrying hour  
 The Father of life and of thought.  
 While the world of decay and of changes complains,  
 Serene 'mid the changes his spirit remains.

The three words ye should cherish ; their meaning  
is high ;

From mind be they echoed to mind ;

They are with us, though ne'er are they seen by the  
eye,

But their witness within us they find.

The glory of man never darkened can be,  
So long as he firmly believes in the three.

#### THE FLOWER ANGELS.

RUECKERT.

As delicate forms, as is thine, dearest love,  
And beauty like thine have the angels above ;  
Yet men cannot see them, tho' often they come  
On visits to earth from their heavenly home.

Thou ne'er wilt behold them ; but if thou wouldst know  
The houses, wherein, when they wander below,  
The angels are fondest of passing their hours,  
I'll tell thee, fair maiden ; they dwell in the flowers.

Each flower, as it blossoms, expands to a tent,  
For the house of a visiting angel meant ;  
From his flights o'er the earth he may there find repose,  
Till again to his sky-built pavilion he goes.

And the angel his resting-place keeps in repair,  
As every good man of his mansion takes care ;

All around he adorns it and colors it well,  
And much he's delighted within it to dwell.

True sunshine of gold from the splendor of day  
He borrows, his roof all with light to inlay ;  
The hues of each season to aid him he calls,  
And stains with the brightest his bedchamber walls.

The bread angels eat, from the flowers' finest meal  
He bakes, so that hunger he never can feel ;  
He brews from the dew-drops a drink fresh and good,  
And every thing does which a housekeeper should.

And greatly the flowers as they blossom rejoice,  
That the angel has made them the home of his choice ,  
And when from his roamings the angel ascends,  
The flower falls asunder, the stalk downward bends.

If thou, my dear lady, in truth art inclin'd  
The spirits of paradise near thee to find,  
Give thought to the flowers, and become their true  
    lover,  
And angels around thee will constantly hover.

A flower do but plant near thy window-glass,  
And through it no image of evil can pass ;  
When thou goest abroad, on thy breast let appear  
A nosegay, and trust me an angel is near.

Do but water the lilies at breaking of day,  
 Through the hours of the morn thou'lt be fairer than  
     they ;  
 A rose at thy couch for a sentinel keep,  
 And angels will rock thee on roses to sleep.

No sorrowful dreams can approach to thy bed,  
 For round thee an angel his sentry will spread ;  
 And whatever visions thy watchman to thee  
 Permits to come in, very good ones they'll be.

When thus thou art kept by a flower-woven spell,  
 Shouldst thou now and then dream that I love thee  
     right well,  
 Be sure that with fervor and truth I adore thee,  
 Or the angel had ne'er set mine image before thee.

## TO A FLOWER.

RIST.

That thou bloomest in colors the fairest,  
 That the sun paints the garment thou wearest,  
 That thou'rt splendid in purple aud gold,  
 Can my Rose without envy behold.

That the bee so often caresses thee,  
 That the sick man so gratefully blesses thee,  
 And physicians report thou canst heal,  
 This my Rose hath no wish to conceal.

For in these and in all things beside,  
Her perfection can laugh at thy pride ;  
Thou art first of the flowers of the field ;  
All that's created to Rose must yield.

Thy fair clothes will wither away ;  
Thy bright hues—of what use are they ?  
Oft lurks poison thy petals beneath ;  
Often thy juices are laden with death.

What is beauty that never can speak ?  
What are flowers which any may break ?  
What is grace, that can carol no song ?  
Nothing to Rose, to whom hearts belong.

What makes heaven of earthly hours,  
What in beauty surpasses the flowers,  
What with Philomel's voice may compare,  
What is purer than pearls and more rare,

What hath friendliness' winsomest art,  
What by virtue can quicken the heart,  
What hath attractions that never will fade,  
Makes my Rose a faultless maid.

## A SICILIAN SONG.

MELL.

Tell me, whither art thou going,  
Where so early, little bee ?



Still no beam of day is glowing  
On the hills so near to thee.

Still the dews of night are sparkling  
Every where along the world ;  
Heed thee, lest thou injure, darkling,  
Thy bright wings, so fine with gold.

See, the languid flowers are sleeping,  
Pillowing 'mid the leaves their heads,  
Softly closed their eyelids keeping,  
Rest upon their downy beds.

But still onwards thou art flying,  
Onwards still, and far away ;  
Tell me, whither art thou hieing,  
Little bee, thus ere the day ?

Is't for honey ? Why this fleetness ?  
Shut thy wings and roam no more ;  
I will show thee where its sweetness  
Lies in unexhausted store.

Little wanderer, hast thou never  
Seen my Nice's beauteous eyes ?  
On her lips there's honey ever ;  
Sweetness there for ever lies.

On the lip of her, the fairest,  
 On my lovely maiden's lip,  
 There is honey, purest, rarest,  
 Couldst thou there but freely sip.

## PERSIAN PROVERB.

HERDEE.

The diamond's a jewel, in earth though it lie,  
 And dust still is dust, when 'tis blown to the sky.

## FROM THE ARABIC.

TAABBETA SHERRAN.

Taabbeta Sherran wooed a girl of the family of the Absites. And she, desiring to marry him, appointed the wedding day—but when he came to her alone, she changed her mind and rejected him. Then said he, “What hath changed thee?” She answered: “By Allah, thy renown is very great, but my family says to me, what will you do with a husband, who will be killed to-day or to-morrow, and leave you a widow?” At this he turned away and spake these words:—

“Espouse not the chieftain, in conflicts delighting,”

They called to the maiden I panted to wed;

“When next he shall share in the perils of fighting,

The blade of the sword with his blood shall be fed.”

Then doubt seized the maiden ; she trembled with  
sorrow ;

She feared that the brave one who round him had  
flung

The night for a robe, slain in battle to-morrow,  
Would leave her to mourn as a widow while young.

His passions in slumber but seldom he hushes ;  
The wrongs of his sires to avenge is his trade ;  
And thirsting for prey like a whirlwind he rushes  
To strike his dark foe, in full armor array'd.

To cope with his arm strive the young men, who cherish  
A wish for their prowess in war to be known,  
And ennoble their tribe ; as beneath him they perish,  
They cannot increase the renown he has won.

The caves of wild beasts give him shelter till morning ;  
The broods of the forest grow used to his ways ;  
And as he goes forth at the light's early dawning  
They heed not his presence but fearlessly graze.

They see the young archer who joys not in chases,  
Nor loves 'gainst the beasts the sharp arrow to send ;  
And oh ! could they warm to affection's embraces,  
The hand of affection they'd reach to their friend.

Oft lies he in waiting, then suddenly flashes  
 With might on the warriors he longs to engage ;  
 Down, down on his foes from the ambush he dashes,  
 And ever will dash, till he's chilled thro' with age.

The masters of camels complain they have found him  
 A plague, ever seizing on héreds not his own ;  
 Yet chase him they dare not when comrades are round  
                   him ;  
 And chase him they dare not, e'en when he's alone.

He, that clings to his enemy, yields up his breath  
 Or sooner or later on places of death ;  
 And long should I flourish, well know I, that yet  
 Death's blade, flashing brightly, must one day be met.

THE MOURNFUL HISTORY OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF  
 ASAN AGA.

GOETHE.

What so whitely gleams in yonder wood ?  
 Is it snow ? or is't the swan's white brood ?  
 Were it snow, 'twould melt beneath the day ;  
 Were it swans, they would have flown away.  
 'Tis not snow, nor swans, that hide the ground ;  
 Asan Aga's tents are spread around ;  
 Languishing of wounds he suffers there ;  
 Mother, sister, to his couch repair ;

But his cherished wife remains at home ;  
Stayed by bashful love, she dares not come.  
Healed his wounds ; yet ere he left his tent,  
To his wife a hard behest he sent ;  
“ In my court with mine no longer wait ;  
Thou shalt dwell no more within my gate.”

When she heard her husband's stern commands,  
Smote with grief, the faithful woman stands ;  
Sounds of trampling horse anon were heard,  
She foreboded, “ Asan comes, my lord : ”  
Downward from the tower she runs to leap,  
But her two fair daughters near her weep ;  
Crying, Asan's horses draw not near ;  
Comes thy brother Pintorovich here.”

And to meet her brother she descends ;  
Sobbing loudly o'er his neck she bends ;  
“ See thy sister's shame ; my lord doth drive  
From her home the mother of these five.”

Silent was her brother ; forth he drew,  
Bound in silk of deepest scarlet hue,  
Her divorce, which, written with due care,  
Bids her to her mother's house repair,  
And dissolves her ancient nuptial vows,  
That she's free to take another spouse,



When the lady saw the fell divorce,  
That dissolved her nuptial vows perforce,  
Kissed she first the foreheads of her sons,  
Kissed her daughters' cheeks, the lovely ones,  
But for grief she cannot turn away  
From the babe that in the cradle lay.

And her brother bids the mourner speed,  
Swings her lightly on the rapid steed ;  
With the trembling lady forth he rode,  
Hastening to his father's high abode.

Short the time, not seven days o'er them ran,  
Short the time, and many a princely man  
Woos our lady in her widowed life,  
Woos our lady for his wedded wife.  
Most renowned, Imoski Cadi wooed ;  
Of her brother thus the lady sued ;  
"I conjure thee, brother, by thy life  
Give me not to be another's wife,  
For my poor, beloved children's sake,  
Lest the sight of them my heart should break."

But her brother, on her nuptials bent,  
Yields not her pure purpose his consent ;  
Yet of prayers the good wife makes no end ;  
Brother, at the least, a message send

And Imoski Cadi thus entreat ;  
“ Thee, the widow doth in friendship greet,  
And with reverence doth she earnest pray,  
Hither when thy bands attend thy way,  
Tell thy train an ample veil to bring,  
That my face beneath it covering,  
Asan’s house concealed I may pass by,  
Nor on my dear orphans cast mine eye.”

Scarce this message had the Cadi read,  
When he calls the horsemen whom he led,  
And to journey towards his bride prepares,  
And the veil she wished for, with him bears.

Safely to the princess’ house they come ;  
Safely turn to gain Imoski’s home ;  
But when Asan’s dwelling they drew nigh,  
Lo ! the children saw the train pass by,  
Saw their mother from above, and call ;  
“ Mother, come again to thine own hall ;  
With thy children eat the evening meal.”—  
Then did Asan’s spouse deep anguish feel,  
And she prays the prince to give command,  
That awhile his men and horses stand,  
“ Till to my dear little ones I bring  
Each a gift, my latest offering.”

And they halted at the children's door ;  
Gifts she gave these poor ones from her store ;  
Gave the boys fine boots all worked with gold ;  
Gave the maidens robes, rich to behold ;  
To the babe, that in the cradle lay,  
Gave a small coat for a future day.

This saw Asan Aga from aside,  
" Poor dear little ones," he mournful cried,  
" Come to me ; your mother's breast is steel,  
Firmly locked can no compassion feel."

Asan's spouse heard that, could bear no more,  
Pale and trembling sank upon the floor,  
And her ransomed soul escaped on high,  
When she saw her children from her fly.

## MY GODDESS.

GOETHE.

Who of Heaven's immortal train  
Shall the highest prize obtain?  
Strife I would with all give o'er,  
But there's one I'll aye adore,  
Ever new, and ever changing,  
Through the paths of marvel ranging,  
Dearest in her father's eye,  
Jove's own darling, Fantasy.

For to her, and her alone,  
All his secret whims are known;  
And in all her faults' despite  
Is the maid her sire's delight.

Oft with aspect mild she goes,  
Decked with lilies and the rose,  
Walks among the flowery lands,  
Summer's insect swarm commands,  
And for food with honeyed lips  
Dew drops from the blossom sips.

Or with darker mien and hair  
Streaming loose in murky air,  
With the storm she rushes by,  
Whistling, where the crags are high,  
And with hues of thousand dyes  
Like the late and early skies,  
Changes and is changed again,  
Fast as moons, that wax and wane.

Him, the ancient sire we'll praise,  
Who, as partner of our days,  
Hath to mortal man allied  
Such a fair, unfading bride.

For to us alone she's given,  
And is bound by bonds of heaven,

Still to be our faithful bride,  
And though joy, or woe betide,  
Ne'er to wander from our side.

Other tribes, that have their birth  
From the fruitful, teeming earth,  
All, through narrow life remain  
In dark pleasures, gloomy pain,—  
Live their being's narrow round,  
To the passing moment bound,  
And unconscious roam and feed,  
Bent beneath the yoke of need.

But to us with kind intent  
He his frolic daughter sent ;  
Nursed with fondest tenderness,  
Welcome her with love's caress ;  
And take heed, that none but she  
Mistress of the mansion be.

And of Wisdom's power beware,  
Lest the old stepmother dare  
Rudely harm the tender fair.

Yet I know Jove's elder child,  
Graver, and serenely mild,  
My belov'd, my tranquil friend ;  
From me never may she wend ;



She, that knows with ill to cope,  
And to action urges,—Hope.

## THE VIOLET.

GOETHE.

A violet blossom'd on the green,  
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen ;  
It was a sweet, wee flower.  
A shepherd maiden came that way  
With lightsome step and aspect gay,  
Came near, came near,  
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the violet, might I be  
The fairest flower on all the lea,  
Ah ! but for one brief hour ;  
And might be plucked by that dear maid,  
And gently on her bosom laid,  
Ah but, ah but,  
A few dear moments long.

Alas ! the maiden as she passed,  
No eye upon the violet cast ;  
She crush'd the poor, wee flower ;  
It sank, and dying heaved no sigh,  
And if I die, at least I die  
By her, by her,  
Beneath her feet I die.

## HOPE.

SCHILLER.

Man loves of a better existence to dream,  
 That may gladden a coming race ;  
 He sees the bright goal, and its glittering beam  
 He follows in restless chase.  
 The world may grow old, and grow youthful again,  
 But hopes in the future unclouded remain.

'Tis by hope that man into life is led ;  
 She flutters round boyhood's bloom ;  
 O'er youth all her brilliant enchantments are spread ;  
 She sleeps not with age in the tomb ;  
 Though life's weary labors are closed in the grave,  
 Still o'er it the branches of hope greenly wave.

'Tis no vain illusion from folly that came,  
 To flatter and cheat the mind,  
 That man, as all hearts in their fervor proclaim,  
 For a happier world is designed ;  
 And ne'er will the voices within us deceive  
 The reason that hopes, or the souls that believe.

## SONG OF THE CAPTIVE COUNT.

GOETHE.

*Count.*

A flower, that's wondrous fair I know,  
 My bosom holds it dear,

To seek that flower I long to go,  
But am imprison'd here.  
'Tis no light grief oppresses me ;  
For in the days my steps were free,  
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,  
The tower so steep and tall ;  
But nowhere can the flower descry  
From this high castle wall ;  
And him who'll bring me my desire,  
Or be he knight, or be he squire,  
My dearest friend I'll call.

*Rose.*

My blossoms near thee I disclose,  
And hear thy wretched plight ;  
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the rose,  
Thou noble, hapless knight.  
A lofty mind in thee is seen,  
And in thy bosom reigns the queen  
Of flowers, as is her right.

*Count.*

Thy crimson bud I duly prize  
In outer robe of green ;  
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,  
As gold and jewels' sheen ;

Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,  
 And yet the flower—it is not thou,  
 Whom my still wishes mean.

*Lily.*

The little rose has cause for pride,  
 And upwards aye will soar ;  
 Yet am I held by many a bride  
 The rose's wreath before.  
 And beats thy bosom faithfully,  
 And art thou true, and pure as I,  
 Thou'lt prize the lily more.

*Count.*

I call myself both chaste and pure,  
 And free from passions low ;  
 And yet these walls my limbs immure  
 In loneliness and woe.  
 Though thou dost seem, in white array'd,  
 Like many a fair and spotless maid,  
 One dearer thing I know.

*Pink.*

And dearer I, the pink, must be,  
 And me thou sure dost choose,  
 Or else the gardener ne'er for me  
 Such watchful care would use ;  
 A crowd of leaves in circling bloom !  
 And mine through life the sweet perfume,  
 And all the thousand hues !

*Count.*

The pink can no one justly slight,  
 The gard'ner's favorite flower ;  
 He sets it now beneath the light,  
 Now shields it from its power.  
 Yet 'tis not pomp, which o'er the rest  
 In splendor shines, can make me blest  
 It is a still small flower.

*Violet.*

I stand concealed, and bending low,  
 And do not love to speak ;  
 Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,  
 My wonted silence break.  
 For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,  
 Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,  
 My perfumes all I'll make.

*Count.*

The violet I esteem indeed,  
 So modest and so kind ;  
 Its fragrance sweet, yet more I need,  
 To soothe my anguish'd mind.  
 To you the secret I confess ;  
 Here 'mid this rocky dreariness,  
 My love I ne'er shall find.

The truest wife by yonder brook  
 Will roam the mournful day,  
 And hither cast the anxious look,



Long as immured I stay.  
 Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,  
 And says, Forget me not ! the power  
 I feel, though far away.

Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,  
 For true love joins us twain,  
 And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night  
 I still in life remain.  
 And sinks my heart at my hard lot,  
 I but exclaim, Forget me not !  
 And straight new life regain.

## JOY.

GOETHE.

Where yonder fountain streams,  
 What fluttering insect gleams ?  
 She changes oft her hues,  
 As the chameleons use ;  
 Now white, now dark she seems ;  
 Now red, now blue,  
 Now blue, now green ;  
 How bright must she appear,  
 Could I behold her near !  
 The Libellula sings, and flits,  
 In circles soars, nor rests her wing.—  
 Hist ! on the willow now she sits—  
 And now I've caught the beautiful thing ;

And gaze ;—but ah ! what meets my view ?  
 Her brilliant tints a touch destroys,  
 And leaves a dark and cheerless blue.  
 This is thy fate, anatomist of thy joys.

## THE DIVINE.

GOETHE.

Let man, for highest ends designed,  
 Be just in action, generous, kind ;  
 He differs, by his heavenly birth,  
 From all the tribes that roam the earth.

Hail to the spirits ! the unknown,  
 Sublime, revealed by Faith alone ;  
 Man, from his own example, learns  
 To trust in what no eye discerns.

Unfeeling nature, ruthless, cold,  
 Moves in her orbit, as of old ;  
 On just and unjust shines the sun,  
 And bright to all, who boldly run  
 Through crimes, and them who have no stain,  
 Glimmer the moon and all her train.

Thunder and hail, the stream, the breeze,  
 Rush onward in their course, and seize,  
 Resistless, as they haste along,  
 One and another—weak and strong.

And Fortune blindly gropes her way  
Amid the crowd, nor fears to lay  
Her hand upon the guileless boy,  
With curling locks, (or to destroy  
Or bless, she recks not,) and e'en now  
She smites the aged sinner's brow.

That mighty law, whose iron sway  
Is boundless, endless, we obey ;  
And, following nature's changeless will,  
Existence' high designs fulfil.

And man can do, and man hath done  
The impossible ; 'tis he alone  
Continuance can to moments lend,  
Compare and choose the nobler end.

'Tis he that gives the wise their meed,  
He may avenge the evil deed,  
Heal, save, and to good ends unite  
The wayward force that strays from right.

And we revere the immortal powers,  
As if their spirits were like ours ;  
And they but widely do, what here  
The best have done, in narrower sphere.

Let man be generous, just, and kind,  
Unwearied do, with willing mind,

Whate'er is useful, pure, and right ;  
 Thus will he leave an image bright  
 Of beings, whom our hearts e'en here,  
 Forebode, commune with, and revere.

THE SALUTATION OF A SPIRIT.

[Goethe illustrates by an allegory the vanity of life. The ancient castle stands in its majesty ; the heroes, who have ruled in it and returned to it in victory, are now but shadows ; the last survivor of the house is just on the point of commencing in his turn the unsuccessful pursuit after glory and happiness, resolved to run his course fearlessly and in the spirit of trust.]

High on the castle's ancient walls  
 The warrior's shade appears ;  
 Who to the bark that's passing calls,  
 And thus its passage cheers.

Behold ! these sinews once were strong ;  
 This heart was firm and bold ;  
 'Mid war and glory, feast and song,  
 My earthly years were told.

Restless through half of life I ran,  
 In half have sought for ease ;  
 What then ? Thou bark ! that sails with man  
 Haste, haste to cleave the seas.

## STUDIES IN HISTORY.

### ECONOMY OF ATHENS.

TIME can never efface the interest of mankind in the nation which set the example of intrusting supreme power to the people. The democracy of Athens, with all the imperfections in every part of its public service, with the abuses attending its finances, and the corruption which finally turned the elective franchise into a source of personal revenue, maintains its dignity in the eyes of the world; for there the elements of civil liberty were first called into action.

We are not the blind admirers of the Athenian commonwealth. No tongue can adequately praise many of the results of that State; and it would also be difficult fitly to display the deficiencies in its organization, and the gross injustice of its foreign policy. Our own confederacy does not more surpass the Grecian in the extent of territory over which its



liberties are diffused, than in the excellence of the details of its laws. It is the genius of our institutions to leave every thing to find its natural level, to throw no obstacles in the way of the free progress of honest industry, to melt all the old castes of society into one mass, to extend the rights of equal citizenship with perfect liberality, and to prevent every thing like a privileged order in the State. The Athenian commonwealth was, on the contrary, eminently artificial in its character; it conceded with a chary hand the advantages of citizenship to the strangers resident on its soil. The elective franchise was, mainly, an inherited dignity; the government was a species of multitudinous aristocracy, where the legislators by birthright, though numerous, were limited, and political power was vested in the hands of a special body of men, who consumed what they did not produce. To this circumstance are to be attributed the greatest abuses in ancient Attica. The self-same principles in human nature, which in England protect the hierarchy and the nobility, produced in Athens public festivals at the common cost, and led the multitude to get their living by enacting laws in the assembly, or interpreting them in the halls of judicature.

The student, who attempts to look minutely into the secrets of the classic world, is baffled at every effort. The accounts are almost always imperfect, sometimes contradictory; and the inquirer listens to an echo, that

comes but faintly from centuries so remote. Many parts of Grecian history are preserved in the most graphic sketches, yet the interior of a Grecian State is known only in its leading features. The picture is exhibited in a dim and wavering light; and can we wonder, that so different views have been taken of it? Is it strange, that the scholar has invested Greece with the most brilliant colors which imagination can lend? that the glories of Marathon and Platææ have shed a lustre over centuries, when patriotism was nearly extinct? The mind has been so filled with the productions of Grecian art, that attention has been diverted from ordinary concerns.

The admirable work of the learned Boeckh on the Public Economy of the Athenians illustrates the peculiar excellence of the Germans in critical researches. It contains not a word of vague declamation from beginning to end. No topic is avoided because it is difficult, nor neglected because it is minute. Instead of theories we have a series of facts, selected from the whole circle of classic literature. Almost every surviving author is made to contribute some instruction; the orators most of all. Nothing seems to have escaped the patient labors of this distinguished Hellenist. Every passage, from which an inference could be wrung, is made the subject of his consideration; and in this way he has succeeded in illustrating the employments of every-day life in the best days of Athens. His investiga-

tions have never been baffled except by the want of sufficient materials. He has done all that was possible; but to represent life as it was in the happiest age of the city of Minerva, imagination has yet to fill up the outline; and the jests of the comic writers, and the anecdotes of the lovers of marvels, though fruitful sources of inference, tempt curiosity without fully satisfying it.

A reference to Attica recalls all our classic associations, and concentrates them

“Where on the *Ægean* shore a city stands,  
Built nobly; pure the air, and light the soil;  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence.”

It would seem as if there the passion for gain had been lost in the strife for glory; as though no avarice but that of praise had been domesticated. Who asks, out of what fund the Parthenon was built? or inquires into the cost of its sculptures? or is curious to know the income of Socrates, and at what rates of interest his little patrimony may have been lent? Who wishes to ascertain how much would have constituted an independent fortune in the days of Lycurgus, the Athenian financier? who demands if the Athenians practised free trade?

And yet in Athens, commerce was active; manufactures were not neglected; houses were built to let; there were no joint-stock companies, yet insurance was

not unknown ; there were no banks of circulation, yet money-lenders abounded. Following the guidance of Boeckh, we intend to enter into some homely statements respecting life and business at Athens, such as can neither kindle the imagination nor refine the taste, but may yet throw light on an important chapter in the history of the human race. Contentment with our own political condition will certainly be increased by a near contemplation of the free States of antiquity.

#### THE SUPPLY OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The ancients did not make a separate science of political economy. Their treatises upon politics touch upon it but incidentally ; and therefore information on the condition of their finances must be gathered piecemeal, and by inductions.

The resources of Athens in its earlier days can scarcely merit attention ; and after the loss of its independence, the inquiry would be less productive of interest or instruction. Our discussion will chiefly have reference to the time following the Persian wars, and before the aggrandizement of Alexander.

In the early period of Grecian history, the quantity of the precious metals increased very slowly. But between the age of Solon and Demosthenes, such a change was wrought by the nearer connection with the East, that prices were affected in the proportion of

one to five; a change rapid beyond any thing in modern history. In the days of Cræsus gold could hardly be purchased any where in Hellas. It was more abundant in Africa and especially in Asia, where the sands of Colchis, and the streams of Pactolus glittered with treasure. The fable surrounded Midas with nothing else; and history keeps the record of the amiable liberality as well as the hoarded treasures, and pious offerings of Cræsus? The master of Celænæ, a town near the sources of the Mæander, himself possessed about fifteen millions of dollars in gold. The booty of Cyrus in Asia Minor was incalculably great. The revenues of Darius, after defraying all the expenses of the provinces and their satraps, amounted annually to \$12,191,400. India was ever famous for its wealth in valuable ores; and the tale of busy ants, that dug for gold, is an allegory on the productiveness of her mines.

The circulating medium did not increase in proportion with the quantity of bullion. The temples and the public coffers were provided by a prudent superstition or a grasping despotism with immense treasures in the precious metals, either in massive bars, or formed into works of art. The coinage was limited by the seeming wants of commerce. Even in Greece immense sums lay in deposit. The citadel of Athens had a strong box with 87,300 dollars in cash, besides many vessels of silver and gold. The treasures of



Delphi are notorious. The gifts of Cræsus alone amounted to not less than \$3,600,000. The wealth of the consecrated national isle increased with the national victories. The Persian king entered on the invasion of Greece with one thousand two hundred camels laden with money and precious things; all of which became the prey of the victors. When the Phocians, of a later age, laid sacrilegious hands on the treasures of Delphi, they coined from them about \$9,000,000 in value.

The currency of Greece received further additions from the system of bribery practised by Philip; but after the conquest of Asia by Alexander, coin flowed in upon Europe in still broader channels. The treasures which he found collected in the Persian empire were very considerable. The amount taken at Susa and Persis was \$45,000,000, at Pasargada \$5,400,000, and at Persepolis \$108,000,000. The sum amassed at Ecbatana, is said by Strabo, no contemptible authority, to have amounted to \$162,000,000.

Alexander's liberality corresponded with this immense wealth. The expenses of his table were \$1,500 daily; and he paid the debts of his soldiers, amounting to about \$8,883,000. The funeral ceremonies of Hephæstion are said to have cost \$10,800,000. The grateful monarch deemed \$720,000 no unreasonable appropriation to further the investigations of Aristotle in Natural History; and it was an offer of \$900,000

which Phocion refused. His yearly revenue from Asia was \$27,000,000; and he left a treasure of no more than \$45,000,000.

His satraps must have been very rich. Harpalus, who fled to Athens, was estimated to have amassed \$4,500,000, though he declared in Greece, that he had but \$674,000.

The wealth of the successors of Alexander was equally extraordinary. A single festival of the Ptolemies cost \$2,000,000; and, at the lowest computation, the treasure left by Ptolemy Philadelphus amounted to the enormous sum of \$166,000,000. Some estimate it four times as high. It is difficult to believe the account, but not impossible. Egypt was at that time the richest country in the world; and had almost a monopoly of the commerce with the East. Nor is it half so strange, as that the debt of a modern nation should have grown to be four thousand millions of dollars. The revenue from the customs in Egypt was \$13,000,000 annually. The annual taxes in Cœlo-Syria, Phenicia, Judea, and Samaria, were farmed out for more than \$14,000,000.

The precious metals existed in very great abundance in the Levant, but the custom of collecting great masses of these treasures, tended to prevent the proportionate increase of the circulating medium. So many temples, so many cities, so many provincial satraps, so many despotic princes withdrew the coin

from circulation to reserve it in deposits, that prices were not reduced in the degree which we might have inferred from the mention of such enormous sums. Great quantities also existed in the shape of works of art; and the shrines of many a Grecian Deity were adorned with images and costly vessels wrought out of "barbaric gold."

The amount of the coinage of Athens has been variously estimated. The basis of calculation is the weight of such pieces of money as have been preserved. We find that as near an approximation as we can make, gives fifteen cents for the *drachma*, and of course for the *mina* \$15, and \$900 for the *talent*. This is the basis which we follow. It is a little more than the one usually given in English books; yet a little below the calculations of Barthelemy. An *obolus* is of course taken to be two cents and a half.

The Greeks reckoned according to *drachmas*; as the French according to *francs*. The usual idea has been, as to the difference between ancient and modern prices, that one dollar was worth in the best days of Athens what ten dollars are now. Boeckh makes the difference no greater than as one to three. We think that he has not reduced it unreasonably. If prices at modern Athens or at Naples are compared with the statement which we shall presently give, the view of the distinguished Hellenist will probably be confirmed.

The Athenian coinage, to which we have alluded,

was the one established by Solon. Before his time the *drachma* was worth more. Out of seventy-two and a half *drachmas* of the old coin, he made one hundred. In this change, creditors as well as debtors acquiesced.

The value of gold, as compared with silver, varied with times and places. It was usually considered to be as ten to one. In the time of Plato, it was as twelve to one; Herodotus says as thirteen to one. In the Bosphorus, in the age of Demosthenes, it was as fourteen to one. Among the Romans, in the year 564 of Rome, that is, 190 years before Christ, one third of a sum of money paid by the Ætolians was taken in gold, at the rate of one for ten, to the grievance of the Ætolians. Under Cæsar, the gold from Gaul reduced the rate so that it became as one to eight and thirteen-fourteenths; while in the fifth century of the Christian era, it was as high as one to eighteen.

The price of gold advanced in Greece with the progress of business. It was much used in making remittances. Soldiers were paid in it; and Sparta hoarded it in vast sums, never to be expended but for warlike purposes.

Gold coin was early in use. Cræsus coined the golden *stater*. Darius, the son of Hystaspis, coined *darics* of pure gold, equal in weight to thirty cents in silver, and current for three dollars. Five therefore made a *mina*; three hundred a *talent*. The golden *darics* were favorite coins in Hellas.

Some of the Grecian States had a debased coinage for domestic circulation. Even the Athenians once engaged in that dishonest process, but it was soon put down by public opinion; and the coin of Athens maintained in commerce a high character for intrinsic value.

## BUSINESS IN ATHENS.

The nearest approximation we have been able to make to the contents of Attica, would allow to that country, including Salamis and Helena, no more than from 640 to 656 square geographical miles. The ancients called Athens the most populous city of Greece. Its inhabitants were composed of three separate classes; citizens, resident strangers, and slaves. Of the former, the average number was 20,000. Allowing the proportion of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to include the women and minors, we shall have 90,000 as the number of the free native inhabitants of Attica. A similar mode of calculation gives 45,000 for the number of free strangers, whom business or pleasure had domiciliated. The census taken by Demetrius gives 400,000 slaves. If we consider this estimate as excessive, the number of slaves may still have been 365,000. Thus 90,000 citizens, 45,000 sojourners, and 365,000 slaves, in all 500,000 souls, may have occupied the soil of Attica.

The free population was to the slave about as one to four. The surprising disproportion between the



free and the slave population is corroborated by circumstantial as well as direct evidence. Every body was served by slaves; even the poorer citizen owned some miserable drudge. The manufactories were supplied by them; the rich had throngs of attendants; some philosophers were not content with less than ten. The father of Demosthenes employed more than fifty in his business, beside the female slaves of his household. Plato says, that rich men often had fifty slaves.

This immense number of slaves left the free citizens of Attica no occupation but politics. They were literally crowded out of every other pursuit. Thus the Athenians lived either on the revenues derived from their possessions, or by serving in the courts and popular assemblies, or by pursuing some of those nobler arts, which genius exercised, and the popular pride cultivated and gratified.

Athens had 10,000 houses. Fourteen souls to a house would seem too large an allowance; and yet many of the houses were built on purpose to be occupied by several families. The mining district was also very populous. The harbor of the Piræus was likewise crowded with tenements. Allow then for the mining district 20,000, for the city 140,000, for the harbor 40,000, and we shall have left for the country 300,000 souls; or about 500 to the square geographical mile. The number seems incredibly large; it is still more

difficult to disbelieve the estimate. We must remember, that Attica was the head of a number of States, the mistress of the sea, and the territory in which wealth, manufactures and business were concentrated.

Its soil was not unproductive. The mild climate ripened all excellent fruits; the arts of agriculture were greatly advanced; the oil of Attica is famous even to this day; and its classic hills, of which every peak has been the haunt of a god, or the theme of a poet, are still crowned with rows of olives;

“And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields.”

Attica did not abound in horses. At the battle of Marathon there was no cavalry. The fisheries were good; the mines of silver productive; the quarries of marble, which still gleam in the glare of the bright day, even then constituted an important article of export.

The mechanic arts were originally in low repute. None of the ancient nobility were willing to engage in them; but the mechanics afterwards gained great power in the commonwealth, and Cleon the tanner was among the favored successors of Pericles. Yet manufactures were liberally encouraged. Freedom of competition was permitted; strangers thronged to Attica to engage in business, and their industry furnished a large amount of exports. Prices were kept up by the great foreign demand, and the high rates of interest exacted by the capitalist rendered large

profits necessary. Great quantities of arms, various kinds of cutlery, and cloths were exported.

Attica was thus enabled to procure from abroad the products which her own soil could not furnish in sufficient abundance. No law prohibited the exportation of specie. On the contrary, the purity of the Attic coinage often made its export advantageous; the want of bills of exchange frequently rendered it necessary. In the Piræus, as in the harbor of our own splendid commercial emporium, the produce of every clime was to be found. The dominion of the sea, says Xenophon, secured to the Athenians the sweets of the world. Nor would the Athenian ships in point of size have suffered from a comparison with the New York packets. Demosthenes speaks of one, which carried three hundred men, besides its cargo, slaves, and complement of sailors.

That honorable employment, which has such an absorbing charm to the lovers of intelligence,—that trade, which is emphatically **THE TRADE**, did not flourish of yore in the city of Minerva. There was indeed a book-maker in Athens; and books were exported even across the Euxine; but they were chiefly blank books; the day of glory did not dawn on the trade till the reign of Augustus. The sale of manuscripts for profit was so uncommon in the time of Plato, that Hermodorus of Sicily, the oldest bookseller of whom we read, and who sold the writings of his

illustrious contemporary, came to be a proverb. In the youth of Zeno, however, there were some incipient establishments for vending books in Athens.

The credit system, so important in modern commerce, was but partially understood by the ancients. Hence there were none of those commotions and pressures in the money-market, to which our cities are exposed. The indorser was bound for a year. The laws for collecting debts were very rigid; and the rights of capitalists were guarded with great strictness. The rich were taxed, and taxed heavily; but they were well protected. One class of frauds on the creditor was punished with death. When money was lent, and the proceeds of a voyage pledged as collateral security, if the debtor secretly disposed of them to the injury of his creditor, life was forfeited.

Commerce was suspended, or was at least inactive in the winter season. That, therefore, was the time for the sessions of the court which had maritime jurisdiction. If a cause was not brought to an issue, it lay over to the next winter. But at a later time, the law assigned a month as the period within which an action was required to be decided.

Commercial agents or consuls were not unknown. The Athenians hardly had a systematized tariff; or rather, their position was such as to render the adoption of a protecting system wholly useless. The chief commercial regulations related to the importation of

corn; of which great supplies were annually required from abroad. There also occurred cases, where the sale of a monopoly was made an expedient for obtaining revenue. But if Athens had no prohibitory duties, because the first manufacturing district could defy competition, it was not so with her neighbors. Ægina and Argos both became jealous of the wealth of Athens, and the introduction of Attic manufactures was prohibited by their laws.

The dominion of the sea was converted by Athens into a despotism. She understood, no less than modern England, the dismal doctrines of blockade; and submission was almost the only security for a commercial city. If a ship hoisted an independent flag, it was sure to be pillaged by the Athenian corsairs. Her maritime courts were as ready as ever were those of the English to sustain the claim of the privateer; and it was equally difficult to get a decree reversed, after a ship had been once condemned.

In the domestic market, the retail-trade was open to all citizens; foreigners might also come into competition; though a tax, or caution-money, was exacted of them.

The gains of mercantile operations were far greater than at present. Yet it was unusual for a ship to return with its capital doubled; a result not at all uncommon in the early stages of our own republic. A Samian ship, which made for its owners a gain of



\$54,000 in one voyage, was considered by Herodotus something so extraordinary, that he has embalmed the memory of it.

## PRICES.

The fertility of the southern regions and the difficulty attending the exports to remote nations, reduced the price of many commodities of easy production. Athens was a city, in which living was regarded as expensive. We shall give some data in confirmation of this opinion. But the low cost of some articles, as compared with present prices, is often to be attributed to a change in the state of the markets, as much as to a change in the value of money.

The nearest possible approximation gives thirty dollars as the average price of an acre of good land in Attica. In this computation, we allow four *plethra* to the acre; which is nearly exact. Yet landed estates were small and were greatly subdivided. Alcibiades inherited no more than seventy acres; and Phænippus, who owned three hundred and sixty, was esteemed an immense landholder.

In consequence of the great extent of Athens, all the land was not occupied. The houses were unsightly; the streets narrow and crooked; and the Piræus was the only regularly built part of the city.

The upper stories often overhung the street ; and staircases were generally on the outside. Private houses were often built of unburnt brick. The whole expense of building was inconsiderable. The prices of houses varied from forty-five dollars to one thousand eight hundred, according to their size, situation, and quality. The latter price was unusually high ; half the sum would purchase a very decent dwelling-house.

An able-bodied slave, not possessed of peculiar skill, was worth not far from twenty dollars. The price varied, according to his health and age, from seven to thirty dollars. This proves how absurd, to say nothing of its immorality, is the use of slave-labor in a temperate clime. The labor of the slave would, as the price proves, yield but little beyond his own support. Yet a good mechanic was worth much more. The better slaves, employed by the father of Demosthenes in the manufacture of swords, were worth on an average about seventy-five dollars ; and that sum was no unusual price for a skilful workman. The dividends on the establishment of Demosthenes amounted to a little less than sixteen per cent. annually ; but another branch of his business yielded him an annual profit of thirty per cent.

A good horse was worth about forty-five dollars ; but a handsome saddle, or carriage horse, would very readily command one hundred and eighty dollars. Yet who can set a limit to luxury in horses ? It may be

said of human nature, as of youth, *gaudet equis*. Bucephalus brought nearly twelve thousand dollars. The price of a pair of mules was from eighty to a hundred and twenty dollars. In the good days of Solon, before the precious metals were plenty, the pious devotee could purchase an ox for the altar with seventy-five cents. But when Athens had grown rich, the best beeves sold for seven and a half or even eleven and a half dollars. A hecatomb cost, in one instance, seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars; in another, eleven thousand and fifty-eight dollars. It is mentioned as one of the expensive fooleries of Alcibiades, that he gave one thousand and fifty dollars for a dog.

The corn laws involve a great question in the politics of Athens. Attica was by no means able to supply its own demands for domestic consumption. The residue was received partly from the Thracian Chersonesus, partly from Pontus. Hence we see how important was the possession of Byzantium to Athens. There is reason to believe, that the annual importation of bread-stuffs equalled one and a half million of bushels. No corn was allowed to be exported; no ship laden with it could touch at an Attic port, without selling at least two thirds of its cargo. The laws threw hindrances in the way of buying up all that was in the market; the quantity which might be purchased at once was limited, and the retailer was restricted to a

profit of less than two cents on a bushel. All attempts to forestall and monopolize were prohibited, under the penalty of death. Yet the oppression of the corn merchants was very great, in spite of the severity of the laws, or perhaps in consequence of them.

As to prices, under Solon a bushel of wheat was worth ten cents; from 390 to 380 years before Christ, about thirty cents; in the age of Demosthenes, half a dollar was esteemed a moderate demand.

The bakers of Athens carried their art to a high degree of perfection; but we have no direct criterion to decide how much the good housekeepers of classic name were obliged to pay for their loaves. The price of corn furnishes some means of judging; the disproportion, however, between the price of wheat and of bread must have been greater than at present, in consequence of the high rates of interest.

The *metretres* of wine held about thirty-five quarts, or (to state its contents exactly) 35 1452-10,000 quarts. The low price of wine in the ancient world is astonishing. That produced in Attica, sold for less than two cents a quart; and very tolerable wine was often sold for half that sum. This proves, also, that in the main the Athenians were not an intemperate race. The Chian wine was worth forty-five cents a quart. In upper Italy when a bushel of wheat brought ten cents, a gallon of wine cost less than one.

Sweet oil was worth a little more than sixty cents

a gallon. Salt was easily imported into Athens; it was also manufactured. Of its price nothing is known. Timber for building was imported; but coals and firewood were sent into the city on asses. Thirty cents were asked for the quantity which an ass would carry.

The style of living was as unequal, as were the degrees of wealth and extravagance. Alexander's table cost for himself and his suite \$1,500 daily, and the miser in Theophrastus allowed his wife but nine mills. The term *opson* embraced every thing but bread; and seven or eight cents were considered a small provision for it. Yet a slave in Terence buys a meal for his old master for two and a half cents; and the lawyer Lysias complains of the guardian, who charged for the *opson* of two boys and a little girl, the extravagant sum of a New York shilling. The Athenians were very fond of fish; and a great deal of salt-fish was imported from Pontus and even from Cadiz.

The ancient world was ruled by the same human nature as the modern. The Wellington boots of modern day remind us of the Alcibiades boots, and the Iphicrates shoes of antiquity. A good cloak might cost one dollar and eighty cents; and a dandy was willing to give three dollars for a coat; evidently, however, from a fashionable tailor. A good pair of woman's shoes cost no more than thirty cents. A very showy pair of men's shoes may have cost one dollar and twenty cents.



Ointments were exceedingly expensive. The more precious kinds brought from fifty dollars to one hundred for the gill.

There are no sufficient data on which to estimate the cost of a ship. As to productiveness, we find that the corn ship, Isis, of immense burden, yielded annually for freight, \$10,800.

The amount necessary for the maintenance of a family, is not easily established. Socrates is supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but then, his manner of living was inferior to that of the slaves. His coat was old and shabby, and he wore the same garment both winter and summer; he went barefoot; his chief food was bread and water; and as he engaged in no kind of business to mend his estate or increase his income, it is not wonderful that his wife scolded often. Demosthenes, his sister, and their mother, paid for their board \$105 for a year; and provided the house into the bargain. A young man, Mantitheus, could be educated and supported for \$108 annually. The accounts furnish no means of arriving at a definite conclusion. Who would limit at the present day the sum with which it is possible to preserve life?

Death brought heavy expenses in its train. The income of years was lavished upon the expenses of a funeral; which amounted to a sum varying from \$45 to \$1800.

The working classes received but moderate compensation. The great number of slaves, who came into competition for labor, reduced the price exceedingly. Mere manual labor could be procured for ten cents a day; that seems to have been the lowest rate, and is not lower than the present price of labor in many parts of Europe.

The fares in travelling were very small. From Ægina to the Piræus, a distance of sixteen miles, the fare was but five cents. From Egypt to Pontus, not more than thirty cents. This price is inexplicably low. A soldier in the infantry received for pay and rations for himself and attendant, thirty cents daily; the officers twice, and the generals only four times as much. Here is a great contrast with modern usage.

Public physicians were sometimes appointed. Hippocrates is said to have received a stipend from Athens, and to have been physician to the State. Democedes in the 60th Olympiad, about 538 years before Christ, received at Ægina \$900. He was invited to Athens with a salary of \$1,500; but Polycrates of Samos secured him for \$1,800. In those days money was still scarce.

The *stars* at the theatres received enormous compensation. The highest sum mentioned, is \$900 for two days; which would nearly satisfy our most popular players.

Protagoras, the Abderite, began teaching for mo-

ney. He demanded for a complete course, \$1,500. Gorgias required as much, yet died poor. Some, finding the charges high, used to cheapen the wisdom of the philosopher; just as now, copyrights are a subject of discussion. But competition reduced prices. Evenus asked only \$150, in the age of Socrates; and at the same price, Isocrates taught the whole art of rhetoric. Prodicus used to sell tickets for separate lectures.

One per cent. a month, was the usual rate of interest; yet there was no legal restriction of usury. The trade in money, like every thing else, was left wholly free, and the rates varied from ten to thirty-six per cent. In cases of bottomry, this last rate was the highest. It is plain, that insurance was in such cases paid for, not less than the use of capital. The high rates may be ascribed to the insecurity of the times; imperfect legislation; the difficulty of pursuing a claim in a foreign state; and the faulty administration of justice.

The brokers made their gain partly by exchanging coin at a premium, but far more by receiving deposits and lending them again at a higher rate than they themselves agreed to pay. Some of them enjoyed the best credit, and received money and notes on deposit. Pasion, at once a banker and a broker, used to make a clear profit of \$1,500 annually. Bankruptcies among the brokers, were not unknown.

Imprisonment for debt was not allowed. The code of Solon, five hundred years before Christ, terminated at Athens that mortgaging of the body which has so long deformed the codes of modern States.

It seems doubtful, whether investments in real estate were profitable ones. In the cases of which accounts are preserved, the returns seem not to have exceeded eight or nine per cent. Yet the number of those who lived in hired houses, was hardly less than 45,000, with a proportionate number of slaves.

#### PUBLIC EXPENSES.

Before the movement in favor of constitutional liberty, modern revolutions were often the result of financial difficulties. In a democracy, no distinction can possibly exist between the interests of the government and the people; we find accordingly, in the ancient republics, that fiscal embarrassments were not the causes of civil commotions. Money was as highly valued, and the expenses of Athens were proportionally as great, as in modern governments; but the ancients had no public debt. They were often in distress for funds; but violent remedies were applied; and the oppression did not remain as a permanent and increasing burden on succeeding generations.

After the system of oppressing the allies was developed, money became the chief lever in public affairs;

and the decline of the State was at hand. Yet pride of character, ambition, and the hope of plunder after victory, still preserved the spirit of enterprise. The true policy of a popular State should be, to diminish the public expenses ; in Athens on the contrary, to the great detriment of the people, new wants were continually invented ; new sources of prodigal expenditure were devised ; and the finances constantly increased in political importance.

A regular annual estimate of the public revenue and expenditure seems never to have been made in Athens, nor to have been customary in antiquity. The usual expenses were for public buildings, public festivals, distributions and wages to the people for legislative and judicial services, pay of the troops, poor-rates, public rewards, purchases of arms, ships and cavalry horses. The extraordinary expenses in wars cannot be estimated.

The public buildings of Athens were, as all the world knows, numerous, costly, and splendid. The most opulent monarchs, the haughtiest princes, have not been able to equal what the energies of the Athenian multitude called into existence. The Romans could do no more than imitate ; and when recently Prussia desired that the principal entrance into its royal city might be worthy of the pride of a rising power, its artists could propose nothing better than to reproduce the Propylæa of Athens. The dockyard of



Athens alone cost \$900,000. The fortifications were on a gigantic scale. The city and its harbors were protected by walls sixty feet five inches high, and broad enough for two wagons to pass conveniently; of faced stone, bound by iron bolts. The city and the harbor were connected by walls, one side of which measured more than four and a half, the other nearly four, miles. These were originally very expensive, and constantly required large expenditures for repairs. The Propylæa cost five years' labor, and \$1,810,800 in money. Add to these the Odeon, the hippodromes, the aqueducts, the fountains, the public baths, the ornaments of the citadel, the temples of Victory, of Neptune, of Minerva, all adorned with the costliest works of art, the pavements of the streets, the public road to Eleusis, the numerous altars, which pious superstition prodigally erected and endowed; and it will be evident, that a State of but half a million of souls must have practised self-denial for the sake of public magnificence. Time and the violence of man have indeed swept away most of these visible representations of the power, piety, taste, and luxury of the Attic democracy. Yet the ruins, which remain, are the admiration of all beholders. A few weather-beaten statues, a few mangled and broken bas-reliefs, torn from Athens, now constitute the chief wealth in sculpture, which the British empire contains. Let two thousand years of adversity pass over the decline of London, and what monuments

would survive to tell the future inquirers, that it had been the wealthiest metropolis of this age, and had claimed the first rank also for intelligence as well as for thrift? Except St. Paul's (which has not the stamp of eternity upon it like the Parthenon), and the Waterloo bridge, there is nothing which would bid defiance to time, and bear testimony, to the latest generation, of the grandeur of British power. The chief city of the little democracy of Attica contained within its precincts far more of those works of genius which elevate the soul above the ordinary details of life, and quicken the imagination.

The police of Athens seems to have been limited to a patrol of armed watchmen, whose duty it was to preserve tranquillity in the streets, and to afford protection to persons and property.

The festivals were a great source of extravagance. The Athenians, in the early days of the republic, sacrificed liberally, to display their reverence for the gods; afterwards prodigally, that the people might riot on the offerings. In the splendor and in the number of her festivals, Athens surpassed all other Grecian States. The poets were invited to produce their magnificent dramas; tragedy was evoked with its splendid pall and its recollections of the days of demigods; the youthful beauty of the city appeared in the choirs; music lent its attractions to heighten the vivid interest of the stage; and splendid processions, with their glittering

pageantry and solemn trains, assisted in filling up a holiday with spectacles that might attract and astonish the rest of Greece. "You never postpone your festivals," says Demosthenes, "and you lavish on them larger sums than you expend for the naval service; but your fleets always arrive too late." "Count the cost of their tragedies," says Plutarch, "you will find that their *Œdipuses*, and *Antigones*, and *Medeas*, and *Electras*, cost more than their wars for supremacy with the other Greeks, and their struggles for freedom against the barbarians."

But a still greater expense grew out of the direct distribution of money to the people. The tribute, levied from the allies, was divided among the poorer citizens, whole talents at a time. Confiscated estates were their plunder. The poor helped themselves out of the public chest, and sometimes dined and always went to the theatres at the cost of the State.

We pay our legislators, courts, and justices; the ancient Athenians went further; they paid themselves for attending town meetings. The whole number of voters may have been twenty thousand, of whom the majority managed all public affairs, but the rich and the busy did not usually make their appearance in the assemblies, where they were sure of being voted down; the needy never failed. In this way, the administration of Athenian affairs fell to some six or eight thousand very poor men. Masters of the public

treasury, and of the power of levying taxes, they voted to themselves what sums they could; till at last they came to consider politics their trade, and deemed it but fair that they should be compensated for participating in legislation. As there was no representation, and business was conducted as in our town meetings, the plausible idea of paying for legislation opened the way to a support for every citizen; the rich naturally declined the service as well as its emoluments, and the poor citizens though very numerous, yet still limited in comparison with the whole population of Athens, obtained a monopoly of legislation and its wages. Seven and a half cents was the liberal compensation which an Athenian citizen received for acting in the supreme legislature of the State. We have reason to suppose that 8,000 usually attended, so that each Athenian town-meeting cost the State \$600. There were forty regular meetings in the year; the annual charge was therefore \$24,000.

The Council of Five Hundred were paid fifteen cents for every day of actual service. We see in this the views of the Athenians in regard to the compensation of public officers. They allowed them but little more than the wages of a laborer. The relative value of money we have stated to be as three to one. Our House of Representatives would be as well paid as the Athenian senate, if their pay were fixed at forty-five cents a day. This may appear strange; but

it is in conformity with the Grecian policy. The commander-in-chief of an army received, as we have seen, but four times the wages of a private. High salaries are not at all classic.

Athens was the great shire-town, in which all the courts of Attica were held, and where the causes of the allies also were tried. There was more law business done at Athens, than in all Greece besides. Nearly one third of the whole number of citizens sat daily, as judges, except on such days as were appropriated to religion, or to general assemblies. Hence it was, that Athens swarmed with half-bred lawyers, pettifoggers, quarrelsome, litigious sophists. The daily pay of a judge was seven and a half cents. Every one, on entering, received a ticket and a judge's staff. When the day's work was done, he returned the ticket and took his emolument. There were ten courts, each composed of five hundred, and one regularly in session. Mention is also made of larger courts, composed of ten, fifteen, and even twenty hundred. Allowing 6,000 as the average daily number of judges in Athens, they must have cost the State \$135,000 annually.

The public orators, advocates, and lawyers, employed by the people, were ten in number. Their fee, like that of the senators, was fifteen cents for each day's service. Ambassadors were paid with equal frugality; their travelling expenses were also publicly defrayed, though permanent embassies were unknown. Poets



even received a public stipend. No person could draw double pay for different service; as, for example, no one could claim a compensation as present at the town meeting, and as judge, or orator, or senator, on the same day.

The unfortunate, all those incapable of earning a living, were sustained by the eleemosynary munificence of the State. In this exercise of public philanthropy, the Athenians were not imitated by the other Greeks; to them exclusively belongs the honor of providing for the poor, the helpless, and the aged, at the common charge. The Athenian State also supported and educated the children of those who fell in battle. Those who were crippled in war received a pension. Pisistratus established a military hospital. As to the provision for the poor, none could receive the benefit of it, except they had less property than forty-five dollars. Yet this restriction was liberally interpreted. The assistance which was afforded, varied from two and a half to five cents daily.

Public rewards and honors formed a charge upon the State. Golden crowns were sometimes awarded, or public statues erected. The dowry paid to each of the daughters of Aristides, amounted to more than \$450.

That the Athenians were at considerable expense in times of peace to collect warlike stores, is in itself evident. The revenue of Athens, in its days of prosperity,

was \$1,800,000 ; a large income for so small a State, and which could not have been collected, except by the consent of the allies to oppression.

On the whole, we cannot but feel a strong partiality for the Athenian democracy ; for though citizenship in Athens was an inheritance, and the government was in the hands of a minority, yet it was the nearest approximation to a perfectly popular State, of which ancient history furnishes the example. Our own revolution formed a new era. Our constitutions are an incomparably more perfect development of the principle of civil equality, and therefore do not contain within themselves the seeds of evil, which wrought the ruin of the ancient States. Luxury may, with the increase of wealth, diffuse itself among private individuals, but frugality remains the true policy of the State. A portion of a people, whether it be an aristocracy, as in Venice or in England, or a separate multitude, like the rulers of Attica, may, and probably will become corrupt and unjust ; a nation, which acknowledges no political distinctions, can never be blind to the principles of equity ; for justice becomes the evident and permanent interest of all. With us, the great body of the citizens is sure of remaining uncontaminated ; we have far more to apprehend from the headlong ambition or downright corruption of those who are the depositaries of power.

## THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

### I.

WHEN Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, on his way to Spain, to serve in the army before Numantia, travelled through Italy, he was led to observe the impoverishment of the great body of citizens in the rural districts. Instead of little farms, studding the country with their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent race, he beheld nearly all the lands of Italy engrossed by large proprietors; and the plough was in the hands of the slave. In the early periods of the State, Cincinnatus at work in his field was the model of patriotism; agriculture and war had been the labor and office of freemen; but of these the greater number had now been excluded from employment by the increase of slavery, and its tendency to confer the exclusive possession of the soil on the few. The palaces of the wealthy towered in the landscape in solitary grandeur; the plebeians hid themselves in miserable hovels. Deprived of the dignity of freeholders, they could not even hope for occupation; for the opulent

landowner preferred rather to make use of his slaves, whom he could not but maintain, and who constituted his family. Excepting the small number of the immeasurably rich, and a feeble and constantly decreasing class of independent husbandmen, poverty was extreme. The king of Syria had revered the edicts of Roman envoys, as though they had been the commands of Heaven; the rulers of Egypt had exalted the Romans above the immortal Gods; and from the fertile fields of Western Africa, Masinissa had sent word that he was but a Roman overseer. Yet a great majority of the Roman citizens, now that they had become the conquerors of the world, were poorer than their forefathers, who had extended their ambition only to the plains round Rome.

The elder Gracchus, when his mind began to brood over the disasters that were fast gathering in heavy clouds round his country, was in the bloom of manhood. Sprung from an honorable family, independent, though not of the most opulent, connected with the families of the most haughty patricians by the intermarriages of his nearest kinsmen, the son of a hero who had been censor, had twice been consul and had twice gained the honors of a triumph,—grandson of the elder Scipio, the victor of Hannibal,—brother-in-law of the younger Scipio the destroyer of Carthage,—he might have entered the career of ambition with every assurance of success. Endowed by the kindness of

Heaven with admirable genius, he had also enjoyed an education superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His excellent mother, whom the unanimous testimony of antiquity declares to have been the first woman of her times, had assembled round his youth the best instructors in the arts and in letters; what was then a rare thing in Rome, he had learned to rest his head on the bosom of the Grecian Muse. Nor were the qualities of his heart inferior to his talents and his nurture. His earliest appearance in the Roman army was in the final war against Carthage, under the command of his brother-in-law; and when Carthage was taken by storm, he, the impetuous soldier of eighteen, led the onset, and was the first to ascend the walls of the burning city. Yet he was gentle in all his dispositions; a maidenly modesty, and a peaceful composure distinguished his character; his purity obtained for him in youth the unusual distinction of a seat among the augurs. His truth and his moderation were celebrated. Numantia, a city within the limits of the modern kingdom of Castile, had resisted the Roman arms with an invincible fortitude, which the companions of Palafox could imitate, but not equal. But no sooner was it announced, that Tiberius Gracchus had appeared as a messenger before its ramparts, than the gates opened, the natives of Spain thronged round his steps, hung on his arms, and clung to his hands. They bade him take from their public stores whatever



treasures he desired; he took but a handful of incense, and offered it to the Gods. They requested him to establish the basis of a peace, and he framed a treaty on principles of mutual independence.

But, in the vain attempt to give quiet to Spain, Tiberius Gracchus did not forget the miseries of Italy. Who, that has reflected on the history of nations, has not perceived how slow is the progress of change in the condition of the laboring class of society? It is three centuries since the eloquent and disinterested Calvin first attempted, in the language and on the soil of France, to infuse into its peasantry an ameliorating principle; and in all that period, how little improvement has taken place in the physical condition and the intellectual culture of the humbler classes of the French! If in the reign of Elizabeth millions of her English subjects could not write nor read, it was hardly less true of millions during the reign of George IV. History has consisted mainly of the personal achievements of a few individuals, the victories of armies, the scandals of courts, the intrigues of the palace; on the character, rights, and progress of the great mass of the people, it has been silent. The Greatest Number has been forgotten by the annalist, as its happiness has been neglected by the lawgiver.

Human nature was the same of old; but Gracchus, in hoping to improve the condition of the impoverished majority of his countrymen, refused to indulge in the

vain desires of an idle philanthropy. With the enlarged philosophy of an able statesman, he sought to understand the whole nature of the evil, and to devise efficacious measures for its remedy.

He saw the inhabitants of the Roman State divided into the few wealthy nobles; the many indigent citizens; the still more numerous class of slaves. Reasoning correctly, he perceived that it was slavery, which crowded the poor freeman out of employment, and barred the way to his advancement. It was the aim of Gracchus not so much to mend the condition of the slaves, as to lift the brood of idlers into dignity; to give them land, to make them industrious and useful, and so to repose on them the liberties of the State. With the fixedness of an iron will, he resolved to increase the number of the landed proprietors of Italy, to create a ROMAN YEOMANRY. This was the basis of his radical reform.

The means were at hand. The lands in Italy were of two classes; private estates, and public domains. With private estates, Gracchus had no thought to interfere. The public domains, even though they had been long usurped by the patricians, were to be reclaimed as public property, and to be appropriated to the use of the people, under restrictions which should prevent their future appropriation by the few. To effect this object, required no new order; the proper decree was already engraved among the tablets of

the Roman laws. It was necessary only to revive the law of Licinius, which had slumbered for two centuries unrepealed.

In a republic, he that will execute great designs must act with an organized party. Gracchus took counsel with the most disinterested men of Rome; with Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, a patrician of the purest blood; with the great lawyer Mutius Scævola, who was of consular dignity; and with Crassus, the leader of the priesthood; all of unimpeachable patriotism, and friends to the reform. But his supporters at the polls could be none other than the common people, composed of the impoverished citizens, and the very few husbandmen who had still saved some scanty acres from the grasp of the aristocracy.

The people rallied to the support of their champion; and Gracchus, being elected their tribune, was able to bring forward his Agrarian Law. "The wild beasts in your land," it was so he addressed the multitude, "have their dens; but the soldiers of Italy have only water and air. Without houses or property, they, with their wives and children, are vagabonds. Your commanders deceive you, when they bid you fight for your hearths, and your gods; you have no hearths, you have no household gods. It is for the insolence and luxury of others, that you shed your blood. You are called the lords of the world, and you do not possess a square foot of soil."

The famed Agrarian Law, relating only to the public domain, was distinguished by mitigating clauses. To each of those who had appropriated the land without a right, it generously left five hundred acres; to each of their minor children, two hundred and fifty more; and it also promised to make from the public treasury further remuneration for improvement. To every needy citizen it probably allotted not more than ten acres; perhaps less. Thus it was designed to create in Italy a yeomanry; instead of slaves, to substitute free laborers; to plant liberty firmly in the land; to perpetuate the Roman Commonwealth, by identifying its principles with the culture of the soil. *Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid adquiritur*—such were long the views of intelligent Romans—*nihil est agriculturá melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, NIHIL LIBERO DIGNIUS*. No pursuit is more worthy of the freeman than agriculture. Gracchus claimed it for the free.

Philanthropy, when it contemplates a slaveholding country, may have its first sympathies excited for the slaves; but it is a narrow benevolence which stops there. The needy freeman is in a worse condition. The slave has his task, and also his home and his bread. He is the member of a wealthy family. The indigent freeman has neither labor, nor house, nor food; and, divided by a broad gulf from the upper class, he has neither hope nor ambition. He is so

abject, that even the slave despises him. For the interest of the slaveholder is diametrically opposite to that of the free laborer. The slaveholder is the competitor of the free laborer, and by the lease of slaves, takes the bread from his mouth. The wealthiest man in Rome was the competitor of the poorest free carpenter. The patricians took away the business of the sandal-maker. The existence of slavery made the opulent owners of bondmen the rivals of the poor; greedy after the profits of their labor, and monopolizing those profits through their slaves. In every community where slavery is tolerated, the poor freeman will always be found complaining of hard times.

The laws of Gracchus cut the patricians with a double edge. Their fortunes consisted in land and slaves; it questioned their titles to the public territories, and it tended to force emancipation, by making their slaves a burden. In taking away the soil, it took away the power that kept their live machinery in motion. A real crisis had come, such as hardly occurs to a nation in the progress of many centuries. Men are in the habit of proscribing Julius Cesar as the destroyer of the Commonwealth. The civil wars, the revolutions of Cesar, the miserable vicissitudes of the Roman emperors, the avarice of the nobles and the rabble, the crimes of the forum and the palace, all have their germ in the ill success of the reform of Gracchus.



We pass over the proofs of moderation which the man of the people exhibited, by appearing in the Senate, where he had hoped to obtain from the justice of the patricians some reasonable compromise; and where he was received very much as O'Connell was received in the English Parliament, when he pleaded for Ireland. The attempt of the aristocracy to check all procedures in the assembly of the people, by instigating another tribune to interpose his veto, was defeated by the prompt decision of the citizens to dismiss the faithless representative; and the policy of Gracchus seemed established by the unanimous decision of the commons in favor of his decree.

Such delays had been created by his opponents, that the year of his tribuneship was nearly passed; his re-election was needed in order to carry his decree into effect. But the evil in Rome was already too deep to be removed. The election day for tribunes was in mid-summer; the few husbandmen, the only shadow of a Roman yeomanry, were busy in the field, gathering their crops, and failed to come to the support of their champion. He was left to rest his defence on the rabble of the city; and though early in the morning great crowds of the people gathered together, and though, as Gracchus appeared in the forum, a shout of joy rent the skies, and was redoubled as he ascended the steps of the Capitol, yet when the patricians, determined at every hazard to defeat the

assembly, came with the whole weight of their adherents in a mass, the timid flock, yielding to the sentiment of awe rather than of cowardice, fled like sheep before wolves; and left their defender, the incomparable Tiberius, to be beaten to death by the clubs of senators. Three hundred of his most faithful friends were left lifeless in the market-place. In the fury of triumphant passion, the corpse of the tribune was dragged through the streets, and thrown into the Tiber.

## II.

The deluded nobles raised the full chorus of victory and joy. They believed that the Senate had routed the people; but it was the avenging spirit of slavery that had struck the first deadly wound into the bosom of Rome. When a funeral pyre was kindled to the manes of Tiberius Gracchus, the retributive Nemesis lighted the torch, which, though it burned secretly for a while, at last kindled the furies of social war, and involved the civilized world in the conflagration.

The murder proved the weakness of the Senate; they could defeat the people only by violence. But the blood of their victim, like the blood of other martyrs, cemented his party. It was impossible to carry the Agrarian Law into execution; it was equally impossible to effect its repeal.

Gracchus had interceded for the unhappy indigent

freemen, whose independence was crushed by the institution of slavery. The slaves themselves were equally sensible of their wrongs; and in the island of Sicily they resolved on an insurrection. Differing in complexion, in language, in habits, the hope of liberty amalgamated the heterogeneous mass. Eunus, their wise leader, in the spirit of the East, employed the power of superstition to rally the degraded serfs to his banner, and, like Mahomet, pretended a revelation from heaven. Sicily had been divided into a few great plantations; and now the voice of a leader, joining the fanaticism of religion to the enthusiasm for freedom, awakened the slaves, not in Sicily only, but in Italy, to the use of arms, and the horrors of a servile war. Cruel overseers were stabbed with pitchforks; the defenceless were cut to pieces by scythes; tribunals, hitherto unheard of, were established, where each family of slaves might arraign its master, and, counting up his ferocities, adjudge punishment for every remembered wrong. Well may the Latin historian grow impatient as he relates the disgraceful tale. *Quis aequo animo ferat in principe gentium populo bella servorum?* The Romans had fought their allies, yet had fought with freemen; let the queen of nations blush, for she must now contend with victorious slaves. Thrice, nay, four times, were her armies defeated; the insurrection spread into Italy; four times were the camps of praetors stormed and taken; the soldiers

of the republic became the captives of their bondmen. The army of the slaves increased to 200,000. It is said, that a million of lives were lost; the statement is exaggerated; but Sicily suffered more from the devastations of this, than of the Carthaginian war. Twice were consuls unsuccessful. At length, after years of defeat, the benefits of discipline gave success to the Roman forces. The last garrison of the last citadel of the slaves disdained to surrender, could no longer resist, and escaped the ignominy of captivity by one universal suicide. The conquerors of slaves, a new thing in Rome, returned to enjoy the honors of an ovation.

The object of Tiberius Gracchus, continued by his eloquent and equally unhappy brother, who moreover was the enlightened and energetic advocate of a system of internal improvement in Italy, was the melioration of the condition of the indigent freemen. The great servile insurrection was designed to effect the emancipation of slaves; and both were unsuccessful. But God is just and his laws are invincible. The social evil next made its effects apparent on the patricians, and began with silent but sure influence to corrupt the virtue of families, and even to destroy domestic life. Slavery tends to diminish the frequency of marriages in the class of masters. In a state where emancipation is forbidden, the slave population will perpetually gain in relative numbers. We will not stop to develope

the three or four leading causes of this result, pride and the habits of luxury, the facilities of licentious gratification, the circumscribed limits of productive industry; some of which causes operate exclusively, and all of them principally, on the free. The position is certain and is universal; nowhere was it more amply exemplified than in Rome. The rich preferred the dissoluteness of indulgence to marriage; and celibacy became so general, that the aristocracy was obliged by law to favor the institution, which, in a society where all are free, constitutes the solace of labor and the ornament of life. A Roman censor, in an address to the people, stigmatized matrimony as a troublesome companionship, and recommended it only as a patriotic sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty. The depopulation of the upper class was so considerable, that the waste required to be supplied by emancipation; and repeatedly there have been periods, when the majority of the Romans had once been bondmen. It was this extensive celibacy and the consequent want of succession, that gave a peculiar character to the Roman laws, relating to adoption.

The free middling class, which even to the time of the younger Gracchus had retained dignity enough to seek the amelioration of its condition by the action of laws, was destroyed; society became hopelessly divided into the very rich and the very poor; and



slaves, who performed all the labor, occupied the intermediate position between the two classes.

The first step in the progress of degradation constituted the citizens, by their own vote, a class of paupers. They called on the State to feed them from the public granaries. We cheerfully sustain in decent competence the aged, the widow, the cripple, the sick and the orphan; Rome supplied the great body of her freemen. England, who also feeds a large proportion of her laboring class, intrusts to her paupers no elective franchise. Rome fed with eleemosynary corn the majority of her citizens, who retained the privilege of electing the government, and the right of supreme, ultimate legislation. Thus besides the select wealthy idlers, here was a new class of idlers, a multitudinous aristocracy, having no estate but their citizenship, no inheritance but their right of suffrage. Both were to derive support from the slaves: the Senate directly, through the revenues of their plantations; the commons indirectly, out of the coffers of the Commonwealth. It was a burden greater than the fruits of slave industry could bear; the deficiency was supplied by the plunder of foreign countries. The Romans, as a nation, became a horde of robbers.

This earliest measure was ominous enough; the second was still more alarming. A demagogue appeared, and gaining office and the conduct of a war, organized these pauper electors into a regular army. The dema-

gogue was Marius. Hitherto the Senate had exercised an exclusive control over the brute force of the Commonwealth; the mob was now armed and enrolled, and led by an accomplished chieftain. Both parties being thus possessed of great physical strength, the civil wars between the nobles and the impoverished free-men, the select aristocracy, and the multitudinous aristocracy of Rome, could not but ensue. Marius and Sylla were the respective leaders; the streets of Rome, and the fields of Italy became the scenes of massacre; and the oppressed bondmen had the satisfaction of beholding the jarring parties in the nation which had enslaved them, shed each other's blood as freely as water. They had, moreover, their triumph. Sylla selected ten thousand from their number, and to gain influence for himself at the polls, conferred on them freedom, and the elective franchise.

Of the two great leaders of the opposite factions, it has been asserted that Sylla had a distinct purpose, and that Marius never had. Sylla was the organ of the aristocracy; to the party which already possessed all the wealth, he desired to secure all the political power. This was a definite object, and in one sense was attainable. Having effected a revolution, and having taken vengeance on the enemies of the Senate, he abdicated office. He could not have retained perpetual authority; the forms of the ancient republic were then too vigorous, and the party on which he rested for support,

would not have tolerated the usurpation. He established the supremacy of the Senate, and retired into private life. Marius, as the leader of the people, was met by insuperable difficulties. The existence of a slave population rendered it impossible to elevate the character of his indigent constituents; nor were they possessed of sufficient energy to grasp political power with tenacity. He could therefore only embody them among his soldiers. His partisans suffered from evils, which it required centuries to ripen and more than a thousand years to heal; Marius could have no plan.

## III.

Thus the want of a great middling class, consequent on the monopoly of land and the institution of slavery, had been the ultimate cause of two political revolutions. The indigence of the commons had led the Gracchi to appear as the advocates of reform, and had encouraged Marius to become their military leader. In the murder of the former, the Senate had displayed their success in exciting mobs; and in resistance to the latter, they had roused up a defender of their usurpations. The aristocracy was satisfied with its triumphs; the impoverished majority, accustomed to their abjectness, made only the additional demand of amusements at the public expense; and were also ignobly content. The slaves alone murmured, and in

Spartacus, one of their number, they found a man of genius and courage, capable of becoming their leader. Roman legislation had done nothing for them; they determined upon a general insurrection, to be followed by emigration. The cry went forth from the plains of Lombardy, reached the fields of Campania, and was echoed through every valley among the Apennines. The gladiators burst the prisons of their keepers; the field-servant threw down his manure-basket; Syrian and Scythian, the thrall from Macedonia and from Carthage, the wretches from South Gaul, the Spaniard, the African, awoke to resistance. The barbarian, who had been purchased to shed his blood in the arena, remembered his hut on the Danube; the Greek, not yet indifferent to freedom, panted for release. It was an insurrection, as solemn in its object as it was fearful in its extent. Rome was on the brink of ruin. Spartacus pointed to the Alps; beyond their heights were fields, where the fugitives might plant their colony; there they might revive the practice of freedom; there the oppressed might find a new state on the basis of benevolence, and in the spirit of justice. A common interest would unite the bondmen of the most remote lineage, the most various color, in a firm and happy republic. Already the armies of four Roman generals had been defeated; already the immense emigration was on its way to the Alps.

If a mass of slaves could, at any moment, on break-

ing their fetters, find themselves capable of establishing a liberal government; if they could at once, on being emancipated, or on emancipating themselves, appear possessed of civic virtue, slavery would be deprived of more than half its horrors. But the institution, while it binds the body, corrupts the mind. The outrages which men commit when they first regain their freedom, furnish the strongest argument against the condition which can render human nature capable of such crimes. Idleness and treachery and theft, are the vices of slavery. The followers of Spartacus, when the pinnacles of the Alps were almost within their sight, turned aside to plunder; and the Roman army was able to gain the advantage, when the fugitive slave was changed from a defender of personal liberty into a plunderer.

The struggle took place precisely at a moment when the Roman State was most endangered by foreign enemies. But for the difficulties in the way of communication, which rendered a close coalition between remote armies impossible, it would have sunk beneath the storm; and from the shattered planks of its noble ruins, the slaves alone would have been able to build themselves a little bark of hope, to escape from the desolation, and occupy by right of conquest the future heritage of the Cesars.



## IV.

The suppression of the great insurrection of Spartacus brings us to the age of the triumvirs, and the approaching career of Julius Cesar. To form a proper judgment of his designs and their character, we must endeavor to gain some distinct idea of the condition of the inhabitants of Italy during his time, as divided into the three classes of nobles, indigent citizens, and slaves.

The ARISTOCRACY owned the soil and its cultivators. The vast capacity for accumulation, which the laws of society secure to capital in a greater degree than to personal exertion, displays itself nowhere so clearly as in slaveholding states, where the laboring class is but a portion of the capital of the opulent. As wealth consists chiefly in land and slaves, the rates of interest are, from universally operative causes, always comparatively high; the difficulty of advancing with borrowed capital proportionably great. The small landholder finds himself unable to compete with those who are possessed of whole cohorts of bondmen; his slaves, his lands, rapidly pass, in consequence of his debts, into the hands of the more opulent. The large plantations are constantly swallowing up the smaller ones; and land and slaves come to be engrossed by a few. Before Cesar passed the Rubicon, this condition existed in its extreme in the Roman State. The rural indigent crept within the walls of Rome. A free laborer was hardly

known. The large proprietors of slaves not only tilled their immense plantations, but also indulged their avarice in training their slaves to every species of labor, and letting them out, as horses from a livery stable, for the performance of every conceivable species of work. Four or five hundred were not an uncommon number in one family; fifteen or twenty thousand sometimes belonged to one master. The immense wealth of Crassus consisted chiefly in lands and slaves; on the number of his slaves we hardly dare hazard a conjecture. Of joiners and masons he had over five hundred. Nor was this the whole evil. The nobles, having impoverished their lands, became usurers, and had their agents dispersed over all the provinces. The censor Cato closed his career by recommending usury, as more productive than agriculture; and such was the prodigality of the Roman planters, that, to indulge their fondness for luxury, many of them mortgaged their estates to the money-lenders. Thus the lands of Italy, at best in the hands of a few proprietors, became virtually vested in a still smaller number of usurers. No man's house, no man's person, was secure. *Nulli est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus.* Hence corruption readily found its way into the Senate; the votes of that body, not less than the votes of the poorer citizens, were a merchantable commodity. *Venalis Curia patrum.* The wisdom and the decrees of the Senate were for sale to the highest bidder.

The FREE CITIZENS, who still elected tribunes and consuls, and were still sometimes convened in a sort of town-meeting, were poor and degraded. But the right of suffrage insured them a maintenance. The petty offices in the Commonwealth were filled with their number, and such as retained some capacity for business found many a lucrative job, in return for their influence and their votes. The custom-houses, the provinces, the internal police, offered inviting situations to moderate ambition. The rest clamored for bread from the public treasury, for free tickets of admission to the theatre and to gladiatorial shows, where men were butchered at the cost of the office-seeking aristocracy for the amusement of the majority. But there existed no free manufacturing establishments, no free farmers, no free laborers, no free mechanics. The State possessed some of the forms of a democracy; but the life-giving principle of a democracy, prosperous free labor, was wanting.

The third class was the class of SLAVES. It was three times as numerous as both the others; though, as we have already observed, the whole body belonged almost exclusively to the few very wealthy. Their numbers excited constant apprehension; but care was taken not to distinguish them by a peculiar dress. Their ranks were recruited in various ways. The captives in war were sold at auction. Cicero, during the little campaign in which he was commander, sold men

enough to produce at half price about half a million dollars. When it was told in Rome that Cesar had invaded Britain, the people, in the true spirit of robbers, could not but ask one another, what plunder he could hope to find there. "There is not a scruple of silver," said they, "in the whole island ;" *neque argenti scrupulum in illa insula*. "Yes," it was truly answered, "but he will bring slaves."

The second mode of supplying the slave market was by commerce ; and this supply was so uniform and abundant, that the price of an ordinary laborer hardly varied for centuries. The reason is obvious ; where the slave merchant gets his cargoes from kidnappers, the first cost is inconsiderable. The great centres of this traffic were in the harbors bordering on the Euxine ; and Scythians were often stolen. Caravans penetrated the deserts of Africa, and made regular hunts for slaves. Blacks were highly valued ; they were rare, and therefore both male and female negroes were favorite articles of luxury among the opulent Romans. At one period, Delos was most remarkable as the emporium for slavers. It had its harbors, chains, prisons, every thing so amply arranged to favor a brisk traffic, that ten thousand slaves could change hands and be shipped in a single day ; an operation, which would have required thirty-three or thirty-four ships of the size of the vessel in which Paul the Apostle was wrecked. There was hardly a port in the Roman empire, conve-

nient for kidnapping foreigners, in which the slave-trade was not prosecuted. In most heathen countries, also, men would sell their own children into bondage. The English continued to do so, even after the introduction of Christianity. In modern times, when men incur debts, they have mortgaged their own bodies; the ancients mortgaged their sons and daughters. Kidnapping, and the sale of one's offspring, were so common, as to furnish interesting incidents to the writers of novels.

Besides these sources, the offspring of every female slave, whoever might be its father, was also a slave.

The legal condition of the slaves was extremely abject. No protection was afforded his limb or his life, against the avarice or rage of a master. The female had no defence for her virtue and her honor. Instances have occurred, where the young female convert to Christianity was punished by being exposed to public and legalized insults, the most odious to female purity. A remnant of the abuse forms the plot of Shakspeare's play of *Pericles*. No marriages could take place among slaves; they had no property; they could make no valid compact; they could hardly give testimony, except on the rack. The ties of affection and blood were disregarded. In the eye of the law a slave was nobody.

The manner in which the laborers on the great plantations were treated, resembled the modern state-prison discipline. They were sent out by day to labor in chains, and at night were locked up in cells.



The refractory were confined in subterranean dungeons. Worn out slaves were sold off, like old cattle from a farm. The sick were often exposed and left to die. To enforce industry, the hand, the lash, and the rod, were the readiest instruments. Or domestic slaves were sent to various workshops, established on purpose to tame the obstinate. Sometimes a fork, like the yoke on a goose, was put round their necks; they were placed in the stocks; they were chained. Every expedient, that human cruelty could devise, was employed to insure industry and docility. The runaway, if retaken, was branded, or crucified; or punished by the loss of a leg; or compelled to fight wild beasts; or sold for a gladiator. The slave was valued only as property, and it was a question for ingenious disputation, whether, in order to lighten a vessel in a storm at sea, a good horse or a worthless slave should be thrown overboard.

Slaves occupied every station, from the delegate superintending and enjoying the rich man's villa, to the meanest office of menial labor, or obsequious vice; from the foster mother of the rich man's child, to the lowest condition of degradation, to which woman can be reduced. The public slaves handled the oar in the galleys, or labored on the public works. Some were lictors; some were jailers. Executioners were slaves; slaves were watchmen, watermen, and scavengers. Slaves regulated the rich palace in the

city; and slaves performed all the drudgery of the farm. Nor was it unusual to teach slaves the arts. Virgil made one of his a poet; and Horace himself was the son of a freedman. The Merry Andrew was a slave. The physician, the surgeon, were often slaves. So too the preceptor and the pedagogue; the reader and the stage player; the clerk and the amanuensis; the buffoon and the mummer; the architect and the smith; the weaver and the shoemaker; the undertaker and the bearer of the bier; the pantomime and the singer; the rope-dancer and the wrestler, all were bondmen. The *armiger* or squire was a slave. Not an avocation, connected with agriculture, manufactures, or public amusements, can be named, but it was the patrimony of slaves. Slaves engaged in commerce; slaves were wholesale merchants; slaves were retailers; slaves shaved notes; and the managers of banks were slaves.

Educated slaves exercised their profession for the emolument of their masters. Their value varied with their health, beauty, or accomplishments. The common laborer was worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, the usual cost of a negro in the West Indies, when the slave-trade was in vogue. A good cook was worth almost any sum. An accomplished play actor could not be valued at less than \$8,000. A good fool was cheap at less than \$800. Beauty was a fancy article, and its price varied. Mark Antony gave

\$8,000 for a pair of beautiful youths ; and much higher prices have been paid. About as much was given for an illustrious grammarian. A handsome actress would bring far more ; her annual salary might sometimes be \$13,000. The law valued a physician at \$240. Lucullus, having once obtained an immense number of prisoners of war, sold them for sixty-five cents a head ; probably the lowest price for which a lot of able-bodied men was ever offered.

## v.

Such was the character of the Italian population, over which a government was to be instituted, at the time when Cesar with his army approached the Rubicon. In the contest which followed, it was the object of Pompey to plunder, to devastate, and to punish. "Should Pompey be successful, not one single tile will be safe in an Italian roof," says Cicero ; " I know right well, he desires a government like that of Sylla." There did not exist any armed party in favor of a democratic republic. The spirit of the democracy was gone ; and its shade only moved with powerless steps through the forum and the temples, which had once been the scenes of its glory.

It was in the service of his country that Cesar carried his eagles beyond the Rubicon. The republican poet, who represents Rome rising before the con-

queror in a vision, and demanding of him the occasion of his appearance in arms on her borders, describes him as replying,

“Roma, fave cœptis! Non te furialibus armis  
Persequor; en adsum,—ubique tuus.”

In seasons of violence, despotism is the child of anarchy. Men rush to any strong arm for protection. Such despotism, like that of Cromwell or of Napoleon, is transitory. Permanent despotism can grow only out of fixed relations of society. Julius Cesar was a great statesman, not less than a great soldier. His ambition was in every thing gratified; the noise of his triumphs had filled the shores of England, the marshes of Belgium, and the forests of Germany. Any political distinction was within his reach. He was childless; and therefore his pride hardly seemed to require a subversion of the Commonwealth. And yet, with all this, he perceived that the continuance of popular liberty was impossible in the actual condition of the Roman State; that a wasting, corrupt, and most oppressive aristocracy was preparing to assume the dominion of the world; that this aristocracy threatened ruin to the provinces, perpetual cruelty to the slaves, and hereditary contempt to the people. Democracy had expired; and the worst form of aristocracy, far worse than that of the Venetian nobles of a later day, could be prevented only by a monarchy. Julius Cesar resolved on the establishment of a monarchy;

for he saw, that a monarchical form of government was the only one which would endure in Rome. Had he possessed the virtues of Washington, the democracy of Jefferson, the legislative genius of Madison, he could not have changed the course of events. The condition of the Roman population demanded monarchy. This was the third great revolution prepared by slavery, and the consequent decay of the people.

Despotism, in the regular order of Divine Providence, is the punishment of a nation for the institution of slavery, and is the consolation or the cure of hereditary bondage. The slave wears his chains with composure, when he sees his owner also in chains. The laborer felt less humiliation, when he beheld his master cringing at the feet of a master. The despot has no interest to invent charges of treason against any but the very rich; the peaceful poor man, the humble slave, has nothing to fear from his rapacity. When, at a later day in Roman history, a tyrant emperor made his horse a consul, the slave could glory in the humiliation of his owners; the people could laugh at the degradation of their oppressors; and the appointment, after all, was probably a popular one. "That the condition of a slave is better under an arbitrary, than under a free government, is supported by the history of all ages and nations." It is common to say, that the democracy introduces despotism and a strong executive. It is true, that despotism is brought in by the majority; it is true, that when great extremes of



fortune exist, it is the clear and well-understood interest of the rich to prevent a despotism. But it is false, that despotism is the child of democracy. Despotism cannot take place until the spirit of democracy is extinct. When by the progressive increase of differences in the condition of men, society is hopelessly changed into a few immensely rich and the many indigent; when the people can, from their humble condition and the operation of the laws of property, no longer exercise a regular influence on government; when they are bowed under the yoke of a few wealthy families, then the people cure the evil which grew out of the inequality of conditions, by pushing that inequality to the extreme; and, in order to put down an insolent and oppressive aristocracy, they, by a spasmodic effort, create, or, obeying the natural course of events, submit to a despotism. Thus the aristocracy brings on the unjust inequalities for which despotism is the remedy. The usurpations of a strong government, with the assent of the people, imply previous usurpations in the aristocracy. Witness the despotism of Denmark, established by the people for their protection against the nobility. Witness the policy of Louis XIV. and his predecessor; witness Henry VII. and Henry VIII., in England, absolute monarchs, tolerated in their extravagant usurpations, that so the power of the great landed aristocracy might be restrained, and the authority of the church subjected. Witness

the present constitution of the Russian empire, brought about, in like manner, by the act of the nation, to restrain the ambition of the nobles.

There remained no mode of establishing a fixed government in Rome, but by the supremacy of one man. In Italy, no opposition was made to Cesar on the part of the people or of the slaves, but of the aristocracy alone; and they could offer resistance only in the remoter subjected districts, with the aid of hireling troops, sustained by the revenues of the provinces which were still under the control of the Senate. The people conferred on Cesar all the power which he could desire; he was created dictator for a year, that he might subdue his enemies, and consul for five years, that he might confirm his authority. The inviolability of his person was secured by his election as tribune for life.

What would have been the policy of Julius Cesar, cannot be safely conjectured. To say that he had no plan is absurd; every step in his progress was marked by consistency. The establishment of monarchy was already an alternative to slavery. Cesar issued an ordinance, not indeed of immediate abolition, but commanding that one third part of the labor of Italy should be performed by free hands. The command was rendered inoperative by his assassination, the greatest misfortune that could have happened to Rome. For who were his murderers? Not the people; not the insur-

gent bondmen; but a portion of the aristocracy, to whom the greatest happiness of the greatest number was a matter of supreme indifference.

The great majority of the conspirators have never found a eulogist. Every ancient writer speaks of them with reprobation and contempt. Cassius, one of the chief leaders, was notoriously selfish, violent, and disgracefully covetous, not to say dishonest. He is universally represented as envying injustice rather than abhorring it, and his conduct has ever been ascribed to personal malevolence, and not to patriotism. But Brutus!—History never manufactured him into a hero, till he made himself an assassin. Of a headstrong, unbridled disposition, he displayed coolness of judgment in no part of his career. It was his misfortune to have been the son of an abandoned woman, and to have been bred in a home, which adultery and wantonness had defiled. The vices of early indulgence may be palliated by his youth and the licentiousness of his time; but Brutus, while yet young, was a merciless and exorbitant usurer, at the rate of four per cent. a month, or forty-eight per cent. a year. When his debtors grew unable to pay, he obtained for his agent an appointment to a military post, and extorted his claims by martial law. The town of Salamis, in the isle of Cyprus, owed him money on the terms we have mentioned. He caused the members of its bankrupt municipal government to be con-

fined in their town-hall, in the hope that hunger would quicken their financial skill; and some of them were starved to death. Such was Brutus at that ingenuous period of life, when benevolence is usually most active. He hated Pompey, yet after deliberating, he joined the party of that leader, and remained true to it, so long as it seemed to be the strongest; but no sooner was the battle of Pharsalia won, than Brutus gave in his adhesion to Cesar, and to confer a value on his conversion, he betrayed the confidence of the fugitive whose cause he had abandoned! In the plot against Cesar, Brutus was the dupe of more sagacious men.

Cesar had received the Senate sitting; this insult required immediate vengeance. They murdered him, not from public spirit, but from mortified vanity and angry discontent. The people, who had been pleased with the humiliation of their oppressors, were indignant at the assassination, and the assassins themselves had no ulterior plan.

## VI.

Slavery, by the gradual extermination of free labor and an industrious self-relying people, had poisoned the Roman State to the marrow; and though the conspirators had no fixed line of policy, yet the condition of the population of Italy led immediately to monarchy. The young Octavian owed his elevation, not to

his talents, but to the state of the times. Popular government had become an impossibility, and monarchy was the only mode of restraining the rapine of the Senate.

Slavery prepared the way for Oriental despotism by encouraging luxury. The genius of the Romans was inventive ; but it was only to devise new pleasures of the senses. The retinue of servants was unexampled ; and the caprices to which men and women were subjected, were innumerable. The Roman writers are so full of it, that it is unnecessary to draw the picture, which would indeed represent humanity degraded by the subserviency of slaves, and by the artificial desires and vices of their masters. This detestable excess extended through the upper class. Women ceased to blush for vices which, in other times, render men infamous. *Beneficium sexus sui vitiis perdiderunt, et quia foeminam exuerunt, damnatae sunt morbis virilibus.* At Rome, the gout was a common disease in the circles of female dissipation and fashion. The rage of luxury extended also, in some sort, to the people. For them, tens of thousands of gladiators were sacrificed without concern ; for them, the enslaved Jews raised the gigantic walls of the Coliseum, the most splendid monument of the corruptness of human nature ; for them, navies engaged in actual contests ; and the sailors, as they prepared for battle, received only an AVETE, on their way to death.



In like manner, the effect of slavery became visible on public morals. Among the slaves there was no such thing as the sanctity of marriage; dissoluteness was almost as general as the class. The slave was ready to assist in the corruption of his master's family. The virtues of self-denial were unknown. But the picture of Roman immorality is too gross to be exhibited. Its excess can be estimated from the extravagance of the reaction. When the Christian religion made its way through the oppressed classes of society, and gained strength by acquiring the affections of the miserable whose woes it solaced, the abandoned manners of the cities excited the reproof of fanaticism. When domestic life had almost ceased to exist, the universal lewdness could be checked only by the most exaggerated eulogies of absolute chastity. Convents and nunneries grew up, at the time when more than half the world were excluded from the rites of marriage, and were condemned by the laws of the empire to promiscuous indulgence. Vows of virginity were the testimony which religion bore against the enormities of the age. Spotless purity could alone fitly rebuke the shamelessness of excess. As in raging diseases, the most violent and unnatural remedies need to be applied for a season, so the transports of enthusiasm sometimes appear necessary to stay the infection of a moral pestilence. Thus riot produced asceticism; and monks, and monkish eloquence, and monastic vows were the protest against the general depravity of manners.

The gradual decay of the class of ingenuous freemen had been a conspicuous result of slavery. The corruptions of licentiousness spared neither sex ; and the consequence was so certain, that it was not long, before the majority of the cohorts, of the priesthood, of the tribes, of the people, nay of the Senate itself, came to consist of emancipated slaves. But the sons of slaves could have no capacity for defending freedom ; and despotism was at hand when, beside the sovereign, there were few who were not bondmen or the children of bondmen.

Rome was sufficiently degraded, when the makers of an emperor, stumbling upon Claudius, the wisest fool of the times, proclaimed him the master of the Roman empire. Slavery now enjoyed its triumph, for a slave became prime minister. *Io Saturnalia*, shouted the cohorts, as Narcissus attempted to address them. But the consummation of evil had not arrived. The husband of Messalina had, naturally enough, taken up a prejudice against matrimony ; the governors of the weak emperor, who managed him as absolutely as Buckingham managed James I., insisted upon his marrying Agrippina. He did so ; and Agrippina, assisted by freedmen and slaves, disinherited his son, murdered her husband, and placed Nero on the throne. Slaves gave Nero the purple.

The accession of Nero is the epoch of the virtual establishment of the fourth revolution. The forms of

ancient Rome still continued, but Nero was the incarnation of depravity ; the very name by which men are accustomed to express the fury of unrestrained malignity. Bad as he was, Nero was not worse than Rome. She had but her due. Nay, when he died, the rabble and the slaves crowned his statues with garlands, and scattered flowers over his grave. And why not ? Nero never injured the rabble, never oppressed the slave. He murdered his mother ; his brother ; his wife ; and was the tyrant of the wealthy ; the terror of the successful. He rendered poverty sweet, for poverty alone was secure ; he rendered slavery tolerable, for slaves alone, or slavish men, were promoted to power. The reign of Nero was the golden reign of the populace, and the holiday of the bondman. The death of Gracchus was avenged on the descendants of his murderers.

Despotism now became the government of the Roman empire. Yet there was such a vitality even in the forms of liberty, that they were still in some degree preserved. Two centuries passed away, before the last vestiges of republican simplicity disappeared, and the Eastern diadem was introduced with the slavish customs of the East. Up to the reign of Diocletian, a diadem had never been endured in Europe. Hardly had this emblem of servility become tolerated, when language also began to be corrupted ; and, within the course of another century, the austere purity of the

Greek and Roman tongues, the languages of Demosthenes and of Gracchus, became for the first time familiarized to the forms of Oriental adulation. Your imperial Highness, your Grace, your Excellency, your Immensity, your Honor, your Majesty, then first became current in the European world; men grew ashamed of a plain name; and one person could not address another without following the custom of the Syrians, and calling him Rabbi, Master.

It is a calumny to charge the devastation of Italy upon the barbarians. The large Roman plantations, tilled by slave labor, were its ruin. *Verum contentibus, latifundia Italiam perdidere.* The careless system impoverished the soil, and wore out even the rich fields of Campania. Large districts were left waste; others had been turned into pastures; and grazing substituted for tillage. The average crops hardly ever returned a fourfold increase. *Nam frumenta majore quidem parte Italiae, quando cum quarto responderint, vix meminisse possumus.* This is the confession of the eulogist and the teacher of agriculture. Italy was naturally a very fertile country; but slave labor could hardly wring from it a return one half, or even one third so great, as free labor gets from the hills and vales of New England. For centuries it did not produce corn enough to meet the wants of its inhabitants. Rome was chiefly supplied from Sicily and Africa, and the largest number of its inhabitants had for centuries been fed from the public magazines.

The Barbarians did not ruin Italy. The Romans themselves ruined it. Slavery had effected the decline of the Roman people, and had wasted the land, before a Scythian or a Scandinavian had crossed the Alps.

When Alaric led the Goths into Italy, even after the conquest of Rome, he saw that he could not sustain his army in the beautiful but desert territory, unless he could also conquer Sicily and Africa, whence alone daily bread could be obtained. His successor was, therefore, easily persuaded to abandon the unproductive region, and invade the happier France.

Attila had no other purpose, than a roving pilgrimage after booty; and as his cupidity was little excited, and the climate was ungenial, the unlettered Calmuck was overawed by the Roman priesthood, and diverted from indigent Italy to the more prosperous North. Rome still remained an object for plunderers, but none of the barbarians were tempted to make Italy the seat of empire, or Rome a metropolis. Slavery had destroyed the democracy, had destroyed the aristocracy, had destroyed the empire; and at last it left the traces of its ruinous power deeply furrowed on the face of nature herself.



## RUSSIA.

THE origin of the Russian nation is involved in the obscurity which hangs over most events belonging to a remote antiquity. Even the question, to what race of men the first inhabitants of European Scythia or Sarmatia belonged, is one which the investigations of modern inquirers have never been able to answer. "Of Russia, strictly so called," says the indefatigable Schlözer, "the ancients, from Herodotus to Charlemagne, knew as little as of Otaheite." Sarmatia and Scythia are vague appellations, applied to unknown regions in the North.

It is therefore impossible for the historian to derive the Russians from any race of the continent of Asia. Whatever may have taken place in the period, to which their annals do not ascend, and respecting which no clear allusions are to be found in foreign historians, to us they appear in the light of aboriginal inhabitants of the provinces which now constitute the centre of the empire. From the first they present

themselves with a language and character of their own ; they have no community with the Tartars, or with the Goths ; they were distinct from the Huns, though they may have served under the banners of Attila, in the time of his glory, and may afterwards have received among themselves the fragments of a nation, whose season of power had been so short, and yet so destructive. The remains or the exiles of other nations are to be found in the central provinces of Russia ; but the emigrants seem never to have even impaired the nationality of the original inhabitants ; but rather to have become incorporated with them to the entire loss of their own distinctive character. The Russian, therefore, is of all the present European peoples the one which may lay the best grounded claims to antiquity of residence in its present abodes. In the darkness of ancient centuries, extended over vast plains, into which the genius of Greece and the arms of Rome never penetrated, this people were slowly ripening to nationality during the ages of classic splendor, when Solon gave laws to the Athenians, and Rome strove after principles of public justice and liberty. If the Rhoxolani or Rhossolani were a branch of them, they were not wholly unknown during the wars of Mithridates ; and in the period of the Roman emperors they sometimes visited the mouths of the Danube, sometimes scaled the Carpathian mountains ; and the province of Mœsia was not safe against their precipitate and careless valor.

Till the middle of the ninth century, it is on all hands agreed that the history of the Russians has no authenticity. But even the earliest season in which some facts appear supported by various testimony, is involved in an uncertainty, which nothing but the most careful criticism can in any degree dispel. The original manuscript of the chronicles of Nestor is no longer to be found; and its copies have undergone so many alterations and interpolations, that it is difficult to separate the genuine from the false. Besides, who was this monk of the eleventh century, to whom Providence has conceded the singular honor of being almost the sole depositary of the early history of his nation? The accounts of the monk of Kiew coincide in many things with those of the Byzantine historians. Did he, then, draw his information exclusively from original sources, or was he guided in his inquiries by the writers of the eastern empire? Could there have been any written document in existence among the Russians on which he may have founded his narrative? Does not the time which intervened between the age of Nestor and that assigned for the foundation of the Russian empire, leave room to doubt the security of oral tradition? And could a monk of Kiew be accurately informed of what passed at Novgorod? It is evident, that Nestor was not unacquainted with foreign literature. Are we to infer from it, that he was the better able to register the course of events? Or shall we

suppose that he was led by the influence of foreign forms to give to Russian history an aspect of greater certainty than belonged to it? The accounts of Nestor, therefore, while they have an uncertain value for the whole period through which they extend, are of less questionable credibility in all that relates to the times immediately preceding his own.

Tradition traces the foundation of Kiew to the middle of the fifth century; the historians of the eastern empire, not less than Nestor, have preserved the accounts of an expedition, which is said to have been made by its princes against Constantinople in the ninth century. Nor does the commercial republic of Novgorod lay claim to a less ancient existence. Established on the banks of the Volchova and not far from Lake Ilmen, its situation explains its commerce with the North along the coasts of the Baltic; and its merchants exchanged at Constantinople their furs and honey and wax, the produce of their fisheries, and perhaps also slaves, for the wines and cloths of Grecian manufacture. The power and the wealth of the republic were conspicuous even in these earliest times. Their successors reduced many of their neighbors to subjection; and of the surrounding nations, whom they inspired with terror, they proudly demanded—“Who will dare to attack God and the great Novgorod?”

But a change was impending, which seems to have

proceeded from those domestic grievances and defects which are the result of age. What an idea of the antiquity of the Russian nation do we thus receive? Its first distinct historical celebrity is connected with the downfall of a republican state; the new dynasty of princes elevated its grandeur on the ruins of liberty. It is said that in some of the oldest temples of Egypt, the materials of the fabrics which are now standing show signs of having been previously used, so that the oldest buildings of the oldest civilized country are constructed of ruins; in like manner the history of modern Russia begins with the subversion of an ancient system by a domestic revolution.

The constitution of Novgorod is not known; but prosperity produced divisions, and divisions terminated in weakness. The Varagians, the pirates of the Baltic, men who seem rather to have been united by common habits than by common descent, a people numerous and warlike, attacked the republic from the north. At the same time the Sclavonian tribes of the south saw their liberties endangered by the Khozars, who were advancing from the shores of the Euxine. The citizens of Novgorod, being thus reduced to a state of danger and distress, voluntarily yielded up their liberties to foreign masters. A solemn deputation was sent to the sea-coast, and Riurick, or Rurik, with his two brothers and a large train of countrymen, came to rescue the Russian provinces from foreign invasion, and lay the



foundations of an empire, which even yet does not seem to have reached its limits.

It was in 862, or more probably in 852 (for Russian chronology has little certainty before the year 879), that the Russian throne was established. The history of the kingdom of France dates from 843; but the reign of Hugh Capet dates only from 987. England was not united under one sovereign till 827. The glory of the house of Hapsburg reaches no further than 1232; there was not even a duchy of Austria till 1156. The Prussian monarchy is but of yesterday. According to ancient chronicles, and the indirect evidence of the Greek historians, the Russian throne extends almost as far into the middle ages, as the establishment of the French kingdom, or the union of the Heptarchy of England; while it surpasses in antiquity almost every other existing government in Europe.

With respect to the earliest Russian dynasty, it may be well to separate the doubtful from the certain. That a republic should invite three brothers to annihilate its liberties and reign with unmitigated sovereignty is improbable, though not absolutely without example. It cannot be decided, nor is it of the least moment for the subsequent events in Russian history to decide, to what nation the family of Rurik originally belonged. Nestor says they came from the north. In that case they were kindred with the Normans, perhaps were Swedes. That with Rurik two brothers should

have come also and established principalities, should have died within two years and thus left Rurik lord of a vast and undivided territory, is not impossible, yet in itself not natural. That some nobles of his retinue should have gained of him permission to descend the Dnieper and attack Constantinople, and should have appeared before that city with two hundred vessels, is inconsistent with the rest of the narration. The inference is therefore forced upon the inquirer, that the *Roses* of the Greeks were not the Russians of history. The points on which reliance may be placed, are simple and sufficient. In the course of the ninth century the Slavonian tribes in the heart of Russia were united under one sovereign; their dominion gradually extended to Kiew; the name of Russians, which had long existed, became a general appellation; and finally, the family which traces its origin from Rurik was the ruling dynasty of Russia for more than seven hundred years.

Russia forms a connecting link between ancient and modern history. France, Spain, and England, were all conquered, and adopted the manners, the dialect, and the learning of their conquerors. In the heart of Germany, the Teutonic race preserved itself free from the loss of its language and its nationality. Have not the nations of Teutonic descent proved, by the results of their influence on human events and intelligence, that, as a mercy and a benefit to the world,

their name and nation were preserved unsubdued and unmixed? Have not some of the most valuable principles in learning, in philosophy, in religion, and, we may add, in the imaginative arts, been the results of their independence? Though it was long before they learned to unite the elegances of other times with native dignity and the acquisitions of knowledge, yet have they not at last shown themselves strong in the depth of sentiment, in earnest truth, and moral sublimity? And is it going too far to hope, that one branch of the great Slavonic family is yet to develop an independent character; that a nation, which has its unity and identity confirmed and endeared by a community of language, of religious faith, and of historical recollections,—a nation placed on lands which join the Caspian and the White Sea, the Baltic, and the most important basin of the Mediterranean,—a nation occupying a soil intersected by the largest rivers of Europe, and offering great and increasing facilities of navigation by canals,—a nation which reaches from the country of the vine and olive, to the latitudes of perpetual frost, and thus unites within itself all the conditions of national strength, commercial independence, and intellectual energy,—is it unreasonable to trust that the future course of such a nation is to be marked by results favorable to the best interests of humanity? That its copious and harmonious language is to become the voice of the muses, and the instrument of science? That culture is to find a way

into its healthful and fertile valleys, and that religion and civil liberty are eventually to win new trophies in these immense regions of ancient darkness? The Russian empire, like the United States, if comparatively weak for purposes of foreign aggression, is invincible within itself. Its soil is capable of sustaining, without supposing an uncommon degree of culture, a population of a hundred and fifty millions; the most vigorous government may find enough to do in controlling the members of this vast body politic; the most ambitious can have within its limits the means of gratifying an unwearied activity. It already covers a vaster extent of territory than any which the annals of the world commemorate, except it be the transitory dominion of the Zingis. Where every motive of philanthropy, and of the true passion for glory, impels to the diffusion of sciences and arts, the advancement of the purposes of peace and intelligence, the full display of the great and good qualities which exist in the ancient race that has held the north from immemorial ages, it seems not an unreasonable expectation, that the voice of humanity and of justice will be heard. It may be within the purposes of a controlling Providence, that the agency of the Russian empire shall spread respect for Christianity through the hearts of idolatrous nations. Its emissaries have already reared the temples of a purer religion among the Tartar states of Siberia, and planted the cross on the mountains of Kamschatka. The

traveller, as he wanders towards the pole, in latitudes where corn is ripened in a day (a day that extends over weeks), hears the sounds, and sees the character of a Christian worship; and monasteries are established even in the remote isles of the White Sea: the shores of the Caspian have ceased to acknowledge a Mahometan master, and the ancient fable of the prisoner of Mount Caucasus, the purest and most sublime invention of ancient mythology, has been but the faint shadowing forth of more glorious truths, which are making themselves felt and acknowledged in the very heart of the mysterious land of classic superstition.

But if, on the contrary, the form of autocracy should prove incompatible with the diffusion of knowledge, and if Russia should fail to attain to a government insuring the free development of national energy and the strict accountability of public servants, there may ensue a new migration of the nations and a subversion of ancient order, like the terrible devastations of the great destroyer of the middle ages. What force could the western nations oppose to the gradual advancement of Russian supremacy? The capital of Poland is nearly the centre of Europe, and it is in the hands of the Russians; Austria has possessions which are said to sigh for the yoke of Slavonic masters, rather than yield allegiance to the house of Hapsburg; Prussia holds the ports through which



provinces of the mighty state have their intercourse with the sea ; and probably the prosperity of both parts would be promoted by a union of the seaports and the interior under the stronger government. The Wallachians, the Moldavians, are of the same religious faith. It is not many years since Europe shrieked at the aggressions on Poland ; yet now a large part of the old Polish provinces rejoice in being re-united to their ancient brethren ; the heart of the kingdom, the grand duchy of Warsaw, has not for centuries enjoyed such tranquillity, such security, or such general prosperity, as at present ; the Polish provinces of Prussia lament their separation from their fellow-citizens of the old republic. Where, then, is the barrier against Russia on her frontiers ? On the north, she extends to the poles, and the conquest of Finland has made her inaccessible from the Scandinavian peninsula ; on the east, her limit is the Pacific, unless, indeed, we take into account her possessions in North America. On the south, she is herself most formidable to every one of her neighbors. Caucasian countries and the keys of Persia are already hers ; no vessels sail on the Caspian but by her permission ; she holds more than half the shores of the Black Sea ; the Turkish power may yet shine forth in temporary lustre before it expires ; but religious and national enthusiasm, and personal bravery, cannot resist the influence of causes which are constantly operating, and always increasing

in strength. Thus, Russia, inaccessible on the south, east, and north, stands in a menacing attitude towards the south-east and the west of Europe. Did not Peter the Great wish to become a state of the German empire? Has not a part of the Baltic coast belonging to Prussia been repeatedly grasped at? Did not the wise, the temperate, the forbearing Alexander, accept from his suffering and prostrate ally a portion of coveted territory in Galicia? Did he not, even after the peace of Tilsit, partake in the spoils of his unhappy associate in arms? The memory of these things has not perished; has justice intrenched herself in firmer sanctuaries? Has the consciousness of moral obligation so far gained force, that the appearance of a tyrant on a powerful throne would no longer perplex monarchs with a fear of change?

The statesman that believes in human virtue, may still seek for a guarantee of right in permanent interests, and in sufficient strength to repel unjust aggressions. It is painful to suppose that the balance of power in the north is so far destroyed, that the strongest hope of security lies in the wisdom of governments, the personal virtues of sovereigns, and the cordial union of the weaker nations.

But it is said that the Russian empire is a huge mass, which will of itself fall asunder. And why will it fall asunder? Is there not the tie of kindred in the great nucleus of the empire? Is not the whole well

annealed and firmly joined? Is it not cut off and separated from the rest of Christendom by its peculiar church discipline? Is it not one and undivided by its descent? Is it not bound together by having the same military heroes, the same saints, the same recollections, civil and sacred? Next to France, it is of all the states of Europe the one which is safest against division. How much more secure in its unity is Russia than Austria, which yet is secure except from some general convulsion. Of the Poles, the Russians, the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Germans, the Illyrians, and the Italians, which by their motley union constitute the ill-assorted mosaic of the great central sovereignty, how many at present dislike the Austrian supremacy! Will Hungary submit to be a dependency on a country of far less natural resources? Will the beautiful and fertile Bohemia consent to the annihilation of its language, its national laws and constitutions, its time-hallowed liberties? Will Russians prefer the sway of a foreign power to sharing the glory of their kindred? Will Poles desire to remain divided from Poles? Prussia labors under infinitely greater danger of dismemberment than Russia. The idea, that Russia will of itself break in pieces, is unfounded in the history or the character of the component parts of that empire.

But still it is so vast, so unwieldy!—And is it more easy to tear a member from a leviathan than a

fly? Are the limbs of a beast less firmly knit, because they are huge and massive? It is a clear lesson of history that large states hold together, long after wisdom has departed from the councils of their governors. The Roman empire never fell till it was shaken from abroad. The Greek empire lasted a thousand years longer, and would, in all probability, have lasted to this day, had it not received an irresistible shock from a nation which as yet had no home. Now the danger which is said to hang over Russia is solely from within itself.

The history of the future cannot be read in the experience of the past. We may trust that the new relations, which are rising in the world, will yet lead to a balance of power, dependent on the moral force of intelligence. We can but hope that a bright and peaceful futurity awaits a government, on which depends directly the happiness of sixty millions of men, a fifteenth part of the human race; a government which holds under its sway a large portion of the whole habitable globe; a government whose soil is susceptible of infinite improvements, and whose population is but just beginning to bear some reasonable proportion to its natural abundance. The voice of Slavonic poetry has already been heard, and the lessons of the Russian bards are full of the noblest moral truths. The Russian press is active. Works on domestic history are multiplying. The spirit of the

nation is aroused by the recollections which go back for so many centuries. The pride of national feeling is deep and strong, and arts and letters are making their way into the heart of a country which from its earliest ages has possessed an aptitude for learning.

Nor should it be left out of view, that while the general administration is autocratic, the municipal regulations are free; that local customs, constitutions, and religious peculiarities, are preserved; and that while there is no legitimate guarantee of civil liberty, and no exact limit to check the infringement of the imperial authority on particular privileges, yet practically the local institutions are respected; and in an autocracy, of which the territory is immense, the hand of the sovereign is not felt in its rudeness except in his personal vicinity. It is in a small kingdom that a tyrant is the most dreaded monster. In a large state the personal vices of the sovereign extend in their direct influence hardly beyond his immediate train.

They who limit their attention in Russian annals to anecdotes which illustrate the debauchery of the court, the ignorance of the nobles, or the superstitions of the vulgar, close their eyes on one of the greatest spectacles. The reception of the Russians into the pale of civilized Christendom forms an epoch in civilization, so wide are its influences, so powerful, grand, and beneficent the consequences to which it has led and may



lead. How different would have been the future of the world if the Russian state with its present power had adopted the manners and the religion of the east? What safety would there now be to Christian Europe? What increased dangers would not hang over its liberties? He that can neglect such results in the delineation of strange and uncouth manners, or in the scandalous chronicles of the licentiousness of an immoral court, gives up the contemplation of the great revolutions in national destinies, to the unworthy office of analyzing the vices of individual profligates. One of the noblest branches of knowledge, the history of nations, loses its dignity and value.

## THE WARS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

## I.

SHORTLY before the discovery of America, the Russian nation began to renew its glory. The victories of Tamerlane, by weakening the enemies of the Grand Prince of Moscow, had prepared the way for his successful refusal to send further tribute to the Golden Horde; and the great mass of Russian strength, reviving after a servitude of almost two and a half centuries, made conquests in every direction, under three successive princes of the house of Rurik.

For fifteen years of his reign, Ivan the Great had paid tribute to the Tartars; but in the year 1492, his power was firmly established as an independent prince. Some Russian merchants had been plundered by the Turks of Caffa. Ivan expostulated in a letter to Bajazet. "Whence arise these acts of violence? Are you aware of them, or are you not? One word more: Mahomet, your father, was a great prince; he designed to send ambassadors to compliment me; God opposed the execution of this project. Why should we not now see the accomplishment of it?" And in 1498, the ambas-

sador of the Grand Duke (the title of Czar had not yet been assumed) was charged "to compliment the Sultan standing, and not on his knees; to address his speech only to that sovereign himself, and to yield precedence to no other ambassador; and not in any manner to compromise the dignity of his master." The Russians, for another half century, remained unknown to the western kingdoms of Europe. Even after their conquests embraced Kazan and Lapland, they had no maritime intercourse with the rest of the world.

It is our present purpose briefly to trace the origin, the progress, and the political results of hostilities between the Ottoman and the Muscovite empires. The first rencounter of the Turks and Russians in a field of battle is assigned by Karamsin to the year 1541, on occasion of resistance shown to Sahib Gherai on the banks of the Oka. "There," says the Russian historian, "we for the first time beheld Ottoman trophies in our hands." But Von Hammer explains, that the trophies were those of a Tartar Khan, and not of Turks.

In the year 1553, the English sent forth three ships for the discovery of a Northeastern passage to Cathay or China. Two of them were wrecked; the third, commanded by Richard Chancellor, proceeded to "an unknown part of the world," and reached a place where there was "no night at all, but a continual light and brightness of the sun shining clearly upon the huge

and mighty sea." At length they came to a bay, and the mouth of the Dwina, and report having announced them to the terrified natives as men of "a strange nation, of singular gentleness and courtesy," Chancellor was able to travel into the interior. He found that the country was called Russia, or Muscovy, and that Ivan Vassilievitch II. "ruled and governed far and wide." This was "the discovery of Russia," of which the fame spread through Spain the belief "of a discovery of New Indies," and in England gave immediate impulse to mercantile adventure; so completely had Russia been withdrawn from the eye of the rest of Europe, just as she was about to enter on a career of splendid, permanent, and increasing conquest.

About the time that accident opened to the English merchants the avenue of Archangel, the Ottoman empire had attained its height under the sway of Solyman the Magnificent. His private misfortunes, his weakness as a lover, and his cruelty as a father, are favorite historical topics for those who delight to observe the workings of human passions on the arena of the world. But Solyman also had courage, enterprise, a love for letters, a fondness of magnificence in architecture. He himself commanded in thirteen campaigns, and the terror of his name pervaded Asia and Europe. His fleets besieged Marseilles, and alarmed Rome by anchoring in the mouths of the Tiber, while from the Persian Gulf they seized Bassora on the

Tigris; on the Mediterranean Sea, pirates plundered in his name, and the Ararat was hardly a limit to his emissaries on land. He left to his successor, Selim II., an empire extending in the east to Van and districts which Russian arms subdued during the summer of 1829; in the west, to Gran, within less than a hundred miles of Vienna. The conquest of Algiers and Tripoli had carried its dominion southerly to Nubia and the deserts of Africa, while in the north, towards Poland and Russia, the country of the Cossacks was interposed, and the line of respective sovereignty was still undetermined. The Nile and the Danube flowed through the domains of the Grand Sultan; the khan of the Crimea was his tributary and ally; the rich provinces which had witnessed and sustained the luxury of the Seleucidæ, were his; Palestine and a part of Arabia had submitted to him; Persia was overawed by his superior power, just as it now lies at the mercy of the Czar; and the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azoph were exclusively within his jurisdiction. The vast resources of these immense, populous, and opulent regions, were under the control of one will, and might be called forth with secrecy and despatch; his regular troops were admirably disciplined; and his artillery had been brought to a state of excellence by skilful engineers. Such was the Ottoman power, at the period of its first aggression on Russia.

That aggression, *the first war* between Russia and



the Porte, happened in the year 1569. Just thirteen years before this invasion, the Russian Czar, Ivan the Terrible, had succeeded in conquering the kingdom of Astracan. The Porte on the contrary held Azoph, the country round the mouth of the Don, and all the neighboring coasts. The interest of Selim seemed to require the possession of Astracan, that he might invade Persia from the north, while one of his officers suggested uniting the waters of the Don and the Volga by a canal, for the purpose of facilitating the transportation of munitions of war. The fourth of August was the evil day for the Porte, when three thousand janizaries and twenty thousand horsemen moved against Astracan; while five thousand janizaries and three thousand laborers made their way to Azoph. These ascended the Don to the place where that river is less than thirty miles from the Volga, and the excavations were commenced with incredible zeal. But the Prince Serebianow appeared with fifteen thousand Russians; and the janizaries and the workmen were massacred or dispersed. Meantime the garrison of Astracan made a successful sally upon their besiegers. The Turks were compelled to retreat; hoping still for the speedy arrival of succor. But a part of the army of the Tartars failed to appear, through jealousy of the too great preponderance of the Porte, which compromised their independence; a part had been attacked and cut to pieces by the Russians. The Turks, in

despair, trusted themselves in their flight to Tartar guides, who led them on purpose through destructive morasses, from fear for the security of their own nation ; and, finally, a miserable wreck only returned to Azoph, of an army which had gone forth in the pride of certain victory. The khan of the Crimea, who had anticipated his own entire subjection from the success of the Turkish enterprise, filled the desponding army with superstitious fears. His emissaries represented, that in the regions on the Don and the Wolga, the winter extends over nine months, and that in summer the night is but three hours long ; while the law of the prophet appoints the evening prayers two hours after sunset, and the morning orisons at the break of day. Terrified at the seeming contradiction between nature and the ordinances of their religion, they embarked at Azoph to return ; but a storm at sea completed the ruin of the expedition ; and of all who had been sent out on the great design, hardly seven thousand came back to Constantinople. Peace was restored between Russia and the Porte in 1570 by a Russian embassy. Yet it was remarked and remembered, that Selim, in giving audience to the Muscovite envoy, neglected to inquire after the health of the Czar, and took no concern for the hospitable entertainment of his ambassador.

## II.

More than a century passed away before the Russian and Turkish arms again met in battle. The spirit of conquest had never carried the Mahometans far to the north; Muscovy offered no places of abode which they coveted; and the Ukraine promised little booty. Russia itself had also been suffering a series of revolutions, which were finally to insure its prosperity. The old line of Rurik had come to an end; the throne had been usurped by a tyrant, marked by every vice and possessing no claim as a descendant of the ancient race of monarchs. At length a fierce opposition left the usurper no chance of escape, and he took poison. His son survived him but a few weeks. A pretender to the crown then entered the metropolis in triumph, and the false Demetrius held the supreme authority for a year and a month, till he too fell a victim to his own intemperate cruelty. Foreign aggressions ensued. The people proclaimed Shuskoi, a domestic prince, for their sovereign; but a succession of disasters placed the unhappy ruler at the mercy of Poland, while Sweden also strove to get one of its princes proclaimed in his stead. Absolute ruin seemed the inevitable doom of Russian power. But of a sudden a few patriots collected an army, rescued Moscow, and won a victory over the Poles. Then the Russians assembled and proceeded to the solemn election of a sovereign. The choice was

unanimous; and the whole nation hailed as its chief the youthful Michael, the first of the house of Romanow. Thus after an interregnum and fifteen years of disasters, the Russians were again united, and victory returned to their standards. Michael struggled successfully against the Poles and the Swedes; he entered into a treaty of peace with Turkey, on terms of mutual friendliness, obtaining the récongnition of his authority, and security against the incursions of the Tartars; and finally, he was the first European sovereign on record, who sent a solemn embassy to China, and formed with that power a treaty of amity and commerce.

The long and prosperous reign of Michael, from 1613 to 1645, was succeeded by a reign likewise long, wise, and prosperous. The authority of Michael had sprung from the pure source of a patriotic election; his son Alexei, who reigned from 1645 to 1676, confirmed the interior of the state, reformed the laws, won back from Poland many provinces, which had been extorted from Russian weakness, and was indefatigable in promoting the general welfare of the state. The father of Peter the Great was himself a man of justice and of mildness.

His eldest son, Feodor, followed him as Czar from 1676 to 1689. He was of a weak constitution, yet of an active mind and unwearied industry. It was soon after his accession to the sovereign power, in the year 1677, that *the second war* between Russia and the

Porte grew out of the fickleness of the Zaporagian Cossacks. That most singular race of men, either piqued at the haughtiness of the Turks, or preferring the sovereignty of those who were most ready and able to give them aid, placed themselves under the protection of the Russians.

The Cossacks, the mixed descendants of Russians, Poles, and Tartars, had remained in subjection to Poland since the fifteenth century, and had formed an excellent bulwark against the Turks and Tartars. They rebelled unsuccessfully in 1648, and again in 1651; and finally, in 1654, most of them sought protection of Russia, though a part chose rather to acknowledge the supremacy of the Porte. A conflict ensued between the Czar and the republic of Poland, ending with a compromise exceedingly favorable to the Russians. It remained to secure the country of those, who, in the first instance, had submitted to the Sultan, but now desired to be incorporated with their kindred.

The war was of three years duration; the incidents were few; the results of lasting importance. An attack was ordered by the grand vizier upon Tchiriquin, the chief place of the Zaporagians, on the banks of the river Tiasmin. But the Russians were on their guard, and repelled the Turks with their entire discomfiture. The next year, the new grand vizier, the famous Cara Mustapha, the same who afterwards besieged, and, but



for Sobieski, would have taken Vienna, renewed the attack with a host which, according to his own threats, was "innumerable as the stars of the heavens." The town of Tchiriquin was taken; but the success was barren of consequences; and Cara Mustapha retired to seek a more conspicuous theatre of action.

A truce of twenty years was concluded at Radzyn, in the year 1680. The Zaporagian Cossacks remained under the Russians; the Porte renounced every claim to the Ukraine and to Tchiriquin, and guaranteed Russia against any invasion from the khan of the Crimea; and finally the Tartars ceded several places to Russia, as dependencies of Kiev. The plain between the Dnieper and the Dniester was declared to be an independent waste, in which no Tartars were to settle.

Such was the honorable peace, concluded by the brother of Peter the Great. Feodor was a man of lofty mind, and of great energy of will. It was he who collected the books, in which the records of the rank of the several nobles were inscribed, and burnt them all in the presence of an immense assembly. This having been accomplished, he made proclamation, that "privileges and high offices are not the prerogatives of noble birth, but are to be obtained by personal merit alone."

### III.

*The third war* between Russia and the Porte, commenced in 1686, and did not cease till 1698; nor was

peace established till 1700. The early death of Feodor II., in 1682, opened the supreme power of Russia to the ambition of Sophia. During the first part of her reign, her sway was undisputed alike by the weakness of her elder brother, Ivan, or the boyhood of the younger, Peter. The favorite of the female regent was the Prince Galitzin, a statesman of laborious habits and sagacity. The Austrian emperor was still engaged in a protracted war with the Turkish power; and Vienna had been saved only by the magnanimous heroism of the Polish king. It was seen, that in Russia an important auxiliary might be obtained; and Polish and Austrian diplomacy were busy in seeking the alliance.

The wary Galitzin saw the advantages which Russia might win by a rupture with Turkey. At that time there was not one single harbor on the Black Sea belonging to the Muscovite; and the mouths of the Don and the port of Azoph began to seem essential to Russian advancement. But Galitzin did not engage impetuously in the alliance. A treaty with Poland bearing date May sixth, 1686, and denominated "The Perpetual Peace," required that republic to resign all claims to Smolensko and the Ukraine, as the preliminary to the alliance which first united Austria and Russia against the Porte, under the express condition that no separate peace should be concluded. At the same time, the relations of Russia with western Europe were renewed. Many centuries before, a Russian princess became the

mother of the French kings ; in 1687 the first embassy of modern Russia appeared in Paris.

The campaigns of 1687 and 1688 were both unsuccessful. In the former, the failure was attributed to the treachery of the Cossacks ; in consequence of which, their Hetman was banished to Siberia, and the notorious Mazeppa promoted to his place. In the second campaign, the Tartars being defeated, set fire to the arid prairies, and the flames, as they spread widely and continued long, involved many of the people and their cattle in the conflagration, and destroyed all means of forage.

But a new era was approaching for the internal relations of Russia. Peter had assumed his equal right to sovereignty, at the age of sixteen ; a bloody revolution secured the new Czar in power ; and the war with the Turks was almost forgotten for a series of years. The intrigues of the court and the interior of the empire, had occupied the attention of the restless Czar. But at length his ambition coveted an establishment on the Black Sea, and the capture of Azoph was resolved upon. In 1695, a fleet, built upon the Voronez, a navigable branch of the Don, descended the stream, and entered the Sea of Azoph. A numerous army was provided to repel the invasions of the Tartars ; another was employed in conducting the siege. Yet the first efforts of the young Czar were rash and unsuccessful.

He lost, during the campaign, many thousands of his troops, and failed to take the city.

Great success is usually preceded by defeats. Peter became more cautious ; he obtained from abroad better engines and artillery, and when in the next spring the siege was renewed, it was found impossible for the Turkish garrison to hold out. The city surrendered ; the fortifications were repaired ; the harbor was improved ; and the Russian standard was for the first time planted in triumph on the shores of waters which connect with the Mediterranean. Previously to the surrender of the place, the small Russian fleet had engaged the Turkish squadron, and to the astonishment of Europe, the fleet of a naval power which had been the terror of the civilized world, especially of the Mediterranean Sea, was vanquished by the boats of Russian sailors, who had hardly before seen, much less unfurled a sail, and whose only maritime communication with the rest of mankind, had been through the port of Archangel. The victorious army returned in triumphal procession to Moscow. Peter modestly joined in the crowd of gazers, took part in applauding the merit of the conquerors, and himself appeared as a private volunteer in the train of a superior officer.

On the continuance of the war, further advantages were gained at Azoph, and Perecop was taken after a murderous battle with the Tartars. But it was Eugene who accelerated peace by his success with the Aus-

trian forces at Zenta. Intrusted for the first time with the chief command, he dared to disobey the emperor's orders, which prohibited an engagement, and attacked the numerous Turkish army in the presence of the Sultan. Two hours, and a loss of five hundred men, procured a complete and decisive victory. "The sun seemed to linger on the horizon," said the youthful hero, to whose enthusiasm a little glorying may be pardoned, "to gild with his last rays the triumphant standards of Austria." The peace of Carlovitz gave to Peter a truce of two years, and the possession of Azoph with all its dependencies. The towns on the mouths of the Dnieper were dismantled, but remained under Turkish supremacy. This truce, entered into on the twenty-fifth of January, 1699, was converted into a definitive peace for thirty years, on the third of July, 1700.

Perhaps the reader is curious to know what honors were lavished on the hero whose first command was rendered illustrious by a victory, which gave repose to Russia, Poland, and Austria? It may be asked, what artists were engaged to preserve his features in marble? What public distinctions marked the deliverer of his sovereign? What rank, what estates, what triumphal entries were awarded to the modest and valiant Eugene? When the hero delivered the great seal of the Ottoman empire to the Austrian sovereign, he was welcomed with no approbation. He was soon after



arrested for fighting a battle against orders; was deprived of his sword; and like a malefactor, put under arrest. It was no new thing for Austria to be ungrateful. In September, 1683, during this same war of Austria with Turkey, the Polish king had saved Vienna from falling into the hands of the Turks. But John Sobieski was an elective king; and the cabinet of the emperor gravely consulted, if such an one had ever had access to the imperial presence, and in what manner he ought to be received. The deliverer of Vienna, the open, brave, chivalric Sobieski, was finally admitted to an interview, the formalities of which had been settled with ungrateful and pusillanimous punctiliousness.

On the other hand Peter the Great set at nought the distinctions of decorum as well as the vain ones of birth. He made of a baker's boy, who had once cried bread in the streets of Moscow, but who had abilities for rendering important services to the state, a general, a prince, a companion, and a friend; and raised to the rank of czarina a servant maid, whose venal beauty had first attracted his desires, and whose intellectual endowments and heroism had finally won his esteem

#### IV.

Our design extends no further than to trace the results of the successive wars which Russia waged with

her southern neighbor. We cannot even glance at the succession of brilliant victories and strange disasters, which made of the Swedish Charles at one moment the dictator of the north, and not many years after, the fugitive dependent on the charities of Turkey. The Turks manifested admiration for the unbending energies of this northern hero, and submitted to the influence of one who had only his own haughty stubbornness to inspire respect. The *fourth war* of Russia and the Porte was but an interlude to the grand drama which the northern nations had been enacting along the provinces on the Baltic. It is remarkable as the only one of the whole series in which the crescent had the superiority; and it almost cost the reformer of the Russian nation his liberty and the fruits of his laborious life.

This war was one of aggression on the part of the Porte. Peter strove hard to avoid it. It was declared in Constantinople, on the twentieth of November, 1710; and the counter-declaration of Russia was published at Moscow, in February, 1711. On the side of the Porte, the intrigues of the Swedish king had been seconded by the apprehensions of the khan of the Crimea, who feared that his own territory would next be coveted by his rapacious neighbor. The Sultan also heard with dismay of a Russian fleet in the harbor of Taganrog, and of Russian fortifications and artillery at Azoph.

The Czar was attended during the campaign by the woman, who, from a servant girl and captive, had risen to be his wife. The hospodar of Moldavia, the unfortunate Cantemir, proved a faithful ally to the Russians; the hospodar of Wallachia had also sought a correspondence with Peter; but finding a rival traitor in favor, by a second infidelity he returned to his allegiance to the Porte. Cantemir was unable to make good the promises which he had given in sincerity, while Brancovan, the hospodar of Wallachia, assisted in decoying Peter into an inextricable position.

When the Czar found himself, with no more than about twenty-two thousand men, encompassed by a hostile army of two hundred and seventy thousand, near the Pruth, suffering for want of water, without strength to hazard a battle, or force a retreat, or make good a defence, his magnanimity did not desert him. A messenger was despatched to his senate, declaring that his authority should cease with his liberty, and that in case of his death, the senate should proceed to elect the worthiest of their number his successor.

But the counsels of a woman saved him. The czarina proposed negotiations; and the grand vizier deemed a peace the surest way of securing the interests of his master. Its terms were, the restoration of Azoph; the destruction of the fortifications of Taganrog; the free return of the Swedish monarch to his realm. The grand vizier had further demanded,

that the person of Cantemir, the rebellious subject of the Porte, should be delivered up. "I would rather," answered the Czar, "cede all the territory between this and Kursk; I should have the hope of some day recovering it; but my broken faith would be irreparable: I cannot violate my promise; honor is the only thing that is peculiarly ours; and to renounce it is to cease to be a monarch."

Informed of the negotiation, Charles XII. hastened to the Ottoman camp, to reproach and to question the grand vizier. "How dare you," said the Swede, "how dare you sign the peace without first having my royal sanction, for whose interest the war was begun?" The grand vizier replied, "that his sublime master had ordered him to combat for the interests of the Ottoman empire." "You might have led the Czar and his army captive to Constantinople," said the king. "And if I had taken the Czar," replied the vizier, with insulting apathy, "who would have governed his states in his absence? It is not well for all kings to live abroad."

A delay in the surrender of Azoph had nearly renewed the war; but peace was finally established in April, 1712, under English and Polish mediation. The evacuation of Poland by the Russian armies was a new condition.

Thus were the plans of Peter in the south entirely frustrated. The acquisitions of his youth were lost;

the Russian fleets disappeared on the Sea of Azoph; the Euxine remained wholly a Turkish sea; and the southern commerce of Russia was once more deprived of all safe and natural issues. The Czar sought indemnification in the north; his affections were indeed more fixed upon that region, since it brought him into immediate connexion with civilized Europe; and Sweden was at last compelled to cede even more than he had demanded.

## v.

It was on occasion of the peace with Sweden in 1721, that the Czar was saluted by the Russian senate, the synod, and the people, with the title of Emperor of all Russia, which was at once acknowledged by Sweden, the Netherlands, and Prussia; but which was not adopted by the German empire till 1747, nor by Spain till 1759.

Four and twenty years had elapsed since the disasters on the Pruth had left to the Turkish power the pride of success. But the spirit of the Russians burned to avenge their reverses, and wipe away the recollection of their last treaty of peace. In the field-marshal Munich, the empress Anna found for her forces a leader, whom Frederick the Great has called the Eugene of the North. Thus in 1735, *a fifth war* against the Porte was resolved upon, and Austria was



induced to take part in it, through the hope of aggrandizement on her eastern frontier.

The war on the part of Russia was conducted with glory. Azoph was besieged and taken; and the Crimea invaded, but not reduced. Otchakov was conquered amid streams of blood, in 1737. The following year was not without its disasters; but in 1739 the Dniester was passed, the fortress of Choczim reduced, and all Moldavia fell into the possession of Russia.

On the part of Austria, there had, on the contrary, been displayed a singular succession of ignorant and pusillanimous leaders and statesmen. Modern history hardly furnishes an example of such want of energy, union, and ability, as was seen in the whole course of the management of the war, and still more in the negotiations for peace. The Austrian plenipotentiary pleaded the express instructions of his sovereign; the emperor charged the envoy with treachery and weakness; and the Austrian councils exhibited, in a season of trial and danger, the loathsome spectacle of petty minds, sacrificing the large interests of nations in the pursuit of private intrigues, and the gratifications of a mean-spirited, narrow, and quarrelsome ambition.

It was on that occasion, in 1739, that Austria surrendered Belgrade, and accepted the Danube, the Save, and the Unna, for boundaries. The history of the Austrian part of the war is a series of common events,

rescued by no characteristics, except the magnitude of the interests at issue, from the dull mediocrity of ordinary routine. The Austrian plenipotentiary was subjected in the Turkish camp to every kind of indignity. The grand vizier cut short all negotiation. "There is but one God," such was his style of diplomacy, "and I have but one word; and that is, Belgrade."

Thus deserted, Russia was glad to withdraw from the contest. The conditions which she obtained, retrieved her honor. The treaty of the Pruth was annulled; the imperial dignity of the Russian monarch was acknowledged; Azoph remained this time to the Russians; the territory of Russia in the Ukraine was extended. But it was also stipulated, that Russian ships were not to sail on the waters of the Euxine. The positive results of the war were considerable; but the moral influences on the tone of feeling in Russia, were of vastly more moment. Henceforth the Turkish power was regarded with comparative disdain. The decisive superiority of Russian arms, and the perfected organization of the Russian military forces, were due to the genius of Munich.

And what was his reward? He had hoped for an independent principality, which he was to conquer from the Porte. He subsequently devised the method of superintending the war department of the empire. Disappointed in his ambition, he resigned his public employ-

ments. At the end of a series of revolutions, he was arraigned before an inquisitorial tribunal. Vexed at their minute examinations, the veteran exclaimed, "Write down what answers you please, and I will sign them." They did so, and he was condemned to death; but the empress Elizabeth, who, during her long reign permitted no capital punishment, would only banish him to Siberia. There he occupied a house which he had himself caused to be erected for the bloody Biren. His residence, or rather his prison, was an isolated building, situated on a morass, completely exposed to observation. The income allowed for the maintenance of his household was twelve shillings a day. He amused himself with teaching boys geometry; and his name was still a terror in all the neighboring provinces. The reverses of fortune, which are frequent in Russian history, surpass the succession of scenes in a masquerade. The engineer who planned and executed the canal of Ladoga was left to draw diagrams for children in Siberia. He, whose voice had always rung like a trumpet in the ears of his army, and poured an irresistible flood of troops to the assault of Otchakov and Choczim, had no wider space for action than a marshy farm, and was himself transformed to a herdsman, hallooing to his cattle, on whose milk he in part depended for the daily expenses of his household.

At the age of seventy-nine, the venerable old man was recalled by Peter III.; and one who knew him,

describes him then to have been the model of aged, manly beauty. As he returned from his exile, he knew not if any one of his blood had been left alive; but a band of thirty-three of his descendants assembled to welcome him back to society and civilization.

## VI.

*The sixth war* of Russia and the Porte was begun by the latter power, and had for its immediate cause the determination of the Porte to preserve the independence of Poland. Catharine was not averse to war. The aged Munich had retained the fervor of his mind, and during the first years of the reign of the empress, she who was susceptible to every thing which promised glory or accession of power, loved to hear the octogenarian chief detail the plans which Peter had conceived, and the empress Anna well nigh executed.

The Porte strenuously demanded the evacuation of Poland by the Russian armies. France encouraged the sultan, who was a man of great firmness, to insist on the demand. Catharine, on the contrary, was determined by intrigues, divisions, and force of arms, to control the Polish government. Prussia and Austria acceded to her designs, and became partners in the aggressions on a state, which, at that time, possessed a territory not inferior in extent to France.

A peace of thirty years had diminished the military

zeal of the Ottomans. They began the war, and yet were obliged to act on the defensive. Austria was a quiet spectator; Frederick of Prussia even paid subsidies to the new Semiramis.

On the other hand, Catharine was animated by every motive which ambition and vanity could suggest. All Europe seemed to rejoice that a woman was to execute, what so many brave men had failed to carry into effect. Voltaire flattered Catharine as though she had been a goddess; and expressed for her every sentiment of adoration which courtly flattery could adopt. "Barbarians," said he, "who despise the fine arts, and shut up women, ought to be exterminated. It is fit for a heroine to punish them for their want of deference to the sex." When in the first year of the war, Choczim was taken by the Russians, "Oh! Minerva of the North," cried Voltaire, "avenge the Greeks; I go to meet you on the plains of Marathon." "It is not enough that the Turks should be humbled," thus he cheered on the empress; "their empire in Europe must be annihilated. They must be banished and, for ever, to Asia." He sounded "the tocsin of kings," in which he devoted the Ottoman race to ruin; advocating a war of extermination sometimes with fanatical fervor, sometimes with jests and gallantry. All Europe applauded without asking if the design was just, or if Russian despotism was less oppressive than the Turkish. Religious sympathy was awakened; a hostile feeling to



a foreign race revived; and the thought of the restoration of Greece captivated the imagination.

Connexions were formed with the insurgent pacha of Egypt; an insurrection was promoted in the Morea; the war was carried beyond the Danube into the mountains of Bulgaria, to Chumla, and almost beyond the Balkan; while a Russian fleet was despatched from the ports of the Baltic to the Cyclades.

The burning of the Turkish fleet at Tchesme was the great event at sea. The Turks had occupied a strong position in a strait between the island of Chios and the Asiatic coast. Nevertheless, the Russian admiral deemed it fit to make an attack. The flag ship of the Russians came into close contact with the largest vessel of the Turks. After an obstinate engagement, both took fire, and blew up; the officers and a very few men only having escaped. Upon this the Turks cut their cables and retreated to the small bay of Tchesme. Here they were closely huddled together, and were immediately blockaded by the Russians. Two fire ships were finally brought to communicate flames to the Turkish fleet. "The earth and the waves," says Catharine, "trembled from the great number of the enemy's vessels which were blown up. The sound reached to Smyrna, a distance of nearly forty miles. The morning after the conflagration, the water in the harbor of Tchesme was tinged with blood, so many Turks had perished." And she adds, "as for

the taking of Constantinople, I do not believe it so near; yet we must despair of nothing." A few days after, still dwelling on these scenes of horror, she expresses her fear, that her deeds in war may seem fabulous to posterity. "Yet a little more of this good fortune and the history of the Turks will furnish a new subject for tragedy to future ages." She had told the defender of toleration that twenty thousand Mussulmen had perished, and now she writes, "Really I think with you, that it will soon be time for me to go study Greek at some university."

By land, Romanzoff overran Moldavia and Wallachia in 1770, after conquering, on the river Kagul, 150,000 Turks, with an army of but fifteen thousand Russians. In 1771, Dolgoruki succeeded in subduing the Crimea which the Russians called Taurida, and was rewarded with the name of Krimski. "You will keep the Tauric Chersonesus," said Voltaire; "but if you make peace now, what will become of my poor Greece." "If the war continues," wrote the empress, "there will be nothing left for us to take but Byzantium, and in truth I begin to think that that is not impossible."

Charmed with the flattery of the greatest writer of the age, she believed in his visions of Olympian games to be established anew, of Attica rising up again in its ancient glory. A design for a medal, to celebrate the taking of Constantinople, was got ready in anticipa-

tion; she would say, half in jest, half in earnest, "We will have the ancient Greek tragedies enacted by Grecian players on the theatre of Athens;" and as for the road from Moscow to Corinth, she had traced it with her own hand on her maps. "But after all," said she as her finances became impaired, "I must practise moderation, and say peace is better than the finest war in the world." The year 1773 passed in negotiations.

There was not one of the European powers that was willing to see the downfall of the Porte; but the English Ministry could not interfere, for it gave all its energies to the repression of the spirit of liberty in America; and was led by its jealousy of France to seek the most intimate political connexion with Russia. France was paralysed by the abject vices of her sovereign. The king of Prussia clearly discerned how adverse to his own interest would be the increase of his neighbor, but he was bound by a treaty of alliance to which he remained faithful. Austria alone undertook to prevent Russian aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey.

On the sixth of July, 1771, her ambassador, Von Thugut, signed at Constantinople a secret convention, by which Austria, taking advantage of the necessities of the Porte, made valuable acquisitions of money, land, and commercial privileges, and in consideration of these advantages, promised jointly with the Porte to

compel Russia to return all the Turkish provinces she had conquered, and to secure the independence and freedom of the republic of Poland, which would then be a wall between Russia and the Porte. All the while that in his negotiations with the Porte he was assuming such obligations of hostility to Russia, he was using towards that power the strongest assurances of friendship, and engaged, with certain conditions, to use his influence to procure for Russia an advantageous peace. Meantime, the convention was kept a secret for several months; and Austria received a very acceptable strip of land as well as a large sum of money, which was welcome to an exhausted treasury.

Hardly were these advantages secured from the Porte, when Kaunitz, allured by the prospect of large acquisitions from Poland, came to an understanding with Russia, and expressed a willingness to assent to those conditions of peace which Catharine desired. Only he gave the crafty counsel, that she should first make much more severe requisitions than she designed to insist upon, to which Austria might earnestly object. Then by degrees the terms being made milder, as if by Austrian influence, both powers were to unite in pressing them upon the Porte.

The plan for jointly plundering Turkey as well as Poland, was made just six months after the convention by which Austria had pledged herself to take part with the Porte till all its possessions should be recovered.

The sympathy expressed by the European powers in behalf of Turkey, served only to confirm it in its disinclination to peace, and active operations were earnestly renewed. "You will take Byzantium," wrote Voltaire to the empress, "and you will cause the *Œdipus* of Sophocles to be played at Athens." "If the Turks continue the war," answered Catharine, "your wishes to see us upon the Bosphorus will be very near their fulfilment." In 1773 active operations were renewed in good earnest. Romanzoff crossed the Danube, which no Russian army had done before for eight hundred years. Yet he was obliged to retreat with great loss. The next year saw him again beyond the Danube; winning victories, and cutting off all communication between the grand vizier at Chumla and Constantinople. Meantime, the persevering Mustapha had been gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded by the imbecile Abdul Hamid. The grand vizier had no means of defence; his troops, in their fury, only massacred each other. The religious warlike enthusiasm of the Ottomans seemed to be extinct, under rulers educated in the seraglio to indulgence, not to the labors of government. On the twenty-first of July, 1774, sixty-three years almost to a day after the unfortunate treaty, by which Peter the Great had saved himself from a ruinous captivity, Romanzoff was able to dictate a peace, which was hastily signed in the Russian camp at Kutchuk-Kainardghi.



Its conditions were of the utmost importance in themselves and in their consequences. 1. The Tartars in the Crimea and the Kuban were to be independent, under Russian protection. 2. The Porte retained Moldavia and Wallachia, but Russia reserved the right of interfering, by its ambassadors at Constantinople, in their concerns. 3. Russia retained, of its conquests, Kinburn and Azoph, and important fortresses in the Crimea. 4. Commercial freedom was secured to the Russians in the Euxine, and in all the Turkish waters.

Thus ended the six years' contest. The coast from the mouth of the Dnieper to the Kuban, was now either Russian, or at the mercy of Russia. The Dardanelles were open to its fleets, and the Euxine free to its commerce.

The peace of Kainardghi had been dictated by Catharine, unrestrained by any foreign mediation. At the close of it, she found herself the arbitress of the interests of the northern nations; an object of distrust to the Swedish Gustavus; and of apprehension to the aged Frederic; while the Austrian emperor courted her alliance, and the remnant of Poland was swayed by her influence. By a wise organization of the states of her boundless empire, she brought its entire resources within her immediate and easy control; its moral strength was vastly increased by her arms; and now that her generals had been successful in Europe and Asia Minor, her imperial vanity aspired to the dis-

tion of legislating for the high seas, and protecting the rights of neutral flags against the aggressions of maritime tyranny. Is it strange, then, that her mind should have still fed on the hope of restoring the Byzantine empire? Is it wonderful, that she should have aspired to connect herself with classic associations, and have enjoyed, in anticipation, the flatteries that would have waited on the female restorer of Greece, and the female conqueror of Byzantium? Up to the last year of his life, Voltaire continued to use all his arts of flattery to animate her purpose. "The secret," said he, "of sending the Turks back to the countries from which they came, is reserved for the first woman of the human race, whose name is Catharine." And he offers to prostrate himself at her feet, and in his dying agony to implore victory for her arms.

The success of her first war with the Porte filled Catharine with an exalted idea of her superior resources; and she continued to aspire to an immortality of glory for her own name, by establishing a Greek or Oriental Empire. During her life it was her intention herself to govern this new dominion, together with her possessions at the North; and to bequeath the latter to her grandson Alexander, the former to Constantine. The names of the children were tokens of the high destiny that was preparing for them. Constantine, from his birth, was treated as the future emperor of Greece and the East. He was baptized

according to the rites of the Oriental Greek Church, which differ somewhat from the Russian, and he had Grecian nurses and attendants from the Archipelago. Accident prevented his being nursed with Grecian milk, but Grecian sounds were among the first which he heard. He was called the Star of the East, and while yet a child, Greeks were admitted to his presence to do him homage.

But before engaging in a new war with the Turks, Catharine secured the benefits of the recent pacification. For the dominion of the Black Sea, the possession of the Crimea was deemed essential; and now the last shade of the successors of Genghis, the former triumphant lord of Russia, was to surrender his sceptre into the hands of the empress.

In the treaty of Kainardghi, both parties bound themselves in the most solemn manner, not to interfere, on any pretext whatever, in the internal concerns of the Crimea. Yet hardly had the parchments been interchanged, before Russia was already busy with its intrigues. France was interested in behalf of the Porte; both because it furnished occupation to her enemies, and still more, for the immense injury which her commerce would sustain by its ruin. Into all the Turkish possessions the French might import and export every kind of raw or manufactured product, paying a duty nominally of three, actually of two and a half per cent. Not only other nations, the Turks

themselves paid a double, and on some things, a threefold greater duty. The coasting trade on the Turkish coast was carried on in French ships, free from any duty or tax whatever. The French residing in Turkey, stood under the sole jurisdiction of their own state. The commerce with France was constantly on the increase. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the annual exports from Turkey to France amounted to about two millions of livres; but in the middle of that century to twenty-two millions; and in the year 1786 to thirty-eight millions eight hundred thousand livres.

The diplomatic relations of the European powers were at this time exceedingly complex. Prussia had an intimate alliance with Russia, and having faithfully fulfilled its obligations in the first war between Russia and Turkey, believed itself now fairly entitled to a reciprocity of favor, to which it was reluctant to relinquish its claim. But Austria, moved by the prospect of aggrandizement alike in Bavaria and in European Turkey, unfolded itself from the embrace of France, and fell into the toils of Russia; France, left thus alone, endeavored to form a new combination with Prussia, which must first set itself free from its Northern ally. But insuperable difficulties stood in the way of this last combination.

The principal aim of France was, to defeat the schemes of aggrandizement formed by Russia and Aus-

tria; the principal aim of Frederic, to dissolve the union between France and Austria, and till there should be a rupture between those powers, he was too cautious to trust himself in an alliance with France. Yet while he avoided appearing to counteract the schemes of Catharine, he commanded his *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, Baron von Gaffron, not to lose a good opportunity of stirring up the Porte to resist the ceding of the Crimea to Russia, provided he could do so without danger of being discovered. Accordingly the envoy indited a most private *mémoire* for the Turkish minister, and gave it to his drogoman to translate and deliver. The drogoman, being bribed, gave the *mémoire* to the Russian ambassador. To justify himself against complaint and preserve the appearance of innocence, Frederic dismissed Von Gaffron from office, and put him in prison. Such were the contingencies of European diplomacy. Its morality resembled the Spartan principle about stealing. To play a double part was held a duty; to be discovered, a crime.

While negotiations were conducted with careful reserve between the Prussian and French governments, the courts of Vienna and Petersburg were not less active, though their progress towards an alliance met with serious difficulties. To Catharine the expulsion of the Turks was the great purpose; to Joseph the Second it was a secondary consideration,



to be made subservient to his views on Bavaria and elsewhere in the West. He acceded to the Russian policy to oblige the empress, that so the empress might in turn favor him. He did not believe success against the Turks so sure or easy as was imagined; and acknowledged also, that the Austrian interest would suffer from the capture of Constantinople by his northern rival.

While the great continental powers were wavering in their choice of alliances, Catharine gained possession of the Crimea. The convention of the tenth of March, 1779, confirmed in the most solemn manner the independence of this sovereign state. No foreign power should, under any circumstances whatever, demand of it an account of its actions; Russia and the Porte each promised, by all that they acknowledged as holy, never, under any pretence, to interfere in its concerns. The spiritual supremacy of the Grand Seignior was recognised, but was never to extend to other relations. Should either party by any unforeseen accident become entangled in the concerns of the Tartars, it was agreed, that no step should be taken by it without consulting the other.

Notwithstanding these obligations, Catharine took part in the troubles which soon broke out in the Crimea. The new khan, Schahin Gheray, was devoted to the Russian empress, and trusting in her protection, imposed unwonted burdens, violated estab-

lished usages, and pretended to be greatly enamored of European culture. To diffuse this in all its lustre, he formed the resolution of having the large French Encyclopedia translated into the Tartar language. His authority did not last long enough to execute his purpose; and when Catharine was mistress of the destiny of the Tartars, in a better spirit of toleration, she had a beautiful edition of the Koran printed for the benefit of her Mahometan subjects.

The Tartars revolted, and transferred their allegiance to Dewlet Gheray. The Russians had not yet withdrawn their forces; the Turks, therefore, felt themselves justified in sending troops to Taman, to relieve those who were suffering for their religious faith. This served Russia as a pretext for hostilities, and Prince Potemkin undertook to conduct the affair to its completion. Potemkin, the most powerful man in Russia, was little suited to conciliate either love or esteem. The Grand Duke, the Count Panin, and other noblemen of the empire detested him. By persuading Catharine that his services were indispensable to her security, rather than by the influence of attachment, he gained entire sway over the empress and the state, and retained it till his death. He had no distinguished talents as a commander; yet the whole army was under his control; and all the generals of greatest experience and fame were subject to his caprice. He understood but imperfectly the foreign relations of his

country or the wants of the interior ; and yet it was he who dictated to the vanity of the empress the measures to be adopted within her immense dominions or towards foreign powers. Without elevated ambition of any kind, it never occurred to him, that he could do good to mankind by wisely guiding the affairs of that large portion that depended on him. To him nothing was nobler than the honors that dazzle the beholder ; his whole soul was in the gratification of his vanity. He prided himself on his skill in regulating cavalry, and used to boast of his regiment as the finest in the universe. His love of display made him fond of giving peculiar brilliancy to the ceremonies of the Greek Church. Denying himself nothing, he indulged all his whims, and wished to have it known that he could do so. This was to him the great purpose of life. He disregarded distinctions of birth, of rank, of wealth, and was always bent on showing that he alone held the control. Frederic the Second once directed his ambassador to offer Potemkin his influence in gaining for him the crown of Poland ; Potemkin replied, that he had never dreamed of such a matter, and did not respect the Polish nation enough to be willing to be their king. He treated the most distinguished foreigners with contumely, and listened to the proposals of foreign ambassadors with the contemptuous air of one who but just condescends to hear the requests of his inferiors and dependents. Sated with pleasure, he lavished the

public treasure with boundless prodigality in the gratification of his caprices. Catharine anticipated all his wants that could be divined, and gave him incredibly large sums ; nevertheless, he would pervert the funds intrusted to him for public purposes, and even forge orders of the empress, to get possession of money, which he knew to be peculiarly needed by the state. Potemkin took bribes from foreign princes to promote their objects ; and his views were so contracted, that he could not judge of the true interests of the empire. He used on all occasions to set in the most ridiculous light Frederic's strict economy and simple mode of living ; and once when that monarch opposed a second division of Poland on account of its injustice, he read the king's letter three several times and then gave it back to the Prussian minister with the words, " I never should have believed that King Frederic had such romantic notions."

Though seizing immense treasures, which he carelessly squandered at the gaming-table or for any fancy, he was accustomed never to pay those who furnished him with the necessaries of life. Merchants held themselves ruined, when an order came to supply the wants of Potemkin. He had no sentiment of mercy in his nature, and would torment without any object, as if to show that he could do so with impunity ; and he cared as little for human life as for money, if the waste of it pleased his capricious humor.

Potemkin has been called a man of colossal greatness. But he was in no wise great. His mind was low and coarse. He began his career of success like the other favorites, chance having made him known to the empress; and he confirmed his power by impudence, and insensibility to moral feeling and honor. He cared neither for exercising a wide influence over the destinies of men, nor for gaining an immortality of fame; but wished to live in splendor, have all near him at his feet, and prove himself to be lifted above every motive to fear. Such was the man who was employed to annex the Crimea.

“Blood and booty” were the watchwords, as Potemkin poured the Russian army into the heart of the dominions of the khan. Thousands of families were destroyed, or carried away into bondage in remote Russian provinces; till finally, the khan and some of the royal tribe declared “their conviction, that happiness could be found only under the mild government of the empress, and that they therefore submitted themselves and their nation unconditionally and for ever to her authority.” On the eighth of April, 1783, the empress issued her manifesto, that for sundry reasons therein given, “she had been induced to receive under her authority the peninsula of the Crimea, Kuban, and the island Taman. Her new subjects were exhorted to fidelity and obe-



dience." The oath of allegiance to the empress was administered ; every refusal was punished with death.

As if nothing had happened, Catharine taking advantage of the alarm of the Porte at her alliance with Austria, directly proposed and extorted a treaty of commerce and amity with Turkey, on conditions most favorable to Russia. Hardly had this been effected, when she proceeded still further, and demanded of the Porte a recognition of her sovereignty over the Crimea ; threatening war, and Austria joining her in the threat, if she received a refusal. The Porte yielded, and the river Kuban became the acknowledged boundary between the Turkish and Russian empires.

Thus Russia tore from the Porte the granary of Constantinople, and an outpost which had been important as a resource in war, capable of furnishing excellent soldiers. This province became at once of vast importance to Russia, for it afforded the means of conducting the most extensive commerce. But Catharine and Potemkin both valued it chiefly as the preparation for further conquest. At the mouth of the Dnieper the empress caused a new city, Cherson, to be built. The conquests received their ancient name, the Tauric Chersonesus, or Taurida, and Potemkin, who obtained the appellation of *the Taurian*, assumed the charge of changing the Tartars into good Russian subjects. In the execution of his office he

knew no purpose beyond gratifying his own rapacity and the vanity of the empress. Constitution, manners, and established customs were despised; justice was made a matter of purchase; the wealthy were plundered; many fled; many were driven into other Russian provinces; and foreigners were indiscriminately invited from all quarters. In former times, the Tartar khan had joined the Turkish army with fifty thousand well equipped horsemen; two years after the land had become an integral part of the Russian empire, the census of all the male inhabitants is said to have amounted to but seventeen thousand.

In 1787, Catharine made to this part of her dominions a journey which resembled a continued triumphal procession. Potemkin wished to exhibit proofs of the rapid prosperity of the Chersonesus, and the newly acquired provinces. Palaces were therefore erected, though to be occupied but for a night; signs of apparent prosperity and contentment were every where hung out for show; towns were built and people assembled to play the part of inhabitants; then the houses were left vacant, and the same people, having been carried forward by night, showed themselves on the next day, ready to act the same thing over on another spot. Music and dances enlivened the hours; the plains, over which the Tartars had so recently sped their coursers amidst the loneliness of rude nature, resounded with strange notes of

mirth, and glittered with the splendors of imperial magnificence. The deputies of a hundred subject nations stayed the steps of the Semiramis of the North, who was come to receive their homage. The king of Poland made his appearance to gaze at the novel spectacle. Joseph the Second also hurried all the way from Vienna to behold the show, and the newly built city, Cherson, became brilliant with splendid festivals, given in honor of his arrival. Never had the banks of a river flowing through a wilderness been made the scene of such revelry. And here in the solitary city of the desert, intoxicated with triumph, viewing with contempt the withered energies of the Porte, and holding out greedy hands to seize on new diadems, the German emperor and the Russian czarina perfected their scheme for the dissolution of the Turkish empire, and divided in anticipation their future conquests, inscribing over one of the gates of Cherson, "This is the way to Byzantium." "The Crimea," we quote from a confidential letter, which Joseph II., immediately after his visit to that province, wrote to his own minister, Kaunitz, "Taurida, has not any thing so very remarkable. But nevertheless, the advantages which Russia derives from the acquisition of this province, are very important. It can reduce the Osmanlis to extremities, after the destruction of their fleet; it can make Stamboul tremble; it gains the way to Paros and the Hellespont; but there I must by all means

come first on the side of Rumelia." The Austrian emperor read the book of futurity well; but it was only a glance of fruitless covetousness, which he was allowed to cast on Rumelia and the Hellespont.

## VII.

The Porte was the aggressor in the *seventh war*, which in August, 1787, the year of Catharine's visit to Cherson, was declared against its overshadowing neighbor, and began with unusually favorable auspices. Asia poured out its thousands to be arranged under the banners of the grand vizier, and almost ten thousand seamen had been impressed from the islands of the Archipelago alone. The army of the Turks amounted to about 450,000 men, of whom about one half were cavalry. Russia and Austria were, indeed, in union; but Poland, now in a state of anarchy and civil feuds, engaged the immediate attention, and divided the ambition of Catharine; Sweden assumed a lowering aspect; England and Prussia were averse to the diminution of the Ottoman power; the reforms of Joseph II. were exciting discontents throughout his dominions; and the Russian empress would gladly have avoided a rupture, and foregone the gorgeous vision of a Grecian empire.

The war opened with attempts of the Turks to recover Kinburn, and thus reconquer the Crimea.

But Suwarrow was there, and their enthusiasm was fruitless. Once, indeed, during the attack, the Russians were obliged to fly; but Suwarrow, who was in the foremost ranks, galloped after the fugitives, and throwing himself upon the earth, cried out, "Run, ye rascals, do but run; here will I alone be cut in pieces." Fired by his words, the Russians rallied, the front was formed anew, and the enemy's troops were dislodged from their intrenchments with the loss of all but about five hundred men. This was the only occasion, during the war, on which the Turks were able to act as aggressors.

The Austrian campaign of 1788 was one of great loss and disgrace. Joseph II., with a passion for being esteemed a great warrior, had not one of the qualities of a general; neither coolness, nor prompt decision, nor firmness. A mistaken humanity left his army to waste away by disease, without undertaking any decisive exploit; and he is supposed to have lost more men from his tenderness and irresolution, than a bolder commander would have done in an active campaign.

The emperor was always employed, by day with the concerns of war, by night with the civil administration. He exposed his own person fearlessly, but spared his troops. His care for their supplies was exemplary. His own dress was simple; his table



frugally supplied; and, as for his lodging, he sometimes occupied an ordinary hut, sometimes slept upon the ground. He made every personal sacrifice; but the gallantry of his officers did not save him from the results of his own want of judgment. The emperor expected confidently a battle and a victory; and instead of it, on the night following the twentieth of September, he was involved in a disorderly retreat, which quenched his military vanity, destroyed his reputation as a commander, and left in him the seeds of a mortal disease.

Quite different were the results in Moldavia, where the Austrians, under Coburg, united with the Russians, and reduced Choczim. Meantime, the attention of Potemkin had been directed to Otchakov, at the mouth of the Dnieper. In the naval battles which preceded the siege, Paul Jones acted as rear-admiral, and advanced his fame for coolness, intrepidity, and skill. The possession of the place itself was important to Russia, for its recent acquisitions would thus be effectually secured from attack. It was at last, after a siege of nearly six months, taken by storm on the seventeenth of December, the day of St. Nicholas. It cost the lives of about 9,500 Turks and of 2,700 Russians. The Russians obtained the entire mastery of the city in about one hour and a quarter; and it has ever since constituted a portion of the Russian empire.

In the midst of this victorious career, Gustavus III.,

instigated in part by his own ambition, in part by England and Prussia, made a sudden, and, to Catharine, a most unexpected attack on Russia. This invasion divided the forces of the empress, but was resisted with admirable dignity; and after a conflict of more than two years, she compelled her voluntary aggressor to recede. All the while the war against Turkey was continued without interruption.

The campaign of 1789 was attended by great results both for Austria and Russia. Gallatz, Ackermann, and Bender, were taken by the latter. But the great event of the campaign, was the battle of Martinestie, on the Rimmik, in which about 21,000 Russians and Austrians, after a fierce strife of eleven hours, gained an entire victory over an army of nearly 100,000 Turks. Prince Coburg had been nearly surrounded. He wrote a despatch to Suwarrow, and desired him to effect a junction. Suwarrow tore a scrap from the letter, scrawled the words, "I'll come," and in a twinkling sent the messenger back, following just in time to be present at the engagement. The prince solicited him to allow his troops some rest before fighting. "My men," replied he, "need no repose; St. Nicholas before me, myself following the saint, and my soldiers following me, let us attack the foe." The victory was one of the greatest ever gained by an Austrian general, and was won by a wise disposition of the artillery, and extraordinary coolness and rapidity in con-

centrating forces on the disputed points. Coburg spent the winter in Bucharest. Loudon, on the other side, succeeded in taking Belgrade; the siege of Orsova was commenced, and the year came to an end under circumstances which seemed to leave hardly one strong place, or one effectual barrier, between Belgrade and Constantinople.

The death of Joseph II., in the spring of 1790, left Russia to continue her career of victory alone. Not daunted by the desertion of its ally, Potemkin completed the conquest of Bessarabia. The object of the Russians, in this campaign, was to defend the Crimea, and by driving the Turks from the right bank of the Danube, to gain the ability of prescribing the terms of peace. To this end Kilianova was taken, and the mouth of the Danube occupied, and at last the siege of Ismail was regularly commenced by the main army of the Russians under Potemkin. It had lasted more than seven months, and little impression was made. Potemkin was with his women, who amused themselves by drawing cards and telling fortunes. "I predict," said one of them to him, "you will take Ismail in ten days."—"I know an oracle much surer than that," said Potemkin, and issued an order to Suwarrow to take it within three. On the evening before the storming, Suwarrow addressed the troops in these words: "To-morrow early, an hour before day, I shall get up, shall say my prayers, wash myself, dress myself,

then I shall crow like a cock, and do you storm according to my directions." It was done. The Russians lost 15,000 men in the assault of the city and avenged their loss in the blood of 35,000 Turks. The Russian eagle was finally planted in triumph on its walls, and Suwarrow obtained a glory for the massacre of myriads, far transcending that of the bloody Poliorcetes of antiquity.

At the negotiations for peace the diplomacy of Russia and Austria were in contrast. A few months before the death of Joseph II., Prussia formed a strict alliance with the Porte, and assumed a menacing attitude towards Austria. Thus, when Leopold II. came to the throne of Austria, he found a hostile spirit in Prussia, already ripe for action; Hungary was still heaving with discontent; the Austrian Netherlands were in open revolt; in various parts of his states, dissatisfaction prevailed; the season was one of scarcity; the finances were exhausted; his own election as emperor of Germany not having been secured, the German empire was without a head; France was in a state of revolution, which foreboded a general crisis; and England held a peace as the price of its friendship. Besides, he was himself of a mild character, and willing to give repose to the many nations which now acknowledged his sway. At the congress of Reichenbach, which opened in 1790, Prussia, England, and Holland, as mediating powers, dictated to Leopold the strict *status quo* as the condition of the

peace, which was concluded in the following year between Austria and the Porte. What a contrast with the proud anticipations of Joseph II., but three years before, in his interviews with Catharine at Cherson ! He had wasted the strength of his empire, sacrificed his reputation as a military man, and prepared his own grave, without securing to his successor one single advantage, or bringing to reality any one of his schemes.

Deserted by Austria, Russia was left alone. Sweden had been let loose upon her from the north ; Pitt equipped a fleet to give force to the intervention of England ; Prussia had undertaken the guarantee of the possessions of Turkey ; France and Spain, so long as they could, had likewise been active against the empress ; her treasury was exhausted ; her generalissimo, Potemkin, enfeebled and dying ; and, what interested the cabinet of Petersburgh most of all, the anarchy of Poland had reached its crisis. Yet in the midst of all these difficulties, the empress maintained her purpose of terminating the contest without foreign mediation. Preliminaries were signed in August, 1791, and were changed into a definite peace in January, 1792. Russia kept possession of the district between the Dnieper and the Dniester, retained the Crimea and Kuban, and on these conditions, consented to restore all other conquests. So lightly did Catharine, even while she longed for peace, hold the threats of England and the guaranties of



Prussia. Thus did she secure to her empire all the coast from the Kuban to the Dniester, and annex to it the deserts, where Odessa was soon to bloom.

Count Suwarrow, who with Potemkin conducted the Russian armies during the war, was one of the extraordinary men of his age. If he had not conjoined the talent of inspiring unlimited confidence, his manners would have made him pass for a whimsical buffoon; and had he not been successful, he would have been known only for foolhardiness and savage intrepidity. He was a powerful instrument in the hands of others; a soldier panting for bloodshed and the honors of victory; at Ismail, Warsaw, and among the Alps, alike indifferent to the cause which he defended, or the lives which he sacrificed. He possessed the great qualities of a soldier; a keen eye, sagacity, prompt decision, and unsuspected fearlessness. His motto was, "Forwards and fight." "A general," he would say, "should be at the head of an army, not at its tail;" and on the day of battle, he might be found in the very hottest of the fray. He was of a restless and feverish activity; and in Italy, the French found him equally fertile in invention and alert in execution.

His wrath was fierce and ungovernable, sometimes bitterly insolent, sometimes passionately cruel. Yet he loved freedom of speech in his intercourse with others; and it is related of him, that one day when in a gust of anger he was beating a soldier unmercifully, a

young officer, who stood near, cried out, "The field-marshal Suwarrow commands us not to give way to our anger." "The field-marshal Suwarrow must be obeyed," replied he, and stopped cudgelling immediately. In his habits he was an ascetic. He slept on straw, or on hay, even in the period of his princely fortunes. Whatever furniture he found in a room which he was to occupy, he was apt to dash in pieces. Especially he would break all mirrors. Sometimes he would take out the windows; "Suwarrow is not afraid of cold." Sometimes he would unhinge the doors and throw them away; "Nobody dares come into the same apartment with Suwarrow." He respected Russian usages. When Paul wished to change the uniform of the Russian troops, and introduce the custom of wearing long hair, Suwarrow would not co-operate in effecting the change. "Cues are not pikes, nor curls cannon," was his justification. On Sundays and on holidays he would read to his men out of books of devotion; was himself exact in the duty of prayer; and if he met a monk or a priest, would kiss his hands and beg a blessing. He never gave the signal for battle without making the sign of the cross, and kissing the image of St. Nicholas. He would worship relics; drink consecrated water; and eat consecrated bread, yet with such gestures and grimaces, that his devotion seemed the display of a merry-andrew. He knew how to inspire his soldiers with a national fanat-

icism, and made them believe, that if they died in fighting his battles, they would immediately return to life without grief in the places that were dearest to them. In his speech, Suwarrow was blunt and odd; was fond of short, pithy sayings; and occasionally issued orders in doggrel rhyme. Even his reports and despatches to the empress were sometimes written in a sort of jingle. His public honors were as singular as his character. Beside magnificent presents of diamonds, of which the ill-dressed warrior was very proud, Catharine rewarded him, after the Roman fashion, with the surname of Rimnitski; and Paul made him a prince, with the name of Italinski, just as Scipio of old took the name of Africanus, from the scene of his victories. An imperial ukase was also issued, proclaiming him the greatest general of all time. And yet to us Suwarrow seems no better than an inferior Attila, who only needed to possess undisputed power over another race of Huns, to have swept from the world the fairest monuments of civil liberty. His memory is perpetuated by the massacres of Ismail and Praga; and Carnage may claim him as her favorite son.

## VIII.

We have spoken thus far only of wars between the Turks and Russians. Did they never, during their long course of existence, range themselves in union under the same banners? Has the silver crescent on

its shield of green, never once been raised in harmony with the triple crown of the two-headed eagle? Among the countless variety of human interests, was there never one in which the ambition of both powers found a common purpose? Once, and yet only once, the armies of the Czar and the caliph met in alliance, achieved a joint victory and entered a city in company and in triumph, to restore an exiled sovereign. That city was Rome; that sovereign was the Pope. An English squadron appeared in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, while Russians and Turks assisted at the siege of Ancona. Success ensued on each side of the Apennines, till all three nations, as they advanced from either shore, assembled in the Eternal City; and English, Russians, and Turks, heretics, schismatics, and unbelievers, conspired to restore the apostolic see.

The last war of the Porte against Catharine had cost the sublime sultan the lives of more than a million of men, had spread discontent through his provinces, and, finally, as we have seen, but for the influence of Prussia on Austria, and but for the more inviting scene of conquest opened in Poland, would have left his empire at the mercy of the victor. For some years, the policy of France and England, and, we may add, of Russia, towards the sovereign of Constantinople, was singularly wavering. A series of revolutions in the heart of Europe, far beyond the reach or the cognizance of the Ottoman divan, had recovered

Egypt from French dominion, and had contributed to the erection of the republic of the seven islands, under the protection of the Porte, and the guarantee of Russia. At times, the three great powers, within the short space of seven or eight years, stood, each for itself, in a hostile attitude towards the sultan; and, during the same period, had vied with each other in courting his friendship, and offering strict guarantees of his entire possessions.

The peace of Presburgh, in 1805, between Austria and France, gave up to Napoleon the province of Dalmatia, bordering on the Turkish empire, and made the condition of that empire more precarious than ever. Yet, in the following year, the divan, influenced by the successes of the French in the north of Europe, abandoned its friendly connexion with Russia, which had been renewed but the year before, and, despatching a splendid embassy to Paris, courted an alliance with France.

The presence of Sebastiani in Constantinople made the influence of Napoleon paramount; and brought in its train the hostility of England. France and Turkey having formed a connexion, England and Russia were driven to an alliance by a common repulsion. When hostilities between France and Prussia were renewed, Russia's armies invaded Moldavia without any previous announcement, and in the same year,



1806, entered Bucharest in triumph; while the insurgent Servians attacked and took Belgrade.

The divan made a formal declaration of war, *the eighth against Russia*, on the seventh of January, 1807; and, encouraged by the rapid victories of Napoleon, prohibited to all vessels the navigation through the Dardanelles. The blow was aimed at Great Britain, and brought a British fleet into the harbor of Constantinople. The English admiral demanded the surrender of the castles of the Dardanelles, the surrender of the Turkish navy of twenty-one ships of the line, a declaration of war against France, and the cession of Moldavia and Wallachia to Russia. Failing at Constantinople, the fleet withdrew, and subsequently made an adventurous and ultimately fruitless invasion of Egypt.

But the course of the war was to be influenced by other events than the issue of Russian and Turkish arms. Of the fifteen grand sultans of the eighteenth century, Selim III. was the most intelligent. He knew the weakness of his empire, but desired to renovate it. Peter I. of Russia had moulded the rising energies of a nation; Selim III. had the harder task to check decay. Deficient in firmness of character, he adopted a partial reform. He left to the janizaries their strength, but formed also an army, which was to exist by the side of the ancient forces, and which was disciplined according to the rules of Euro-

pean tactics. He was also carried away by a romantic admiration for Napoleon ; and his intimacy with Sebastiani, whom he permitted to enter the sacred interior of the seraglio, offended the stern pride of the confirmed Mahometan bigots. Suddenly, on the twenty-eighth of May, 1807, an insurrection began. On the twenty-ninth the unhappy Sélim endeavored to pacify the wild mass of insurgents by concessions, assenting even to the death of his ministers who were favorable to reform. But he sacrificed his consistency without securing his liberty. When the mufti joined in the attempt to depose the sovereign, Selim, finding resistance useless, bade adieu to his attendants, and repairing to the apartments which were henceforward to be his prison, consoled his captivity by singing the story of his fall.

The nephew of Selim, the weak and ignorant Mustapha IV., was raised to the throne. The newly organized army was disbanded ; and a reaction began to exterminate every trace of reform. Thus, by anarchy, and the consequences of the disastrous tumults in its interior, the Ottoman state lost the opportunity of attacking Russia, at the time when she was suffering from the battles of Eylau and Friedland.

The peace of Tilsit contained a clause providing for an armistice with the Porte. The Russians were immediately to evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia, into which the Turks were not to enter till the conclusion

of the peace. In consequence of this clause, Russia made a truce at Sloboja with the Porte, on the twenty-fourth of August, 1807. But peace did not ensue on the armistice, nor did Russia evacuate the provinces.

The truce continued, as if by common consent, and without any express stipulations, till the year 1809. During that period, a new, more fatal, and more bloody revolution, had sent to the grave every male descendant of Osman but one.

The pacha of Rutschuk, Mustapha Bairactar, a personal friend of the deposed monarch, a strenuous advocate for the party of reform, and enemy to the prevailing system of reaction, determined to set aside the effeminate Mustapha IV. and raise Selim once more to power. At Adrianople he was joined by the grand vizier; and with about thirty-six thousand men they marched upon the capital, under the banner of Mahomet. The sultan endeavored to win Bairactar by appointing him to the chief command of his armies. But the leader of the invasion would not be diverted from his purpose. Having first confirmed his military strength, he assembled the divan, the mufti, the leader of the janizaries, and the ulemas; took from the hesitating grand vizier the seals of office and put him in chains; and then sent the mufti, and the aga of the janizaries, to demand the restoration of the throne to Selim. By the advice of the mufti, Mustapha IV. immediately ordered Selim to be executed. When

Bairactar appeared at the inner gates of the seraglio, and received the mangled and mutilated corpse of his benefactor, whom he had expected to restore, grief stayed his revenge but for a moment. Mustapha IV. was deposed, and his younger brother Mahmoud II. was girded with the sword of the Prophet. The grand vizier and the mufti were thrown into the Bosphorus; the chief of the eunuchs, and those who assisted in murdering Selim, were hanged. The remains of Selim were interred with great pomp.

The office of grand vizier was conferred on the author of the revolution; and the way seemed open to the regeneration of the state. Bairactar enjoined new levies and warlike preparations. He restored in the army European tactics and discipline; he increased the military subordination; he allayed the private feuds of the pachas, and made them all swear that they would contend only for the defence of the empire. He caused the youthful sultan to appear in the divan, and take part in the public business; and he spread through the provinces a fear which promised the restoration of order and the return of security.

Thus there were two parties at Constantinople. The one favored an approximation to European culture, and held office under a sultan who was a creature of their own. But the advocates of unreformed Mahometanism were still secretly active and powerful. On the fourteenth of November, the anniversary of

the day on which the Koran is said to have descended from heaven, a counter-revolution was begun. Bair-actar, fearing he should be overpowered, put to death the late sultan Mustapha IV. and his mother. He was himself driven to his own palace; and there, retiring to a tower, blew himself into the air; or, as some say, was suffocated by the flames. A furious battle was fought round the seraglio, between the supporters of the ancient and the new order. Thrice the janizaries were repelled with a loss of three thousand men. The capudan pacha, taking sides with the party for reform, bombarded the town. The palace of the sultan took fire. The flames spread to the city. At last Mahmoud II., perhaps deserted by his counsellors, perhaps concerned for his life, perhaps seeing no alternative, yielded to the rebellion, and promised the janizaries all they would ask.

Thus the great question of a change in the political system of the Porte, was decided for the present by an insurrection in the streets of Constantinople. The fierceness of the contest proved that the friends of reform were already numerous; and they fell, rather from too great confidence in their strength, and the want of ability on the part of the sultan, than from an actual inferiority in their resources. The person of the monarch was sacred, because he stood alone; the sole descendant of the race of Osman; caliph and grand sultan without a rival; and at that time without an



heir. The monarch of the Turks, in spite of the institution of polygamy, was an isolated being. There was not on earth one man in whose veins flowed the blood of his family.

A sultan, ruled by a lawless body of military insurgents, promised no great display of external strength. The congress of Erfurt, and the events which preceded it, changed the relative position of the powers of Europe. When France formed an alliance with Russia, the Porte, no longer attracted to Napoleon, was left to a new combination with England, with which power a treaty was concluded on the fifth of January, 1809. The year 1808 had been signalized by a war between Gustavus IV. of Sweden and Alexander. The peace of 1809 gave to Russia the province of Finland, and secured her for ever against invasion from the north.

Alexander, on his return from Erfurt, opened a congress with the Porte. The Turks knew that they were abandoned by France, when the Russian embassy demanded the cession of all the land beyond the Danube; but, trusting to the alliance with the English, they ventured to renew the war for three campaigns. The political relations of the great powers decided more than battles. The Danube and its fortresses offered an obstacle to the Russian arms, far less formidable than the mountains of the Hæmus. In 1811, the Russians retreated beyond the Danube; the Turks pursued, only to be entirely defeated; and

their camp at Rutschuk was taken by storm. This led to a peace, for France and Russia having again become divided, the Porte was swayed by the counsels of England; and in spite of the treaty, by which France and Austria had mutually guaranteed the integrity of the dominions of Turkey, the Pruth and the Danube became the boundaries of Russia, which thus gained Bessarabia, and the third part of Moldavia, together with the control of the natural channel of Hungarian commerce.

## IX.

The *ninth war* between Russia and the Porte, declared by Russia in April, 1828, was far less protracted than those of the last century. Magnificent hopes of change and appalling victories had prepared its way. It did, indeed, seem at first, as if the civilized world were arming its moral force, to rescue from an uncertain slavery Christian states which had so long been the victims of despotism. The insurrection of the Greeks gave a pious aspect to the foreign influence which was invoked against the ruthless revenge, attending Ottoman successes. Philanthropists in both hemispheres almost persuaded themselves that the Turkish sovereignty stood arraigned before the grand inquest of nations; the sentence of exclusion from the benefit of human sympathies was pronounced; and the legions of the

north were summoned as the ministers of retributive justice.

But as the contest advanced, a consideration of important interests, such as had led, in the former centuries, to repeated collisions, began to resume and to exercise an overwhelming influence. The eyes of men had been dazzled, and their hearts confounded, by the protracted wars and intricate negotiations which had grown out of the French revolution. That momentous event had seemed to interrupt the continuity of history; and appeared, like a dark and unexplored gulf, separating the past and the future. But at last the nations came to be at rest; and even the tremulous motions, which had followed the fierce agitation, began to be tranquillized. Old sympathies and objects of ambition revived; and purposes, which Russia had for more than a century been desirous of executing, were hurried to maturity by fortunate circumstances, and a dexterous use of unforeseen opportunities.

Not the failure of an entire compliance with some points in the treaty of Bucharest, not the frustrated negotiations of Ackermann, not a returning sympathy with the subjugated and dismembered kingdom of Servia, not an enthusiasm for enfranchising Greece, precipitated the struggle. The main terms of the treaty of Bucharest had been fulfilled; the Servians, however reluctantly, had been abandoned to themselves; and insurgent Greece could for a long time

find no hearing in the cabinets of legitimate sovereignty.

But for more than a century, it had been the deliberate aim of Russia, to command the Euxine, to have an absolutely free communication with the Mediterranean, and to wrest from the Turkish sceptre its provinces beyond the Danube.

Alexander, in his day, steadily pursued it, whenever his relations with France permitted; and during his war with Turkey, repeatedly refused to make peace, except it were purchased with the cession of the Principalities. It was under the auspices of Nicholas that the Ottoman territory was actually invaded, after nine years of preparation.

The events attending the short struggle, proved alike the desire and the inability of some of the leading European powers to interfere. England was never so much at a loss for instruments to check Russian aggrandizement. Prussia, which had used its influence against Joseph II. with so much success, was now in close alliance with the Russian emperor; and Sweden, which, under the bold and inflexible Gustavus, had almost planted its standards on St. Petersburg, has, since the loss of Finland, been effectually separated, by a sea, from the powerful empire which it at one time rivalled and attempted to subdue.

It is one of the peculiar advantages of the Russian position, that with the largest territory, it has a frontier

nowhere peculiarly open to invasion. In Warsaw, the centre of Europe, the Russian armies are stationed as an advanced guard. On the north, it has, with respect to Sweden, every advantage of an ultra-marine position. Prussia, from the facility with which its provinces might be invaded from Poland, will never seek a dispute with its overshadowing neighbor. There remains, therefore, Austria only, with whom England could concert an opposition to Russian success in Turkey. But for purposes of foreign aggression, Austria is peculiarly weak, and, most of all, is weak on the side of Russia. Every page of its history shows how hard it was obliged to contend for Hungary; how earnestly it has desired to secure the adjoining provinces on either side of the Danube; and the history which has occasion to record its longing and repeated efforts to acquire the latter provinces, has also to add its disappointment and defeat.

There was therefore no help for Turkey, but in its own resources, and the personal character of its sovereign. The world has, during the summer of 1829, had occasion to see what they could accomplish. It seemed doubtful, whether it was easier to win from him provinces in Asia or in Europe.

Having thus sought for the origin of the late war in the hereditary policy of the Russian government, and having explained its rapid issue, from a consideration, first of the difficulties which checked foreign in-



fluence, then of the weakness of the Turkish power in consequence of domestic factions, and lastly, of the personal debility of the reigning sultan; it only remains to enumerate the terms on which peace was finally conceded. The conclusion of the contest has been aptly compared to the termination of the second Carthaginian war with Rome. The cases have many points of analogy. The Russian general, like the Roman commander, was still a young man; the peace in each case was concluded, just as the capital of the conquered country was on the point of being attacked. The provinces beyond the Danube are lost to the Porte, as much as Spain was to the Carthaginians. Greece is to Turkey, what Numidia was to Carthage. But if Diebitsch shall be Scipio, where is our Hannibal? On the whole, the Roman conqueror prescribed less degrading terms, and acknowledged less equivocally the independence of Carthage.

The commerce of the Turkish empire is surrendered to the Russians. They may go to all ports, and conduct their traffic almost on their own terms, independent of any plenary exercise of Turkish sovereignty. Every Russian who treads on the Turkish soil is possessed of immunities which the law of nations has heretofore hardly conceded to ambassadors. The Turk who may murder a Russian cannot avert from the Porte a war of annihilation. The Roman tribunes were, in their persons, hardly held as sacred, or pro-

tected by as severe threats, as is every Russian subject who may henceforth pass the Danube. The Russian government retains the privilege of watching over every one of its citizens, even after they have entered a foreign territory; and it thus acquires a conditional right of inquest into every nook and hamlet, every city and harbor, every bazaar and encampment of the Turks. The precincts of the seraglio, and the recesses of the mosques, nay, for aught we see, the presence-chamber of the Sultan, and even the sanctuary of Mecca itself, are no longer sacred, except by courtesy.

These points, rendering Russians, and Russian commerce in Turkey, amenable only to Russian authorities, are inconsistent with independence. But this is not all. By the peace of Adrianople, the Porte is deprived, effectually, though indirectly, of the sovereignty of at least eight parts in nineteen of all its European possessions. The Peloponnesus with large additions, Servia, and the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, are severed, we trust for ever, from the Ottoman sway.

Whatever relation Greece may bear to the Porte and to the rest of Europe, it will stand virtually under the guardianship of Russia, and, for the present, will have with it a community of interests, as of religion and of enemies. Statesmen have not forgotten that the sovereignty of the Ionian Isles was transferred to Great Britain through the hands of Russia; the re-

maining isles and the main land still offer every facility for contesting, with English ambition, the commerce of the Levant, and the supremacy in the Ægean sea. Some protection from abroad is essential to the new state. *Bene vivit, qui bene latuit.* Greece will probably be to Russia what Florence was to Austria.

To Servia, the peace of Adrianople brings hardly fewer advantages than to Greece. That country, in extent about as large as Denmark, or as Vermont and New Hampshire, has been long swept by the besom of war, and will probably have to encounter one struggle more, previous to its entire emancipation. On comparing the conditions of the several treaties of Bucharest, Ackermann, and Adrianople, we find that the Porte retains the citadels of Servia (of which Belgrade is the chief), and is to receive from the Servians a *moderate* tribute. The Russians guaranty, that it shall not be *excessive*. The more vague the expression, the more room is allowed for the interference of the stronger party. To the Servians are further conceded privileges equal to those enjoyed by the most favored provinces, and a right of negotiating under Russian auspices, to secure to themselves the liberty of worship, the choice of their own chiefs, freedom of commerce with all parts of the Turkish territory, the entire domestic administration, even over property belonging to Mussulmans, and a prohibition to Mussulmans, other than those appertaining to the garrisons, to establish them-

selves in Servia. Has not Servia, then, ceased to be a Turkish province? Is the sovereignty of the Sultan any thing more than nominal? Or, rather, where does, in truth, the ultimate sovereignty reside? The Porte holds the fortresses; Russia guaranties the liberties of Servia; the Porte levies a tribute of money; Russia has on the affections of the people a hold, which can open their most secret coffers; the Porte is ever ready to prove its power by oppression; and Russia confirms to each Christian inhabitant of Servia, the peaceful enjoyment of his property and its rights.

Respecting the noble provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, jointly equal in extent to about three fourths of Florida, Russia, delaying for the present to claim them in fee simple, has entered into actual possession, under a mortgage which will probably never be discharged. Henceforward Austria has every thing to fear and nothing to hope from a war with her neighbor, who now controls the great highway of Hungarian commerce, and has easy access to almost one half of her frontier. The schemes of Peter the Great are accomplished. He found an empire which had no communication with the great seas of commerce but through Archangel. His successor is master of the Baltic, the Caspian, and the Euxine; and is preparing to struggle with the English for the ascendancy in the *Ægean*.

The results of the late war have excited apprehension

in England ; but not because the British empire in India has been endangered by it. The alarm about India is a mere chimera ; and ages must roll away, and one career of wild ambition be succeeded by another, before a Russian Genghis would venture to stray into India with countless hosts of vagrant conquerors. No ! The points of collision are much nearer, less magnificent in extent, but yet immediate and important. The command of the Archipelago may be disputed between those who protect the Ionian Isles and the fosterer of independent Greece. England and Russia, the great European rivals, are, indeed, themselves at the extremes of the continent ; but the states which are their respective clients, are situated almost side by side, and a predominant influence in the Ionian Isles is more than counterbalanced by the cluster of Greek islands in the Ægean, and the deep harbors and noble bays of continental Greece.

On the whole, the peace of Adrianople is favorable to the best interests of civilization. Some portions of regions, on which nature in her kindest mood has lavished all the elements of prosperity, are now permitted in security to profit by their natural advantages. Servia gains a respite from oppression ; the means of eventually securing her independence ; and an opportunity of developing her vast, and, as yet, almost wholly unexplored resources. The principalities may now prosper, and the desolate majesty of those



rich but wasted countries yield to the gentle influences of accumulated wealth and protected industry. But above all, Greece is restored to the affections of humanity. Favored by Providence in its situation and climate beyond any portion of Europe, its prosperity must be rapid and cheering. If local influences, the temperature and soil of a country, decide on the occupations, and in some measure on the character of its inhabitants, the virtues and genius of antiquity will under some aspect reappear. However much the forms of empires may have changed, the great features of nature remain unimpaired. The same bright sun, which shone on Plato and Phidias, on the heroes of Salamis and the orators of the Athenian democracy, still rolls with undiminished splendor through the clear sky of Hellas. The streams of the Ilyssus and the Eurotas flow in their wonted channels. The olive of Minerva still ripens its fruits, and ripens them once more for peaceful citizens, who, in their turn, have struggled against the barbarian for their domestic liberties. It is, indeed, Greece, and living Greece. She reappears to take her place in the family of nations. Her star ascends brightly through a sky that no longer lowers.

The remainder of European Turkey lies at the mercy of its great adversary. If it had strength to commence the recent struggle, it has, in the present treaty of Adrianople, resigned every hope of future

successful resistance. Indeed, the whole empire of Turkey is as prostrate before the Czar, as Persia has been since the termination of its late war with Russia. The influence of Nicholas prevails from the frozen sources of the Torneo to the Persian Gulf. His ships ride triumphantly in all the Turkish waters ; the lives of his subjects are charmed against every aggression and violence throughout the Ottoman dominion. He has won every thing which was essential to the prosperity of the provinces which acknowledge his sway. He has done something for the cause of humanity. But now the world has a yet deeper interest in the wise administration of the internal concerns of Russia, and in the personal character of her sovereign. Since it would be idle to wish for her many provinces that highest good which comes from the conflict of free opinions, we will hope that he may emulate the mild virtues of an Antonine, rather than the less arduous and less rare distinction of extensive conquest.

## OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES.

### A WORD ON CALVIN, THE REFORMER.

NORTHAMPTON, Oct. 22, 1834.

IT is intolerance only, which would limit the praise of Calvin to a single sect, or refuse to reverence his virtues and regret his failings. He lived in the time when nations were shaken to their centre by the excitement of the reformation; when the fields of Holland and France were wet with the carnage of persecution; when vindictive monarchs on the one side threatened all protestants with outlawry and death, and the Vatican on the other sent forth its anathemas and its cry for blood. In that day, it is too true, the influence of an ancient, long established, hardly disputed error, the constant danger of his position, the intense desire to secure union among the antagonists of popery, the engrossing consciousness that his struggle was for the emancipation of the Christian world, induced the great reformer to defend the use of the sword for the extirpation of heresy. Reprobating and lamenting his adhesion to the cruel doctrine, which all Christendom had

for centuries implicitly received, we may, as republicans, remember that Calvin was not only the founder of a sect, but foremost among the most efficient of modern republican legislators. More truly benevolent to the human race than Solon, more self-denying than Lycurgus, the genius of Calvin infused enduring elements into the institutions of Geneva, and made it for the modern world, the impregnable fortress of popular liberty, the fertile seed-plot of democracy.

We boast of our common schools; Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools. We are proud of the free States that fringe the Atlantic. The pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory, and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of American liberty.

If personal considerations chiefly win applause, then no one merits our sympathy and our admiration more than Calvin; the young exile from France, who achieved an immortality of fame before he was twenty-eight years of age; now boldly reasoning with the king of France for religious liberty; now venturing as the apostle of truth to carry the new doctrines into the heart of Italy, and hardly escaping from the fury of papal

persecution ; the purest writer, the keenest dialectician of his century ; pushing free inquiry to its utmost verge, and yet valuing inquiry solely as the means of arriving at fixed conclusions. The light of his genius scattered the mask of darkness which superstition had held for centuries before the brow of religion. His probity was unquestioned, his morals spotless. His only happiness consisted in his "task of glory and of good;" for sorrow found its way into all his private relations. He was an exile from his country ; he became for a season an exile from his place of exile. As a husband he was doomed to mourn the premature loss of his wife ; as a father, he felt the bitter pang of burying his only child. Alone in the world, alone in a strange land, he went forward in his career with serene resignation and inflexible firmness ; no love of ease turned him aside from his vigils ; no fear of danger relaxed the nerve of his eloquence ; no bodily infirmities checked the incredible activity of his mind ; and so he continued, year after year, solitary and feeble, yet toiling for humanity, till after a life of glory, he bequeathed to his personal heirs, a fortune, in books and furniture, stocks and money, not exceeding two hundred dollars, and to the world a purer reformation, a republican spirit in religion, with the kindred principles of republican liberty.



THE OFFICE OF THE PEOPLE IN ART, GOVERNMENT, AND RELIGION.

AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE ADELPHI SOCIETY OF WILLIAMSTOWN COLLEGE, IN AUGUST, 1885.

I.

THE material world does not change in its masses or in its powers. The stars shine with no more lustre than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gemmed the fields and the forests, before America was discovered, now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer shines on us in unchanging lustre. The bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated; no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis, and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons, without increase or advancement.

But a like passive destiny does not attach to the inhabitants of the earth. For them the expectations of social improvement are no delusion; the hopes of philanthropy are more than a dream. The five

senses do not constitute the whole inventory of our sources of knowledge. They are the organs by which thought connects itself with the external universe; but the power of thought is not merged in the exercise of its instruments. We have functions which connect us with heaven, as well as organs which set us in relation with earth. We have not merely the senses opening to us the external world, but an internal sense, which places us in connexion with the world of intelligence and the decrees of God.

There is a *spirit in man*: not in the privileged few; not in those of us only who by the favor of Providence have been nursed in public schools: IT IS IN MAN: it is the attribute of the race. The spirit, which is the guide to truth, is the gracious gift to each member of the human family.

Reason exists within every breast. I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty, which from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth, and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence; that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another, which the pride of philosophers might conceive. To them no faculty is conceded, which does not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there can not spring up a

truth, which does not equally have its germ in every mind. They have not the power of creation ; they can but reveal what God has implanted in every breast.

The intellectual functions, by which relations are perceived, are the common endowments of the race. The differences are apparent, not real. The eye in one person may be dull, in another quick, in one distorted, and in another tranquil and clear ; yet the relation of the eye to light is in all men the same. Just so judgment may be liable in individual minds to the bias of passion, and yet its relation to truth is immutable, and is universal.

In questions of practical duty, conscience is God's umpire, whose light illumines every heart. There is nothing in books, which had not first, and has not still its life within us. Religion itself is a dead letter, wherever its truths are not renewed in the soul. Individual conscience may be corrupted by interest, or debauched by pride, yet the rule of morality is distinctly marked ; its harmonies are to the mind like music to the ear ; and the moral judgment, when carefully analyzed and referred to its principles, is always founded in right. The eastern superstition, which bids its victims prostrate themselves before the advancing car of their idols, springs from a noble root, and is but a melancholy perversion of that self-devotion, which enables the Christian to bear the cross, and subject his personal passions to the will of God. Immorality of

itself never won to its support the inward voice; conscience, if questioned, never forgets to curse the guilty with the memory of sin, to cheer the upright with the meek tranquillity of approval. And this admirable power, which is the instinct of Deity, is the attribute of every man; it knocks at the palace gate, it dwells in the meanest hovel. Duty, like death, enters every abode, and delivers its message. Conscience, like reason and judgment, is universal.

That the moral affections are planted every where, needs only to be asserted to be received. The savage mother loves her offspring with all the fondness that a mother can know. Beneath the odorous shade of the boundless forests of Chili, the native youth repeats the story of love as sincerely as it was ever chanted in the valley of Vacluse. The affections of family are not the growth of civilization. The charities of life are scattered every where; enamelling the vales of human being, as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Our age has seen a revolution in works of imagination. The poet has sought his theme in common life. Never is the genius of Scott more pathetic, than when, as in the *Antiquary*, he delineates the sorrows of a poor fisherman, or as in the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, he takes his heroine from a cottage. And even Wordsworth, the purest and most original poet of the day, in

spite of the inveterate character of his political predilections, has thrown the light of genius on the walks of commonest life ; he finds a lesson in every grave of the village churchyard ; he discloses the boundless treasures of feeling in the peasant, the laborer and the artisan ; the strolling peddler becomes, through his genius, a teacher of the sublimest morality ; and the solitary wagoner, the lonely shepherd, even the feeble mother of an idiot boy, furnishes lessons in the reverence for Humanity.

If from things relating to truth, justice, and affection, we turn to those relating to the beautiful, we may here still further assert, that the sentiment for the beautiful resides in every breast. The lovely forms of the external world delight us from their adaptation to our powers.

Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?

Her features could they win us,

Unhelped by the poetic voice

That hourly speaks within us ?

The Indian mother, on the borders of Hudson's Bay, decorates her manufactures with ingenious devices and lovely colors, prompted by the same instinct which guided the pencil and mixed the colors of Raphael. The inhabitant of Nootka Sound tattoos his body with the method of harmonious Arabesques. Every form, to which the hands of the artist have ever given birth, sprung first into being as a conception



of his mind, from a natural faculty, which belongs not to the artist exclusively, but to man. Beauty, like truth and justice, lives within us; like virtue and like moral law, it is a companion of the soul. The power which leads to the production of beautiful forms, or to the perception of them in the works which God has made, is an attribute of Humanity.

But I am asked if I despise learning? Shall one who has spent much of his life in schools and universities plead the equality of uneducated nature? Is there no difference between the man of refinement and the savage?

“I am a man,” said Black Hawk nobly to the chief of the first republic in the world; “I am a man,” said the barbarous chieftain, “and you are another.”

I speak for the universal diffusion of human powers, not of human attainments; for the capacity for progress, not for the perfection of undisciplined instincts. The fellowship which we should cherish with the race, receives the Comanche warrior and the Caffre within the pale of equality. Their functions may not have been exercised, but they exist. Immure a person in a dungeon; as he comes to the light of day, his vision seems incapable of performing its office. Does that destroy your conviction in the relation between the eye and light? The rioter over his cups resolves to eat and drink and be merry; he forgets his spiritual nature in his obedience to the senses; but

does that destroy the relation between conscience and eternity? "What ransom shall we give?" exclaimed the senators of Rome to the savage Attila. "Give," said the barbarian, "all your gold and jewels, your costly furniture and treasures, and set free every slave." "Ah," replied the degenerate Romans, "what then will be left to us?" "I leave you your souls," replied the unlettered invader from the steppes of Asia, who had learnt in the wilderness to value the immortal mind, and to despise the servile herd, that esteemed only their fortunes, and had no true respect for themselves. You cannot discover a tribe of men, but you also find the charities of life, and the proofs of spiritual existence. Behold the ignorant Algonquin deposit a bow and quiver by the side of the departed warrior; and recognise his faith in immortality. See the Comanche chieftain, in the heart of our continent, inflict on himself severest penance; and reverence his confession of the needed atonement for sin. The Barbarian who roams our western prairies has like passions and like endowments with ourselves. He bears within him the instinct of Deity; the consciousness of a spiritual nature; the love of beauty; the rule of morality.

And shall we reverence the dark-skinned Caffre? Shall we respect the brutal Hottentot? You may read the right answer written on every heart. It bids me not despise the sable hunter, that gathers a livelihood

in the forests of Southern Africa. All are men. When we know the Hottentot better, we shall despise him less.

## II.

If it be true, that the gifts of mind and heart are universally diffused, if the sentiment of truth, justice, love, and beauty exists in every one, then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the common judgment in taste, politics, and religion, is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision. From the consideration of individual powers I turn to the action of the human mind in masses.

If reason is a universal faculty, the universal decision is the nearest criterion of truth. The common mind winnows opinions; it is the sieve which separates error from certainty. The exercise by many of the same faculty on the same subject would naturally lead to the same conclusions. But if not, the very differences of opinion that arise prove the supreme judgment of the general mind. Truth is one. It never contradicts itself. One truth cannot contradict another truth. Hence truth is a bond of union. But error not only contradicts truth, but may contradict itself; so that there may be many errors, and each at variance with the rest. Truth is therefore of necessity an element of harmony; error as necessarily an element of discord. Thus there can be

no continuing universal judgment but a right one. Men cannot agree in an absurdity; neither can they agree in a falsehood.

If wrong opinions have often been cherished by the masses, the cause always lies in the complexity of the ideas presented. Error finds its way into the soul of a nation, only through the channel of truth. It is to a truth that men listen; and if they accept error also, it is only because the error is for the time so closely interwoven with the truth, that the one cannot readily be separated from the other.

Unmixed error can have no existence in the public mind. Wherever you see men clustering together to form a party, you may be sure that however much error may be there, truth is there also. Apply this principle boldly; for it contains a lesson of candor, and a voice of encouragement. There never was a school of philosophy, nor a clan in the realm of opinion, but carried along with it some important truth. And therefore every sect that has ever flourished has benefited Humanity; for the errors of a sect pass away and are forgotten; its truths are received into the common inheritance. To know the seminal thought of every prophet and leader of a sect, is to gather all the wisdom of mankind.

“By heaven! there should not be a seer, who left  
The world one doctrine, but I'd task his lore,  
And commune with his spirit. All the truth

Of all the tongues of earth, I'd have them all,  
Had I the powerful spell to raise their ghosts."

The sentiment of beauty, as it exists in the human mind, is the criterion in works of art, inspires the conceptions of genius, and exercises a final judgment on its productions. For who are the best judges in matters of taste? Do you think the cultivated individual? Undoubtedly not; but the collective mind. The public is wiser than the wisest critic. In Athens, the arts were carried to perfection, when "the fierce democracie" was in the ascendant; the temple of Minerva and the works of Phidias were planned and perfected to please the common people. When Greece yielded to tyrants, her genius for excellence in art expired; or rather, the purity of taste disappeared; because the artist then endeavored to gratify a patron, and therefore, humored his caprice; while before he had endeavored to delight the race.

When, after a long eclipse, the arts again burst into a splendid existence, it was equally under a popular influence. During the rough contests and feudal tyrannies of the middle age, religion had opened in the church an asylum for the people. There the serf and the beggar could kneel; there the pilgrim and the laborer were shrived; and the children of misfortune not less than the prosperous were welcomed to the house of prayer. The church was, consequently, at once the guardian of equality, and the nurse of the



arts; and the souls of Giotto, and Perugino, and Raphael, moved by an infinite sympathy with the crowd, kindled into divine conceptions of beautiful forms. Appealing to the sentiment of devotion in the common mind, they dipped their pencils in living colors, to decorate the altars where man adored. By degrees the wealthy nobility desired in like manner to adorn their palaces; but at the attempt, the quick familiarity of the artist with the beautiful declined. Instead of the brilliant works which spoke to the soul, a school arose, who appealed to the senses; and in the land which had produced the most moving pictures, addressed to the religious feeling, and instinct with the purest beauty, the banquet halls were covered with grotesque forms, such as float before the imagination, when excited and bewildered by sensual indulgence. Instead of holy families, the ideal representations of the virgin mother and the godlike child, of the enduring faith of martyrs, of the blessed benevolence of evangelic love, there came the motley group of fawns and satyrs, of Diana stooping to Endymion, of voluptuous beauty, and the forms of licentiousness. Humanity frowned on the desecration of the arts; and painting, no longer vivified by a fellow-feeling with the multitude, lost its greatness in the attempt to adapt itself to personal humors.

If with us the arts are destined to a brilliant career, the inspiration must spring from the vigor of

the people. Genius will not create, to flatter patrons or decorate saloons. It yearns for larger influences; it feeds on wider sympathies; and its perfect display can never exist, except in an appeal to the general sentiment for the beautiful.

Again. Italy is famed for its musical compositions, its inimitable operas. It is a well-known fact, that the best critics are often deceived in their judgment of them; while the pit, composed of the throng, does, without fail, render a true verdict.

But the taste for music, it may be said, is favored by natural organization. Precisely a statement that sets in a clearer light the natural capacity of the race; for taste is then not an acquisition, but in part a gift. But let us pass to works of literature.

Who are by way of eminence the poets of all mankind? Surely Homer and Shakspeare. Now Homer formed his taste, as he wandered from door to door, a vagrant minstrel, paying for hospitality by a song; and Shakspeare wrote for an audience, composed in a great measure of the common people.

The little story of Paul and Virginia is a universal favorite. When it was first written, the author read it aloud to a circle in Paris, composed of the wife of the prime minister, and the choicest critics of France. They condemned it, as dull and insipid. The author appealed to the public; and the children of all Europe reversed the decree of the Parisians. The judgment

of children, that is, the judgment of the common mind under its most innocent and least imposing form, was more trustworthy than the criticism of the select refinement of the most polished city in the world.

Demosthenes of old formed himself to the perfection of eloquence by means of addresses to the crowd. The great comic poet of Greece, emphatically the poet of the vulgar mob, is distinguished above all others for the incomparable graces of his diction ; and it is related of one of the most skilful writers in the Italian, that when inquired of where he had learned the purity and nationality of his style, he replied, from listening to the country people, as they brought their produce to market.

At the revival of letters a distinguishing feature of the rising literature was the employment of the dialect of the vulgar. Dante used the language of the populace and won immortality ; Wickliffe, Luther, and at a later day Descartes, each employed his mother tongue, and carried truth directly to all who were familiar with its accents. Every beneficent revolution in letters has the character of popularity ; every great reform among authors has sprung from the power of the people in its influence on the development and activity of mind.

The same influence continues unimpaired. Scott, in spite of his reverence for the aristocracy, spurned a drawing-room reputation ; the secret of Byron's superiority

lay in part in the agreement which existed between his muse and the democratic tendency of the age. German literature is almost entirely a popular creation. It was fostered by no monarch ; it was dandled by no aristocracy. It was plebeian in its origin, and therefore manly in its results.

## III.

In like manner the best government rests on the people and not on the few, on persons and not on property, on the free development of public opinion and not on authority ; because the munificent Author of our being has conferred the gifts of mind upon every member of the human race without distinction of outward circumstances. Whatever of other possessions may be engrossed, mind asserts its own independence. Lands, estates, the produce of mines, the prolific abundance of the seas, may be usurped by a privileged class. Avarice, assuming the form of ambitious power, may grasp realm after realm, subdue continents, compass the earth in its schemes of aggrandizement, and sigh after other worlds ; but mind eludes the power of appropriation ; it exists only in its own individuality ; it is a property which cannot be confiscated and cannot be torn away ; it laughs at chains ; it bursts from imprisonment ; it defies monopoly. A government of equal rights must, therefore, rest upon mind ; not wealth, not brute force, the sum of the moral intel-

ligence of the community should rule the State. Prescription can no more assume to be a valid plea for political injustice; society studies to eradicate established abuses, and to bring social institutions and laws into harmony with moral right; not dismayed by the natural and necessary imperfections of all human effort, and not giving way to despair, because every hope does not at once ripen into fruit.

The public happiness is the true object of legislation, and can be secured only by the masses of mankind themselves awakening to the knowledge and the care of their own interests. Our free institutions have reversed the false and ignoble distinctions between men; and refusing to gratify the pride of caste, have acknowledged the common mind to be the true material for a commonwealth. Every thing has hitherto been done for the happy few. It is not possible to endow an aristocracy with greater benefits than they have already enjoyed; there is no room to hope that individuals will be more highly gifted or more fully developed than the greatest sages of past times. The world can advance only through the culture of the moral and intellectual powers of the people. To accomplish this end by means of the people themselves, is the highest purpose of government. If it be the duty of the individual to strive after a perfection like the perfection of God, how much more ought a nation to be the image of Deity. The common mind is the



true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a God. The duty of America is to secure the culture and the happiness of the masses by their reliance on themselves.

The absence of the prejudices of the old world leaves us here the opportunity of consulting independent truth; and man is left to apply the instinct of freedom to every social relation and public interest. We have approached so near to nature, that we can hear her gentlest whispers; we have made Humanity our lawgiver and our oracle; and, therefore, the nation receives, vivifies and applies principles, which in Europe the wisest accept with distrust. Freedom of mind and of conscience, freedom of the seas, freedom of industry, equality of franchises, each great truth is firmly grasped, comprehended and enforced; for the multitude is neither rash nor fickle. In truth, it is less fickle than those who profess to be its guides. Its natural dialectics surpass the logic of the schools. Political action has never been so consistent and so unwavering, as when it results from a feeling or a principle, diffused through society. The people is firm and tranquil in its movements, and necessarily acts with moderation, because it becomes but slowly impregnated with new ideas; and effects no changes, except in harmony with the knowledge which it has acquired. Besides, where it is permanently possessed of power, there exists neither the occasion nor the desire for frequent change.

It is not the parent of tumult; sedition is bred in the lap of luxury, and its chosen emissaries are the beggared spendthrift and the impoverished libertine. The government by the people is in very truth the strongest government in the world. Discarding the implements of terror, it dares to rule by moral force, and has its citadel in the heart.

Such is the political system which rests on reason, reflection, and the free expression of deliberate choice. There may be those who scoff at the suggestion, that the decision of the whole is to be preferred to the judgment of the enlightened few. They say in their hearts that the masses are ignorant; that farmers know nothing of legislation; that mechanics should not quit their workshops to join in forming public opinion. But true political science does indeed venerate the masses. It maintains, not as has been perversely asserted, that "the people can make right," but that the people can DISCERN right. Individuals are but shadows, too often engrossed by the pursuit of shadows; the race is immortal: individuals are of limited sagacity; the common mind is infinite in its experience: individuals are languid and blind; the many are ever wakeful: individuals are corrupt; the race has been redeemed: individuals are time-serving; the masses are fearless: individuals may be false, the masses are ingenuous and sincere: individuals claim the divine sanction of truth for the deceitful conceptions of their own fancies; the

Spirit of God breathes through the combined intelligence of the people. Truth is not to be ascertained by the impulses of an individual; it emerges from the contradictions of personal opinions; it raises itself in majestic serenity above the strifes of parties and the conflict of sects; it acknowledges neither the solitary mind, nor the separate faction as its oracle; but owns as its only faithful interpreter the dictates of pure reason itself, proclaimed by the general voice of mankind. The decrees of the universal conscience are the nearest approach to the presence of God in the soul of man.

Thus the opinion which we respect is, indeed, not the opinion of one or of a few, but the sagacity of the many. It is hard for the pride of cultivated philosophy to put its ear to the ground, and listen reverently to the voice of lowly humanity; yet the people collectively are wiser than the most gifted individual, for all his wisdom constitutes but a part of theirs. When the great sculptor of Greece was endeavoring to fashion the perfect model of beauty, he did not passively imitate the form of the loveliest woman of his age; but he gleaned the several lineaments of his faultless work from the many. And so it is, that a perfect judgment is the result of comparison, when error eliminates error, and truth is established by concurring witnesses. The organ of truth is the invisible decision of the unbiased world; she pleads

before no tribunal but public opinion ; she owns no safe interpreter but the common mind ; she knows no court of appeals but the soul of humanity. It is when the multitude give counsel, that right purposes find safety ; theirs is the fixedness that cannot be shaken ; theirs is the understanding which exceeds in wisdom ; theirs is the heart, of which the largeness is as the sand on the sea-shore.

It is not by vast armies, by immense natural resources, by accumulations of treasure, that the greatest results in modern civilization have been accomplished. The traces of the career of conquest pass away, hardly leaving a scar on the national intelligence. The famous battle grounds of victory are, most of them, comparatively indifferent to the human race ; barren fields of blood, the scourges of their times, but affecting the social condition as little as the raging of a pestilence. Not one benevolent institution, not one ameliorating principle in the Roman state, was a voluntary concession of the aristocracy ; each useful element was borrowed from the Democracies of Greece, or was a reluctant concession to the demands of the people. The same is true in modern political life. It is the confession of an enemy to Democracy, that "ALL THE GREAT AND NOBLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE WORLD HAVE COME FROM POPULAR EFFORTS."

It is the uniform tendency of the popular element to elevate and bless Humanity. The exact measure

of the progress of civilization is the degree in which the intelligence of the common mind has prevailed over wealth and brute force ; in other words, the measure of the progress of civilization is the progress of the people. Every great object, connected with the benevolent exertions of the day, has reference to the culture of those powers which are alone the common inheritance. For this the envoys of religion cross seas, and visit remotest isles ; for this the press in its freedom teems with the productions of maturest thought ; for this the philanthropist plans new schemes of education ; for this halls in every city and village are open to the public instructor. Not that we view with indifference the glorious efforts of material industry ; the increase in the facility of internal intercourse ; the accumulations of thrifty labor ; the varied results of concentrated action. But even there it is mind that achieves the triumph. It is the genius of the architect that gives beauty to the work of human hands, and makes the temple, the dwelling, or the public edifice, an outward representation of the spirit of propriety and order. It is science that guides the blind zeal of cupidity to the construction of the vast channels of communication, which are fast binding the world into one family. And it is as a method of moral improvement, that these swifter means of intercourse derive their greatest value. Mind becomes universal property ; the poem that is published on the soil of England, finds its



response on the shores of lake Erie and the banks of the Missouri, and is admired near the sources of the Ganges. The defence of public liberty in our own halls of legislation penetrates the plains of Poland, is echoed along the mountains of Greece, and pierces the darkest night of eastern despotism.

The universality of the intellectual and moral powers, and the necessity of their development for the progress of the race, proclaim the great doctrine of the natural right of every human being to moral and intellectual culture. It is the glory of our fathers to have established in their laws the equal claims of every child to the public care of its morals and its mind. From this principle we may deduce the universal right to leisure; that is, to time not appropriated to material purposes, but reserved for the culture of the moral affections and the mind. It does not tolerate the exclusive enjoyment of leisure by a privileged class; but defending the rights of labor, would suffer none to sacrifice the higher purposes of existence in unceasing toil for that which is not life. Such is the voice of nature; such the conscious claim of the human mind. The universe opens its pages to every eye; the music of creation resounds in every ear; the glorious lessons of immortal truth, that are written in the sky and on the earth, address themselves to every mind, and claim attention from every human being. God has made man upright, that he might look before and after; and

he calls upon every one not merely to labor, but to reflect ; not merely to practise the revelations of divine will, but to contemplate the displays of divine power. Nature claims for every man leisure, for she claims every man as a witness to the divine glory, manifested in the created world.

“ Yet evermore, through years renewed  
In undisturbed vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open for the scattered poor,  
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
Is wafted in mute harmonies ;  
And ground fresh cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with an humbler vow ;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapors magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun’s bright head ;  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the Almighty Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Her admonitions nature yields ;  
That not by bread alone we live,  
Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
That every day should leave some part  
Free for a sabbath of the heart ;

So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest."

The right to universal education being thus acknowledged by our conscience, not less than by our laws, it follows, that the people is the true recipient of truth. Do not seek to conciliate individuals; do not dread the frowns of a sect; do not yield to the proscriptions of a party; but pour out truth into the common mind. Let the waters of intelligence, like the rains of heaven, descend on the whole earth. And be not discouraged by the dread of encountering ignorance. *The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest; the first are blindly adopted; the second wilfully preferred.* Intelligence must be diffused among the whole people; truth must be scattered among those who have no interest to suppress its growth. The seeds that fall on the exchange, or in the hum of business, may be choked by the thorns that spring up in the hotbed of avarice; the seeds that are let fall in the saloon, may be like those dropped by the wayside, which take no root. Let the young aspirant after glory scatter the seeds of truth broadcast on the wide bosom of Humanity; in the deep, fertile soil of the public mind. There it will strike deep root and spring up, and bear an hundred-fold, and bloom for ages, and ripen fruit through remote generations.

It is alone by infusing great principles into the

common mind, that revolutions in human society are brought about. They never have been, they never can be, effected by superior individual excellence. The age of the Antonines is the age of the greatest glory of the Roman empire. Men distinguished by every accomplishment of culture and science, for a century in succession, possessed undisputed sway over more than a hundred millions of men; till at last, in the person of Mark Aurelian, philosophy herself seemed to mount the throne. And did she stay the downward tendencies of the Roman empire? Did she infuse new elements of life into the decaying constitution? Did she commence one great, beneficent reform? Not one permanent amelioration was effected; philosophy was clothed with absolute power; and yet absolute power accomplished nothing for Humanity. It could accomplish nothing. Had it been possible, Aurelian would have wrought a change. Society can be regenerated, the human race can be advanced, only by moral principles diffused through the multitude.

And now let us take an opposite instance; let us see, if amelioration follows, when in despite of tyranny truth finds access to the common people; and Christianity itself shall furnish my example.

When Christianity first made its way into Rome, the imperial city was the seat of wealth, philosophy, and luxury. Absolute government was already established; and had the will of Claudius been gained, or the con-

science of Messalina been roused, or the heart of Narcissus, once a slave, then prime minister, been touched by the recollections of his misfortunes, the aid of the sovereign of the civilized world would have been engaged. And did the messenger of divine truth make his appeal to them? Was his mission to the emperor and his minions? to the empress and her flatterers? to servile senators? to wealthy favorites? Paul preserves for us the names of the first converts; the Roman Mary and Junia; Julia and Nerea; and the beloved brethren; all plebeian names, unknown to history. "Greet them," he adds, "that be of the household of Narcissus." Now every Roman household was a community of slaves. Narcissus himself, a freedman, was the chief minister of the Roman empire; his ambition had left him no moments for the envoy from Calvary; the friends of Paul were a freedman's slaves. When God selected the channel by which Christianity should make its way in the city of Rome, and assuredly be carried forward to acknowledged supremacy in the Roman empire, he gave to the Apostle of the Gentiles favor in the household of Narcissus; he planted truth deep in the common soil. Had Christianity been received at court, it would have been stifled or corrupted by the prodigal vices of the age; it lived in the hearts of the common people; it sheltered itself against oppression in the catacombs and among tombs; it made misfortune its convert, and sorrow its



companion, and labor its stay. It rested on a rock, for it rested on the people; it was gifted with immortality, for it struck root in the hearts of the million.

So completely was this greatest of all reforms carried forward in the vale of life, that the great moral revolution, the great step of God's Providence in the education of the human race, was not observed by the Roman historians. Once, indeed, at this early period Christians are mentioned; for in the reign of Nero, their purity being hateful to the corrupt, Nero abandoned them to persecution. In the darkness of midnight, they were covered with pitch and set on fire to light the streets of Rome, and this singularity has been recorded. But their system of morals and religion, though it was the new birth of the world, escaped all notice.

Paul, who was a Roman citizen, was beheaded, just outside of the walls of the eternal city; and Peter, who was a plebeian, and could not claim the distinction of the axe and the block, was executed on the cross, with his head downwards to increase the pain and the indignity. Do you think the Roman emperor took notice of the names of these men, when he signed their death-warrant? And yet, as they poured truth into the common mind, what series of kings, what lines of emperors can compare with them, in their influence on the destinies of mankind?

Yes, reforms in society are only effected through the

masses of the people, and through them have continually taken place. New truths have been successively developed, and, becoming the common property of the human family, have improved its condition. This progress is advanced by every sect, precisely because each sect, to obtain vitality, does of necessity embody a truth; by every political party, for the conflicts of party are the war of ideas; by every nationality, for a nation cannot exist as such, till humanity makes it a special trustee of some part of its wealth for the ultimate benefit of all. The irresistible tendency of the human race is therefore to advancement, for absolute power has never succeeded, and can never succeed, in suppressing a single truth. An idea once revealed may find its admission into every living breast and live there. Like God it becomes immortal and omnipresent. The movement of the species is upward, irresistibly upward. The individual is often lost; Providence never disowns the race. No principle once promulgated, has ever been forgotten. No "timely tramp" of a despot's foot ever trod out one idea. The world cannot retrograde; the dark ages cannot return. Dynasties perish; cities are buried; nations have been victims to error, or martyrs for right; Humanity has always been on the advance; gaining maturity, universality, and power.

Yes, truth is immortal; it cannot be destroyed; it is invincible, it cannot long be resisted. Not every

great principle has yet been generated ; but when once proclaimed and diffused, it lives without end, in the safe custody of the race. States may pass away ; every just principle of legislation which has been once established will endure. Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God ; a great people never did. The skepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading ? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of man's hands, are subject to the changes and chances of mortal being ; but the spirit of truth is incorruptible ; it may be developed, illustrated, and applied ; it never can die ; it never can decline.

No truth can perish ; no truth can pass away. The flame is undying, though generations disappear. Wherever moral truth has started into being, Humanity claims and guards the bequest. Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by new sons of light, alike radiant with immortality.

## WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

LET us rejoice, that in our own day the great doctrine of Free Inquiry has been renewed, upheld, and more widely applied, by the refined intelligence and genial benevolence of William Ellery Channing. Free Inquiry was the great rule which he inculcated, not for the maturity of age only, but for the ardent curiosity of youth; for he knew that Freedom, far from leading to infidelity, strives for certainty, and is restless in pursuit of a well-grounded conviction. Freedom of mind he claimed, therefore, for every pursuit of the human faculties; not for professors only, but for scholars; not in material science alone, but where authority had been most revered, in theology and the church.

Nor did he confine this liberty to theoretic speculations; he claimed it also in politics, and the theory of social relations. Not that he was a politician; Channing could be classed with no political party. He stood aloof from them all; and sought rather behind the

clouds of party strife, to discover the universal principles that sway events and guide the centuries. He turned from men to the central light; he looked towards the region of absolute truth, of perfect justice. The laws of the moral world, as they come from the Eternal Mind, were the objects of his study; and he claimed for every man the right of calmly, fearlessly contemplating them, and of seeking to carry them into the affairs of life. What though enthusiasts might misunderstand and misapply them? His only cure for impetuous fanaticism, was to seize clearly on the great precept which it blindly adopted; to substitute for the hastiness of zeal the persuasion of sincerity and the calmer conduct of wisdom. There is not a moment, when the tendencies to reform do not assume a thousand visionary, strange and fantastic shapes. All this could not startle the purposes or alarm the serene mind of Channing. He knew that there was no way to dispel these forms of terror but by the light of charity and reason; and he never swerved from his high career, whether of subjecting the institutions of our times to discussion, or applying the rules of universal morality to the business of the nation.

With powers of such astonishing brilliancy as those which Channing possessed, united with his determined purpose of never allowing himself to be blinded to the abstract right by the fact of the existing law, it is not wonderful that his career should, by many, have been con-



templated with apprehension and even with dread. For who could say to what revolutions the manly assertion of natural right might conduct? Who could set a limit to the purposes of reform, when it demanded immediately the application of absolute truth? But death annihilates that alarm. The fear of sudden change by his agency, vanishes; and, from the recesses of conscience, immortal witnesses rise up to confirm his thrilling oracles. Prejudice before might confine his influence; by death prejudice is annihilated, and the echoes of his eloquence are heard beyond its former bounds; as the fragrance of precious perfumes, when the vase that held them is broken, diffuses itself abroad without limits.

And yet, while we lift up our own minds to receive the sublime lessons which he uttered, if we look back upon his life, we shall find his love of reform balanced by a love of order, and the expansive energies of his benevolence restrained by a spirit of conservatism. He was not the mariner who eagerly lifts the anchor, spreads all his canvas, and embarks on the ocean of experiment; he resembled rather the seer, who stands on the high cliff along the shore, and gazes to see what wind is rising, and gives his prayers, and his counsels and benedictions to the more adventurous, who set sail. And sometimes he would call back the enterprising reformer; nor would he attempt progress

by methods of disorder and riot, or even of party organization; he would rather postpone the establishment of a right than seek to assert it by bloodshed and violence; like the Jewish mother who submitted to be withheld from her offspring for a season, through fear lest, otherwise, her child should be rent in twain.

And yet this abhorrence of violence hardly partook of timidity, certainly did not spring from a deficiency of decision. Did you consider his delicate organization, his light and frail frame, his sensitiveness to agreeable impressions, the exquisite culture of his taste, you might apprehend a want of firmness; but it was not so. He towered above the mediocrity of society, like the delicate and airy shafts of Melrose Abbey, of which the foliaged tracery seems woven of osier wreaths, and yet, as if changed by a fairy's spell, proves to be of stone. Like them his purposes were durable, unyielding, and aspiring to the skies. Even sympathy, that which he loved most, he sacrificed to duty; and gave up the present applause of those by whom he was surrounded, rather than fail to win the world for his audience, and coming generations for his fame.

This firmness rested in an entire faith in moral power to renovate the race. Not the organized union of men, not temperance societies, not abolition

societies, not conventions; MORAL POWER was to him the Egeria that dictated, the energy that accomplished reform. Hence, while he objected to associations, he was, ever ready to advocate the great moral purposes for which men come together. Was he not among the first to rebuke the international selfishness that has so long held the commerce of the world in bonds? Was he not among the first to raise his voice against the criminality of war, the opprobrium of humanity? Who like him gathered the crowd to recognise the great lesson of temperance, carrying restoration to the desponding and feeble of will? Who like him asserted the moral dignity of man, irrespective of wealth and rank? Indeed, one could hardly hear him on any public occasion, or even in private, but the great truth of man's equality, as a consequence of his divine birth, struggled for utterance. He knew that man was made in the image of God; that the gift of reason opened to him the path to the knowledge of creation, and to mastery over its powers. Having the highest reverence for genius, he yet acknowledged the image of the divine original in every human being; and how often have his teachings repeated to many of us the doctrine so well expressed by one of our own poets:

“Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,  
A poet or a friend to find;  
Behold, he watches at the door,  
Behold his shadow on the floor;

\* \* \* the Pariah hind

Admits thee to the Perfect Mind.”

Hence Channing became the advocate of equality; recognised the power of the people as the great result of the modern centuries; and, knowing well that labor is the lot of man, that every mechanic art must be exercised, every service in life fulfilled, he sought to dignify labor and exalt its character; not to lift the laborer out of his class, but to elevate that class into the highest regions of moral culture and enjoyment. And his efforts were in part at least rewarded. His words reached those for whose benefit they were spoken; and at his funeral, next to the fortitude with which his immediate friends had learned from him to bear affliction, the most touching spectacle was to see the laborers gathering near the aisles to pay one last tribute of gratitude to the remains of their counsellor.

Nor could the clear mind of Channing turn from following his convictions to their results, with all the power of dialectics that gained its warmth from benevolence, its energy from moral conviction. I remember well the day when he first publicly appeared as the advocate of the negro slave; after a discourse of heart-rending eloquence, he did not so much complain of, as regret the want of sympathy. His gentle voice is hushed; his eye will not again flash on us indignation; the spiritual life that beamed from him is removed. Now that he is in his grave, now that the most

timid can no longer fear from his influence divisions in church or in society, let us honor his memory by owning, that, in his main doctrine, he was in the right. Nor was his declaration respecting slavery an accidental phenomenon in his career; it lay at the very heart and core of his whole system of theology. His was a spirit that in its rapt trances sought intimate communion with the Divine; yet, shrinking alike from the terror of fixed decrees and the fatalism of Pantheism, binding alike destiny and chance to the footstool of God's throne, he was from the first an advocate for the free agency of man. This was the great central point of his theology, his morals, his metaphysics, his politics. Human freedom under the sanction of moral power, human freedom as the prerogative of mind, human freedom as the necessity of consciousness, human freedom as the indestructible principle in the citadel of conscience,—this was his whole theory; this animated his life; this alone led him into the fields of controversy; and in the full maturity of years, with that faith, and with the deep reverence for the Deity, which contemplates him always, and sees him every where, he could not but rush to the conclusion that slavery is a wrong; a crime against humanity as well as a crime against God.

It was by degrees, after a struggle of years, that he burst the limits of social and sectarian narrowness, and rising ever higher and higher, became the advocate of universal truths and the champion of hu-



manity. Not a city, not a faction, the mystic voice of the universe inspired him ; as I have seen an Æolian harp placed at first where it failed to respond to the air, then lifted from bough to bough, higher and still higher, till at last it reached a point, where the winds of heaven breathed through it freely, and called forth music that seemed to descend from above. Channing was at first touched by the influence of a sect and a party, by the spirit of locality and narrower engagements ; but he moved ever upward ; till soaring far beyond a parish or a caste, a political faction or a limited polemical theology, in the higher sphere of his existence, the spirit of the world rushed fervidly amidst the trembling strings ; and

From his sweet harp flew forth  
Immortal harmonies, of power to still  
All passions born on earth,  
And draw the ardent will  
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

## ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE COMMEMORATION, IN WASHINGTON, OF THE  
DEATH OF ANDREW JACKSON, JUNE 27, 1845.

THE men of the American revolution are no more. That age of creative power has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since left the earth. Washington lies near his own Potomac, surrounded by his family and his servants. Adams, the colossus of independence, reposes in the modest grave-yard of his native region. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked his beloved Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lives only in our hearts. But who shall say that the heroes, in whom the image of God shone most brightly, do not exist for ever? They were filled with the vast conceptions which called America into being; they lived for those conceptions; and their deeds praise them.

We are met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in

winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the West, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave his solemn fealty to the people—here, where he pledged himself before the world to freedom, to the constitution, and to the laws—we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathers round itself all the associations that form the glory of America.

South Carolina gave a birth-place to ANDREW JACKSON. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in a region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant, of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederic of Prussia, fled to America for relief from indigence and oppression. His birth was in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempts of England to control America by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart, was, that all men are

free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding, was his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen, he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother, he shouldered his musket, and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him, the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of the revolution; another, his companion in arms, died of wounds received in their joint captivity; his mother went down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came, he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him, and little inheritance but his own untried powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rule organizes itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—that grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished; America exists as a people, gains unity as a government, and assumes its place among the nations of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America, is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of

popular power, that the season had come for its occupation by cultivated man.

Behold, then, our orphan hero, sternly earnest, consecrated to humanity from childhood by sorrow, having neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother, so young and yet so solitary, and therefore bound the more closely to collective man—behold him elect for his lot to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.

At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at the time when the governments of the Old World were rocking to their centre, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory and boundless hope and confident intrepidity of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain-barrier that divides the western waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and, not content with the nearer neighborhood to his parent State, went still further and further to the west, till he found his home in the most beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, from the first, he was recognised as the great pioneer; and in his courage, the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.



The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory, whose delicious climate and fertile soil invited the presence of social man. The hunter, with his rifle and his axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman, driving the few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil,—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass—wherever the buffaloes and the beasts of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the lovely wilderness, whose prairies blossomed every where profusely with wild flowers—whose woods in spring put to shame, by their magnificence, the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirit of freedom, destitute of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the West, what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitudes of the desert excuses for licentiousness? Would the hatred of excessive restraint lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, than

which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of their time inspired them with good designs, and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest, freest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains of Knoxville, and devise for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold, determined, demanding nothing for himself, and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the eleventh day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the sixth day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to devise constitutions, that could, at least, be the subject of experiment. The men of Tennessee, in less than twenty-five days, perfected a fabric, which, in its essential forms, was to last for ever. They came together, full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom they constructed their system, acting under higher influences than they were conscious of;

They wrought in sad sincerity,  
Themselves from God they could not free ;  
They builded better than they knew ;  
The conscious stones to beauty grew.

In the instrument which they adopted, they embodied their faith in God, and in the immortal nature of man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman ; they vindicated the sanctity of reason, by securing freedom of speech and of the press ; they revered the voice of God, as it speaks in the soul, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience ; they established the freedom and equality of elections ; and they demanded from every future legislator a solemn oath, "never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people."

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Numas of the Old World,—these prophetic founders of a State, who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises. They took no pains to vaunt their deeds ; and when their work was done, knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record, as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated ;

nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people, and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence—the citadel of popular power; and, with one consent, they united in selecting the foremost man among their lawgivers—ANDREW JACKSON.

The love of his constituents followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, of which Jefferson was at the time the presiding officer.

Thus, when he was scarcely more than thirty, he had guided the settlement of the wilderness; swayed the deliberations of a people in establishing their fundamental laws; acted as their representative, and again as the representative of his organized commonwealth, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people and the power of the States; the associate of republican statesmen, the friend and companion of Jefferson.

The men who framed the Constitution of the United States, many of them did not know the innate life and self-preserving energy of their work. They feared that freedom could not endure, and they planned a strong government for its protection. During his short career in Congress, Jackson showed his quiet, deeply-seated,

innate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions which rested on that faith. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds, this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the West, appeared modestly and firmly on the side of liberty. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free development of his powers; it did not occur to him to place a guardianship over the people; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions, by conceding to government a strength independent of popular will.

From the first, he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power, and of the policy that favors it; and though his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to the true principles of a republic.

During his period of service in the Senate, Jackson was elected major general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate, he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his clearness of judgment, his vigor of will, and his integrity of purpose, to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlements of Tennessee.



Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by as many evidences of public esteem as could fall to the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was the lawgiver of a new people, their sole representative in Congress, the representative of the State in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. He seemed to be recognised as the first in love of liberty, in the science of legislation, in sagacity, and integrity.

Delighting in private life, he would have resigned his place on the bench; but the whole country demanded his continued service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and independence of mind should be lost in retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the court, he gave himself to the activity and the independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement the fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigor of character gave him the lead among all with whom he associated, and his name was familiarly spoken round every hearth-stone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his qualities. All discerned his power, and when the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there were not wanting those who saw, beneath the blazing fires of his genius, the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneer; and, as they made their way to their new homes, they filled the mountain sides and the valleys with his praise.

Connecting himself, for a season, with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and, rather than endure the vassalage of debt, he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with the fields which he himself had first tamed to the ploughshare—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and chose rather to dwell, for a time, in a rude log cabin, in the pride of independence and integrity.

On all great occasions, his influence was deferred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy, on the part of Spain, to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration, and would have been called into full exercise, but for the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggressions on the freedom of the seas, and the rights of the American flag, Jackson, though in his inland home the roar of the breakers was never heard and the mariner never was seen, re-

sented the injuries wantonly inflicted on our commerce and on our sailors, and adhered to the new maritime code of republicanism.

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with true modesty of nature, confessed his willingness to be employed on the Canada frontier; and aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result, if the conduct of the north-western army had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man who, in action, was ever so fortunate, that he seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his vehement will?

The path of duty led him in another direction. On the declaration of war, twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen at his word to follow his standard; but, by countermanding orders from the seat of government, the movement was without effect.

A new and greater danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore it to its solitude, and recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who, from time immemorial, had strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet, speaking to them as with the voice of the Great Spirit, and urging the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Their ruthless

cruelty spared neither sex nor age ; the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated,—all were slain, and not a vestige of defence was left in the country. The cry of the West demanded Jackson for its defender ; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball, and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee, and resolved to terminate for ever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign ? Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of untenanted forests, winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the insubordination of troops, mutiny, menaces of desertion ? Who can measure the wonderful power over men, by which his personal prowess and attractive energy drew them in midwinter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts ? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself, beyond any of his men encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labor of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger ; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the swamps on foot ? None equalled him in power of endurance ; and the private soldiers, as they found him passing them on the march, exclaimed, “ He is as tough as the hickory.” “ Yes,” they cried to one another, “ there goes Old Hickory !”

Then followed the memorable events of the double battles of Emuckfaw, and the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-whoop and the rifle of the savage; the fiercely contested field of Enotochopco, where the general, as he attempted to draw his sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and, quietly replacing it in the sling, with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops, and himself led them back to victory.

In six short months of vehement action, the most terrible Indian war in our annals was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced. Through scenes of blood, the avenging hero sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, a part of Mississippi, a part of his own Tennessee, and the highway to the Floridas, were his gifts to the Union. These were his trophies.

Genius as extraordinary as military events can call forth, was summoned into action in this rapid, efficient, and most fortunately conducted war. The hero descended the water-courses of Alabama to the neighborhood of Pensacola, and longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements.

Time would fail, and words be wanting, were I to dwell on the magical influence of his appearance in



New Orleans. His presence dissipated gloom and dispelled alarm; at once he changed the aspect of despair into a confidence of security and a hope of acquiring glory. Every man knows the tale of the sudden, and yet deliberate daring which led him, on the night of the twenty-third of December, to precipitate his little army on his foes, in the thick darkness, before they grew familiar with their encampment, scattering dismay through veteran regiments of England, defeating them, and arresting their progress by a far inferior force.

Who shall recount the counsels of prudence, the kindling words of eloquence, that gushed from his lips to cheer his soldiers, his skirmishes and battles, till that eventful morning when the day at Bunker Hill had its fulfilment in the glorious battle of New Orleans, and American independence stood before the world in the majesty of triumphant power!

These were great victories for the nation; over himself he won a greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of others' authority, and the unbending vigor of his self-will? Behold the savior of Louisiana, all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved, the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, yet standing in the presence of a petty judge, who gratifies his wounded vanity by an abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the

crowded audience heaves with indignation. He, the passionate, the impetuous,—he whose power was to be humbled, whose honor questioned, whose laurels tarnished, alone stood sublimely serene; and when the craven judge trembled, and faltered, and dared not proceed, himself, the arraigned one, bade him take courage, and stood by the law even when the law was made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civic honors.

His country, when it grew to hold many more millions, the generation that then was coming in, has risen up to do homage to the magnanimity of that hour. Woman, whose feeling is always right, did honor from the first to the purity of his heroism. The people of Louisiana, to the latest age, will cherish his name as their greatest benefactor.

The culture of Jackson's mind had been much promoted by his services and associations in the war. His discipline of himself as the chief in command, his intimate relations with men like Livingston, the wonderful deeds in which he bore a part, all matured his judgment and mellowed his character.

Peace came with its delights; once more the country rushed forward in the development of its powers; once more the arts of industry healed the wounds that war had inflicted; and, from commerce and agriculture and manufactures, wealth gushed abun-

dantly under the free activity of unrestrained enterprise. And Jackson returned to his own fields and his own pursuits, to cherish his plantation, to care for his servants, to enjoy the affection of the most kind and devoted wife, whom he respected with the gentlest deference, and loved with a spotless purity.

There he stood, like one of the mightiest forest trees of his own West, vigorous and colossal, sending its summit to the skies, and growing on its native soil in wild and inimitable magnificence, careless of beholders. From every part of the country he received appeals to his political ambition, and the severe modesty of his well-balanced mind turned them all aside. He was happy in his farm, happy in seclusion, happy in his family, happy within himself.

But the passions of the southern Indians were not allayed by the peace with Great Britain; and foreign emissaries were still among them, to inflame and direct their malignity. Jackson was called forth by his country to restrain the cruelty of the treacherous and unsparing Seminoles. It was in the train of the events of this war that he placed the American eagle on St. Mark's and above the ancient towers of St. Augustine. His deeds in that war, of themselves, form a monument to human power, to the celerity of his genius, to the creative fertility of his resources, to his intuitive sagacity. As Spain, in his judgment, had committed aggressions, he would have emancipated her islands; of

the Havana, he caused the *reconnoissance* to be made; and, with an army of five thousand men, he stood ready to guaranty her redemption from colonial thralldom.

But when peace was restored, and his office was accomplished, his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of the climate, and, fast yielding to disease, he was borne in a litter across the swamps of Florida towards his home. It was Jackson's character that he never solicited aid from any one; but he never forgot those who rendered him service in the hour of need. At a time when all around him believed him near his end, his wife hastened to his side; and, by her tenderness and nursing care, her patient assiduity, and the soothing influence of devoted love, withheld him from the grave.

He would have remained quietly at his home, but that he was privately informed, his conduct was to be attainted by some intended congressional proceedings; he came, therefore, into the presence of the people's representatives at Washington, only to vindicate his name; and, when that was achieved, he once more returned to his seclusion among the groves of the Hermitage.

It was not his own ambition which brought him again to the public view. The affection of Tennessee compelled him to resume a seat on the floor of the American Senate, and, after a long series of the in-

tensest political strife, Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

Far from advancing his own pretensions, he always kept them back, and had for years repressed the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate. He felt sensibly that he was devoid of scientific culture, and little familiar with letters; and he never obtruded his opinions, or preferred claims to place. But, whenever his advice was demanded, he was always ready to pronounce it; and whenever his country invoked his services, he did not shrink even from the station which had been filled by the most cultivated men our nation had produced.

Behold, then, the unlettered man of the West, the nursling of the wilds, the farmer of the Hermitage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the traditions of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacle of honor, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom, to the office where all the powers of the earth would watch his actions—where his words would be repeated through the world, and his spirit be the moving star to guide the nations. What policy will he pursue? What wisdom will he bring with him from the forest? What rules of duty will he evolve from the oracles of his own mind?

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West; he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no su-



perior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment; and, true to his origin and his education, true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

We tread on ashes, where the fire is not yet extinguished; yet not to dwell on his career as President, were to leave out of view the grandest illustrations of his magnanimity.

The legislation of the United States had followed the precedents of the legislation of European monarchies; it was the office of Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom. He would have freedom every where—freedom under the restraints of right; freedom of industry, of commerce, of mind, of universal action; freedom, unshackled by restrictive privileges, unrestrained by the thralldom of monopolies.

The unity of his mind and his consistency were without a parallel. Guided by natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency, with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal. On every subject in politics, he was thoroughly and profoundly and immovably radical; and would sit for hours, and in a continued flow of remark make the application of his principles to every

question that could arise in legislation, or in the interpretation of the constitution.

His expression of himself was so clear, that his influence pervaded not our land only, but all America and all mankind. They say that, in the physical world, the magnetic fluid is so diffused, that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe. So it is with the element of freedom. And as Jackson developed its doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated throughout the world, till his name grew every where to be the symbol of popular power.

Himself the witness of the ruthlessness of savage life, he planned the removal of the Indian tribes beyond the limits of the organized States; and it is the result of his determined policy that the region east of the Mississippi has been transferred to the exclusive possession of cultivated man.

A pupil of the wilderness, his heart was with the pioneers of American life towards the setting sun. He longed to secure to the emigrant, not pre-emption rights only, but more than pre-emption rights. He longed to invite labor to take possession of the unoccupied fields without money and without price; with no obligation except the perpetual devotion of itself by allegiance to its country. Under the beneficent influence of his opinions, the sons of misfortune, the children of adventure, find their way to the uncultivated

West. There in some wilderness glade, or in the thick forest of the fertile plain, or where the prairies most sparkle with flowers, they, like the wild bee which sets them the example of industry, may choose their home, mark the extent of their possessions by driving stakes or blazing trees, shelter their log-cabin with boughs and turf, and teach the virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. Theirs shall be the soil; theirs the beautiful farms which they teach to be productive. Come, children of sorrow! you on whom the Old World frowns; crowd fearlessly to the forests; plant your homes in confidence, for the country watches over you; your children grow around you as hostages, and the wilderness, at your bidding, surrenders its grandeur of useless luxuriance to the beauty and loveliness of culture. Yet beautiful and lovely as is this scene, it still by far falls short of the ideal which lived in the affections of Jackson.

It would be a sin against the occasion, were I to omit to commemorate the deep devotedness of Jackson to the cause and to the rights of the laboring classes. It was for their welfare that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He desired to ensure to them the fruits of their own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. They may bend over his grave with affectionate sorrow; for never, in the tide of time,

did a statesman exist more heartily resolved to protect them in their rights, and to advance their happiness. For their benefit, he opposed partial legislation; for their benefit, he resisted all artificial methods of controlling labor, and subjecting it to capital. It was for their benefit that he loved freedom in all its forms—freedom of the individual in personal independence, freedom of the States as separate sovereignties. He never would listen to counsels which tended to the concentration of power, the subjecting general labor to a central will. The true American system presupposes the diffusion of freedom—organized life in all the parts of the American body politic, as there is organized life in every part of the human system. His vindication of the just principles of the constitution derived its sublimity from his deep conviction, that this strict construction is required by the lasting welfare of the great laboring classes of the United States.

To this end, Jackson revived the tribunicial power of the veto, and exerted it against the decisive action of both branches of Congress, against the votes, the wishes, the entreaties of personal and political friends. "Show me," was his reply to them, "show me an express clause in the constitution, authorizing Congress to take the business of State legislatures out of their hands." "You will ruin us all," cried a firm partisan friend; "you will ruin your party and your own prospects." "Providence," answered Jackson, "will take care of me;" and he persevered.

In proceeding to discharge the debt of the United States—a measure thoroughly American—Jackson followed the example of his predecessors ; but he followed it with the full consciousness that he was rescuing the country from the artificial system of finance which had prevailed throughout the world ; and with him it formed a part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more and more effectually from European precedents, and develop itself more and more, according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it a great reduction of the public burdens, and brought, of necessity, into view, the question, how far America should follow, of choice, the old restrictive policy of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America ; or how far she should rely on her own freedom, enterprise, and power, defying the competition, seeking the markets, and receiving the products of the world.

The mind of Jackson on this subject reasoned clearly, and without passion. In the abuses of the system of revenue by excessive imposts, he saw evils which the public mind would remedy ; and, inclining with the whole might of his energetic nature to the side of revenue duties, he made his earnest but tranquil appeal to the judgment of the people.

The portions of country that suffered most severely from a course of legislation, which, in its extreme char-



acter as it then existed, is now universally acknowledged to have been unequal and unjust, were less tranquil; and rallying on those doctrines of freedom, which make our government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which of itself was nugatory, because it was exercised, as they held, without authority from the people.

The contest that ensued was the most momentous in our annals. The greatest minds of America engaged in the discussion. Eloquence never achieved sublimer triumphs in the American Senate than on those occasions. The country became deeply divided; and the antagonist elements were arrayed against each other under forms of clashing authority menacing civil war; the freedom of the several States was invoked against the power of the United States; and under the organization of a State in convention, the reserved rights of the people were summoned to display their energy, and balance the authority and neutralize the legislation of the central government. The States were agitated with prolonged excitement; the friends of liberty throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the American Union might be perpetual, and also that the commerce of the world might be free.

Fortunately for the country, and fortunately for mankind, Andrew Jackson was at the helm of state, the representative of the principles that were to allay

the storm, and to restore the hopes of peace and freedom. By nature, by impulse, by education, by conviction, a friend to personal freedom—by education, political sympathies, and the fixed habit of his mind, a friend to the rights of the States—unwilling that the liberty of the States should be trampled underfoot—unwilling that the government should lose its vigor or be impaired, he rallied for the constitution; and in its name he published to the world, “THE UNION: IT MUST BE PRESERVED.” The words were a spell to hush evil passion, and to remove oppression. Under his effective guidance, the favored interests, which had struggled to perpetuate unjust legislation, yielded to the voice of moderation and reform; and every mind that had for a moment contemplated a rupture of the States, discarded it for ever. The whole influence of the past was invoked in favor of the federal system; from the council chambers of the fathers, who moulded our institutions—from the hall where American independence was declared, the clear, loud cry was uttered—“the Union: it must be preserved.” From every battle field of the revolution—from Lexington and Bunker Hill—from Saratoga and Yorktown—from the fields of Eutaw and King’s Mountain—from the cane-brakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—“the Union: it must be preserved.” From every valley in our land—from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides—from the ships at

our wharves—from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies—from the living minds of the living millions of American freemen—from the thickly coming glories of futurity—the shout went up, like the sound of many waters, “the Union: it must be preserved.” The friends of the protective system, and they who had denounced the protective system—the statesmen of the North, that had wounded the constitution in their love of increased power at the centre—the statesmen of the South, whose ingenious acuteness had carried to its extreme the theory of State rights—all conspired together; all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson, by the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our country was turned aside, and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom, is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of those days is this: that the people can discern right, and will make their way to a knowledge of right; that the whole human mind, and therefore with it the mind of the nation, has a continuous, ever improving existence; that the appeal from the unjust legislation of to-day must be made quietly, earnestly, perseveringly, to the more enlightened collective reason of to-morrow; that submission is due to the popular will, in the confidence that the people, when in error, will amend their doings; that in a popular government injustice is neither to be

established by force, nor to be resisted by force; in a word, that the Union, which was constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the happy lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the heart of a nation. Duty to the dead demands that, on this occasion, the course of measures should not pass unnoticed, in the progress of which, his vigor of character most clearly appeared, and his conflict with opposing parties was most violent and protracted.

From his home in Tennessee, Jackson came to the presidency, resolved to lift American legislation out of the forms of English legislation, and to place our laws on the currency in harmony with the principles of our republic. He came to the presidency of the United States determined to deliver the government from the Bank of the United States, and to restore the regulation of exchanges to the rightful depository of that power—the commerce of the country. He had designed to declare his views on this subject in his inaugural address, but was persuaded to relinquish that purpose, on the ground that it belonged rather to a legislative message. When the period for addressing Congress drew near, it was still urged, that to attack the bank would forfeit his popularity and secure his future defeat. “It is not,” he answered, “it is not for myself that I care.” It was urged that haste was unnecessary, as the bank had still six unexpended

years of chartered existence. "I may die," he replied, "before another Congress comes together, and I could not rest quietly in my grave, if I failed to do what I hold so essential to the liberty of my country." And his first annual message announced to the people that the bank was neither constitutional nor expedient. In this he was in advance of the friends about him, in advance of Congress, and in advance of his party. This is no time for the analysis of measures or the discussion of questions of political economy; on the present occasion, we have to contemplate the character of the man.

Never, from the first moment of his administration to the last, was there a calm in the strife of parties on the subject of the currency; and never, during the whole period, did he recede or falter. Remaining always in advance of his party, always having near him friends who cowered before the hardihood of his courage, he himself was unmoved, from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank, to the moment when first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, he with singular sagacity predicted to unbelieving friends the coming insolvency of the institution.

The storm throughout the country rose with unexampled vehemence; his opponents were not satisfied with addressing the public, or Congress, or his cabinet; they threw their whole force personally on him. From



all parts men pressed around him, urging him, entreating him to bend. Congress was flexible; many of his personal friends faltered; the impetuous swelling wave rolled on, without one sufficient obstacle, till it reached his presence; but, as it dashed in its highest fury at his feet, it broke before his firmness. The commanding majesty of his will appalled his opponents and revived his friends. He, himself, had a proud consciousness that his will was indomitable. Standing over the Rip Raps, and looking out upon the ocean, "Providence," said he to a friend, "Providence may change my determination; but man no more can do it than he can remove these Rip Raps, which have resisted the rolling of the ocean from the beginning of time." And though a panic was spreading through the land, and the whole credit system as it then existed was crumbling to pieces and crashing around him, he stood erect, like a massive column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

In the relations of this country to the world, Jackson demanded for America equality. The time was come for her to take her place over against the most ancient and most powerful states of the Old World, and to gain the recognition of her pretensions. He revived the unadjusted claims for injuries to our commerce, committed in the wantonness of European hostilities; and he taught the American merchant and

the American sailor to repose confidently under the sanctity of the American flag. Nor would he consent that the payment of indemnities which were due, should be withheld or delayed. Even against France, the veteran of the West enforced the just demand of America, with a heroic vigor which produced an abiding impression on the world. He did this in the love of peace. "You have set your name to the most important document of your public life," said one of his cabinet to him, as he signed the annual message that treated of the unpaid indemnity. "This paper may produce a war."—"There will be no war," answered Jackson, decisively; and rising on his feet, as was his custom when he spoke warmly, he expressed with solemnity his hatred of war, bearing witness to its horrors, and protesting against its crimes. He loved peace; and to secure permanent tranquillity, he made the rule for his successors, as well as for himself, in the intercourse of America with foreign powers, "to demand nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong."

People of the District of Columbia: I should fail of a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home of the gentle and the cultivated, not less than the seat of political power—this

city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections ; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit, and relieving it of its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity. When he took leave of the District, the population of this city, and the masses from its vicinity, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu ; and as the cars started, and lifting his hat in token of farewell, he displayed his gray hairs, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he went on his way to be seen of you no more.

Behold the warrior and statesman, his work well done, retired to the Hermitage, to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends ! Who was like HIM ? He was the load-star of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast ; his counsels were still listened to with reverence ; and, almost alone among statesmen, he in his retirement was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions ; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden

our western shores ; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the Pacific with the social sounds of our commerce.

Age had whitened his locks, and dimmed his eye, and spread round him the infirmities and venerable emblems of many years of toilsome service ; but his heart beat warmly as in his youth, and his courage was firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. His affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. He who in active life had always had unity of perception and will, in action had never faltered from doubt, and in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave himself to communing with the Infinite. He was a believer ; from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of skepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher ! will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverently his Psalter and Prayer-book and Bible ? Know that he had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living God.

The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord ; the brightness and beauty of summer clothe the fields around him ; na-

ture is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day, was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself.

When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure for ever."

When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross;" for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind. Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them, one by one, in words of tenderness and affection. His two little grandchildren were absent at Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them, and blessed them. His servants were then summoned; they gathered, some in his room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. And that dying man, thus surrounded, in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the Redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican institutions. "Dear children," such were his final words, "dear children, servants,



and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, both white and black.” And having borne his testimony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan, the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noonday glory; his death was lovely as the summer’s evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battle field of Tohopeca, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother; in the stormiest season of his presidency, he paused at the imminent moment of decision, to counsel a poor suppliant that had come up to him for relief. Of the strifes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against oppression, to protect the emigrant against the avarice of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went

deeply into his soul ; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and weep and sob like a child. No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him ; no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas ; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

Up to the last, he dared do any thing that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this : by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time ; he expressed them with dauntless intrepidity ; he enforced them with an immovable will ; he executed them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought, of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not wide-spread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree

the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battle fields of Europe; he conquered every where in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned that last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and passed from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fit resting-place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of the Del Norte. The fires of party strife are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done, lives, and will live for ever.

## ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT ITS  
SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, NOVEMBER 20, 1854.

BROTHERS, GUESTS, AND FRIENDS OF THE NEW YORK  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY :

WE are assembled to celebrate the completion of a half century, unequalled in its discoveries and its deeds. Man is but the creature of yesterday, and fifty years form a great length in the chain of his entire existence. Inferior objects attract the inquirer who would go back to remotest antiquity. The student of the chronology of the earth may sit on the bluffs that overhang the Mississippi, and muse on the myriads of years during which the powers of nature have been depositing the materials of its delta. He may then, by the aid of induction, draw nearer to the beginnings of time, as he meditates on the succession of ages that assisted to construct the cliffs which raise their bastions over the stream ; or to bury in compact layers the fern-like forests that have stored the bosom of the great valley with coal ; or to crystallize the ancient limestone into

marble ; or, at a still earlier epoch, to compress liquid masses of the globe into seams of granite. But the records of these transitions gain their chief interest from their illustrating the revolutions through which our planet was fashioned into a residence for man. Science may roam into the abysses of the past, when the earth moved silently in its course without observers ; just as it may reach those far-off regions of nebular fields of light, whose distance no numbers that the human faculties may grasp can intelligibly express. But as the sublime dwells not in space, so it dwells not in duration. To search for it aright, we must contemplate the higher subject of man. It is but a few centuries since he came into life ; and yet the study of his nature and his destiny surpasses all else that can engage his thoughts. At the close of a period which has given new proof that unceasing movement is the law of whatever is finite, we are called upon to observe the general character of the changes in his state. Our minds irresistibly turn to consider the laws, the circumstances and the prospects of his career ; we are led to inquire whether his faculties and his relations to the universe compel him to a steady course of improvement ; whether, in the aggregate, he has actually made advances ; and what hopes we may cherish respecting his future. The occasion invites me to speak to you of the NECESSITY, the REALITY, and the PROMISE of the progress of mankind.



Since every thing that is limited suffers perpetual alteration, the condition of our race is one of growth or of decay. It is the glory of man that he is conscious of this law of his existence. He alone is gifted with reason which looks upward as well as before and after, and connects him with the world that is not discerned by the senses. He alone has the faculty so to combine thought with affection, that he can lift up his heart and feel not for himself only, but for his brethren and his kind. Every man is in substance equal to his fellow-man. His nature is changed neither by time nor by country. He bears no marks of having risen to his present degree of perfection by successive transmutations from inferior forms; but by the peculiarity and superiority of his powers he shows himself to have been created separate and distinct from all other classes of animal life. He is neither degenerating into such differences as could in the end no longer be classified together, nor rising into a higher species. Each member of the race is in will, affection, and intellect, consubstantial with every other; no passion, no noble or degrading affection, no generous or selfish impulse, has ever appeared, of which the germ does not exist in every breast. No science has been reached, no thought generated, no truth discovered, which has not from all time existed potentially in every human mind. The belief in the progress of the race does not, therefore, spring from the supposed possibility of his acquiring

new faculties, or coming into the possession of a new nature.

Still less does truth vary. They speak falsely who say that truth is the daughter of time; it is the child of eternity, and as old as the Divine mind. The perception of it takes place in the order of time; truth itself knows nothing of the succession of ages. Neither does morality need to perfect itself; it is what it always has been, and always will be. Its distinctions are older than the sea or the dry land, than the earth or the sun. The relation of good to evil is from the beginning, and is unalterable.

The progress of man consists in this, that he himself arrives at the perception of truth. The Divine mind, which is its source, left it to be discovered, appropriated and developed by finite creatures.

The life of an individual is but a breath; it comes forth like a flower, and flees like a shadow. Were no other progress, therefore, possible than that of the individual, one period would have little advantage over another. But as every man partakes of the same faculties and is consubstantial with all, it follows that the race also has an existence of its own; and this existence becomes richer, more varied, free and complete, as time advances. COMMON SENSE implies by its very name, that each individual is to contribute some share toward the general intelligence. The many are wiser than the few; the multitude than the philos-

opher; the race than the individual; and each successive generation than its predecessor.

The social condition of a century, its faith and its institutions, are always analogous to its acquisitions. Neither philosophy, nor government, nor political institutions, nor religious knowledge, can remain much behind, or go much in advance, of the totality of contemporary intelligence. The age furnishes to the master-workman the materials with which he builds. The outbreak of a revolution is the pulsation of the time, healthful or spasmodic, according to its harmony with the civilization from which it springs. Each new philosophical system is the heliograph of an evanescent condition of public thought. The state in which we are, is man's natural state at this moment; but it neither should be nor can be his permanent state, for his existence is flowing on in eternal motion, with nothing fixed but the certainty of change. Now, by the necessity of the case, the movement of the human mind, taken collectively, is always toward something better. There exists in each individual, alongside of his own personality, the ideal man who represents the race. Every one bears about within himself the consciousness that his course is a struggle; and perpetually feels the contrast between his own limited nature and the better life of which he conceives. He cannot state a proposition respecting a finite object, but it includes also a reference to the infinite. He

cannot form a judgment, but it combines ideal truth and partial error, and, as a consequence, sets in action the antagonism between the true and the perfect on the one side, and the false and the imperfect on the other; and in this contest the true and the perfect must prevail, for they have the advantage of being perennial.

In public life, by the side of the actual state of the world, there exists the ideal state toward which it should tend. This antagonism lies at the root of all political combinations that ever have been or ever can be formed. The elements on which they rest, whether in monarchies, aristocracies, or in republics, are but three, not one of which can be wanting, or society falls to ruin. The course of human destiny is ever a rope of three strands. One party may found itself on things as they are, and strive for their unaltered perpetuity; this is conservatism, always appearing wherever established interests exist, and never capable of unmingled success, because finite things are ceaselessly in motion. Another may be based on theoretic principles, and struggle unrelentingly to conform society to the absolute law of Truth and Justice; and this, though it kindle the purest enthusiasm, can likewise never perfectly succeed, because the materials of which society is composed partake of imperfection, and to extirpate all that is imperfect would lead to the destruction of society itself. And there may be a third, which

seeks to reconcile the two, but which yet can never thrive by itself, since it depends for its activity on the clashing between the fact and the higher law. Without all the three, the fates could not spin their thread. As the motions of the solar world require the centripetal force, which, by itself alone, would consolidate all things in one massive confusion; the centrifugal force, which, if uncontrolled, would hurl the planets on a tangent into infinite space; and lastly, that reconciling adjustment, which preserves the two powers in harmony; so society always has within itself the elements of conservatism, of absolute right, and of reform.

The present state of the world is accepted by the wise and benevolent as the necessary and natural result of all its antecedents. But the statesman, whose heart has been purified by the love of his kind, and whose purpose solemnized by faith in the immutability of justice, seeks to apply every principle which former ages or his own may have mastered, and to make every advancement that the culture of his time will sustain. In a word, he will never omit an opportunity to lift his country out of the inferior sphere of its actual condition into the higher and better sphere that is nearer to ideal perfection.

The merits of great men are to be tested by this criterion. I speak of the judgment of the race, not of the opinion of classes. The latter exalt, and even



deify the advocates of their selfishness ; and often proportion their praise to the daring, with which right and truth have been made to succumb to their interests. They lavish laurels all the more profusely to hide the baldness of their heroes. But reputation so imparted is like every thing else that rests only on the finite. Vain is the applause of factions, or the suffrages of those whose fortunes are benefited ; fame so attained, must pass away like the interests of classes ; but the name of those who have studied the well-being of their fellow-men, and in their generation have assisted to raise the world from the actual toward the ideal, is repeated in all the temples of humanity, and lives not only in its intelligence, but in its heart. These are they, whose glory calumny cannot tarnish, nor pride beat down. Connecting themselves with man's advancement, their example never loses its lustre ; and the echo of their footsteps is heard throughout all time with sympathy and love.

The necessity of the progress of the race follows, therefore, from the fact, that the great Author of all life has left truth in its immutability to be observed, and has endowed man with the power of observation and generalization. Precisely the same conclusions will appear, if we contemplate society from the point of view of the unity of the universe. The unchanging character of law is the only basis on which continuous action can rest. Without it man would be but as the

traveller over endless morasses ; the builder on quicksands ; the mariner without compass or rudder, driven successively whithersoever changing winds may blow. The universe is the reflex and image of its Creator. "The true work of art," says Michael Angelo, "is but a shadow of the Divine perfections." We may say in a more general manner, that BEAUTY ITSELF IS BUT THE SENSIBLE IMAGE OF THE INFINITE ; that all creation is a manifestation of the Almighty ; not the result of caprice, but the glorious display of his perfection ; and as the universe thus produced, is always in the course of change, so its regulating mind is a living Providence, perpetually exerting itself anew. If his designs could be thwarted, we should lose the great evidence of his unity, as well as the anchor of our own hope.

Harmony is the characteristic of the intellectual system of the universe ; and immutable laws of moral existence must pervade all time and all space, all ages and all worlds. The comparative anatomist has studied, analysed and classified every species of vertebrate existence that now walks, or flies, or creeps, or swims, or reposes among the fossil remains of lost forms of being ; and he discovers that they all, without exception, are analogous ; so that the induction becomes irresistible, that an archetype existed previous to the creation of the first of the kind. Shall we then hesitate to believe that the fixedness of law likewise pervades the moral world ? We cannot shut our eyes to the es-

established fact, that an ideal, or archetype, prescribed the form of animal life; and shall we not believe that the type of all intellectual life likewise exists in the Divine mind?

I know that there is a pride which calls this fatalism, and which rebels at the thought that the Father of life should control what he has made. There are those who must needs assert for their individual selves the constant possession of that power which the great English poet represents the bad angels to have lost heaven for once attempting to usurp; they are not content with being gifted with the faculty of discerning the counsels of God, and becoming happy by conforming to his decrees, but claim the privilege of acting irrespective of those decrees. Unsatisfied with having been created in his image, they assume the liberty to counteract his will. They do not perceive that cosmical order depends on the universality and absolute certainty of law; that for that end, events in their course are not merely as fixed as Ararat and the Andes, but follow laws that are much older than Andes or Ararat, that are as old as those which upheaved the mountains. The glory of God is not contingent on man's good will, but all existence subserves his purposes. The system of the universe is as a celestial poem, whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice, and well-

adjusted, and perfect harmony ; so that as the hand of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history calls it forth from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard during the tumult of action. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may, one day, so improve in self-consciousness as to interpret the present and foretell the future ; but as yet, the end of what is now happening, though we ourselves partake in it, seems to fall out by chance. All is nevertheless one whole ; individuals, families, peoples, the race, march in accord with the Divine will ; and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated. The antagonisms of imperfect matter and the perfect idea, of liberty and necessary law, become reconciled. What seemed irrational confusion, appears as the web woven by light, liberty and love. But this is not perceived till a great act in the drama of life is finished. The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied ; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after He had passed by ; and so it fares with our search for Him in the wrestlings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim : “Lo! God is here, and we knew it not.” At the foot of every page

in the annals of nations, may be written, "God reigns." Events, as they pass away, "proclaim their Great Original;" and if you will but listen reverently, you may hear the receding centuries as they roll into the dim distances of departed time, perpetually chanting "TE DEUM LAUDAMUS," with all the choral voices of the countless congregations of the ages.

It is because God is visible in History that its office is the noblest except that of the poet. The poet is at once the interpreter and the favorite of Heaven. He catches the first beam of light that flows from its uncreated source. He repeats the message of the Infinite, without always being able to analyze it, and often without knowing how he received it, or why he was selected for its utterance. To him and to him alone, history yields in dignity; for she not only watches the great encounters of life, but recalls what had vanished, and partaking of a bliss like that of creating, restores it to animated being. The mineralogist takes special delight in contemplating the process of crystallization, as though he had caught nature at her work as a geometrician; giving herself up to be gazed at without concealment such as she appears in the very moment of exertion. But history, as she reclines in the lap of eternity, sees the mind of humanity itself engaged in formative efforts, constructing sciences, promulgating laws, organizing commonwealths, and displaying its energies in the visible movement of its



intelligence. Of all pursuits that require analysis, history, therefore, stands first. It is equal to philosophy; for as certainly as the actual bodies forth the ideal, so certainly does history contain philosophy. It is grander than the natural sciences; for its study is man, the last work of creation, and the most perfect in its relations with the Infinite.

In surveying the short period since man was created, the proofs of progress are so abundant, that we do not know with which of them to begin, or how they should be classified. He is seen in the earliest stages of society, bare of abstract truth, unskilled in the methods of induction, and hardly emancipated from bondage to the material universe. How wonderful is it, then, that a being whose first condition was so weak, so humble, and so naked, and of whom no monument older than forty centuries can be found, should have accumulated such fruitful stores of intelligence, and have attained such perfection of culture!

Look round upon this beautiful earth, this "temperate zone of the solar system," and see how much man has done for its subjection and adornment; making the wilderness blossom with cities, and the seemingly inhospitable sea cheerfully social with the richly freighted fleets of world-wide commerce. Look also at the condition of society, and consider by what amenities barbarism has been softened and refined; what guarantees of intelligence and liberty have su-

perseded the lawlessness of brute force, and what copious interchanges of thought and love have taken the place of the sombre stolidity of the savage. The wanderings of the nations are greater now than ever in time past, and productive of happier results. Peaceful emigration sets more myriads in motion than all the hordes of armed barbarians, whether Gauls or Scythians, Goths or Huns, Scandinavians or Saracens, that ever burst from the steppes of Asia and the Northern nurseries of men. Our own city gives evidence that the civilized world is becoming one federation; for its storehouses exhibit all products, from furs that are whitened by Arctic snows, to spices ripened under the burning sun of the equator; and its people is the representative of all the cultivated nations of Europe.

Every clime is tasked also to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. Minerals that lie on the peaks of the Himalayas, animals that hide in the densest jungles of Africa, flowers that bloom in the solitudes of Sumatra, or the trackless swamps along the Amazon, are brought within the observation and domain of science.

With equal diligence the internal structure of plants and animals has been subjected to examination. We may gaze with astonishment at the advances which the past fifty years have made in the science of comparative physiology. By a most laborious and long-continued use of the microscope, and by a vast number of careful and minute dissections, man has gained such insight

into animal being, as not only to define its primary groups, but almost to draw the ideal archetype that preceded their creation. Not content with the study of his own organization and the comparison of it with the Fauna of every zone, he has been able to count the pulsations of the heart of a caterpillar; to watch the flow of blood through the veins of the silkworm; to enumerate the millions of living things that dwell in a drop of water; to take the census of creatures so small, that parts of their members remain invisible to the most powerful microscope; to trace the lungs of the insect which floats so gayly on the limber fans of its wings, and revels in the full fruition of its transcendent powers of motion.

The astronomer, too, has so perfected his skill, that he has weighed in the balance some, even, of the stars, and marked the course and the period of their revolutions; while, within the limits of our own system, he has watched the perturbations of the wandering fires, till he has achieved his crowning victory by discovering *a priori* the existence and the place of an exterior planet.

I have reminded you of the few hundreds of years during which man has been a tenant of earth, and of the great proportion that the last half century bears to the whole of his existence. Let us consider this more closely; for I dare assert that, in some branches of human activity, the period we commemorate has done

more for his instruction and improvement than all which went before.

I do not here refer to our own country, because it is altogether new, though its growth merits a passing remark; for within this time the area of our land has been so extended that a similar increase, twice repeated, would carry THE STARS AND STRIPES to the polar ice and to the isthmus; while our population now exceeds fivefold all who existed at the end of the two previous centuries, and probably outnumbered all the generations that sleep beneath the soil. I speak rather of results, in which the old world takes its share; and I will begin the enumeration by reference to an improvement which we may delight to consider our own. Your thoughts go in advance of me to recall the fact, that since our Society was organized, steam was first employed for both interior and oceanic navigation. We, BROTHERS of the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, remember with pride that this great achievement in behalf of the connection and the unity of the world, is due to the genius of one of our members, and the encouragement of another; to ROBERT FULTON and to ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

The same superiority belongs to this age in reference to the construction of the means of internal communication. What are all the artificial channels of travel and of commerce that previously existed, compared with the canals and railroads constructed in our

time? I shall not pause to estimate the number of these newly made highways; their collective length; their capacity for journeyings and for trade: I leave to others to contrast the occasional Oriental or African caravan with the daily freight-train on one of our iron pathways; the post-chaise, the stage-coach, and the diligence, with the incessant movement in the canal boats and the flying cars of the railroad. Yet in your presence, MY BROTHERS, remembering the eleven men who, fifty years ago, met and organized our society, I must for an instant direct attention to the system which connects our own Hudson with the basins of the St. Lawrence, of the Delaware, of the Susquehanna and of the Mississippi. This magnificent work, one of the noblest triumphs of civilized man, so friendly to peace and industry, to national union and true glory, was effected through the special instrumentality of one of our original founders and most active members; the same DE WITT CLINTON, who in days when the city of New York was proud of her enlightened magistracy, was at the head of her municipal government, esteeming it a part of his public duty to care disinterestedly for the welfare of science, and the fame of the great men of the country.

The half century which now closes, is likewise found to surpass all others, if we consider the extent of its investigations into the history of the earth. Geology, in that time, has assumed a severe scientific



form, doing the highest honor, not merely to the individual men who have engaged in the pursuit, but to human nature itself, by the persevering application of inductive reasoning, and the imperturbable serenity with which seeming contradictions have been studied till they have been found to confirm the general laws. Thus the geologist has been able to ascertain, in some degree, the chronology of our planet; to demonstrate the regularity of its structure where it seemed most disturbed; and where nature herself was at fault, and the trail of her footsteps broken, to restore the just arrangement of strata that had been crushed into confusion, or turned over in apparently inexplicable and incongruous folds. He has perused the rocky tablets on which time-honored nature has set her inscriptions. He has opened the massive sepulchres of departed forms of being, and pored over the copious records preserved there in stone, till they have revealed the majestic march of creative power, from the organism of the zoophyte entombed in the lowest depths of Siluria, through all the rising gradations of animal life, up to its sublimest result in Godlike man.

Again: It is only in our day that the sun has been taught to do the work of an artist, and in obedience to man's will, the great wave of light in its inconceivable swiftness, is compelled to delineate, with inimitable exactness, any object that the eye of day looks upon.

Of the nature of electricity, more has been discov-

ered in the last fifty years than in all past time, not even excepting the age when our own Franklin called it from the clouds. This aerial, invisible power, has learnt to fly as man's faithful messenger, till the mystic wires tremble with his passions and bear his errands on the wings of lightning. He divines how this agency, which holds the globe in its invisible embrace, guides floating atoms to their places in the crystal; or teaches the mineral ores the lines in which they should move, where to assemble together, and where to lie down and take their rest. It whispers to the meteorologist the secrets of the atmosphere and the skies. For the chemist in his laboratory it perfects the instruments of heat, dissolves the closest affinities, and reunites the sundered elements. It joins the artisan at his toil, and busily employed at his side, this subtlest and swiftest of existences tamely applies itself to its task, with patient care reproduces the designs of the engraver or the plastic art, and disposes the metal with a skilful delicacy and exactness which the best workman cannot rival. Nay more: it enters into the composition of man himself, and is ever present as the inmost witness of his thoughts and volitions. These are discoveries of our time.

But enough of this contrast of the achievement of one age with that of all preceding ones. It may seem to be at variance with our theme, that as republican institutions gain ground, WOMAN appears less on the

theatre of events. She, whose presence in this briery world is as a lily among thorns, whose smile is pleasant like the light of morning, and whose eye is the gate of heaven; she, whom nature so reveres, that the lovely veil of her spirit is the best terrestrial emblem of beauty, must cease to command armies or reign supreme over nations. Yet the progress of liberty, while it has made her less conspicuous, has redeemed her into the possession of the full dignity of her nature, has made her not man's slave, but his companion, his counsellor, and fellow-martyr; and, for an occasional ascendancy in political affairs, has substituted the uniform enjoyment of domestic equality. The avenue to active public life seems closed against her, but without impairing her power over mind, or her fame. The lyre is as obedient to her touch, the muse as coming to her call, as to that of man; and truth in its purity finds no more honored interpreter.

When comparisons are drawn between longer periods, the progress of the race appears from the change in the condition of its classes. Time knows no holier mission than to assert the rights of labor, and it has, in some measure, been mindful of the duty. Were Aristotle or Plato to come among us, they would find no contrast more complete than between the workshops of their Athens, and those of New York. In their day the bondmen practised the mechanic arts; nor was it conceived that the world could do its work except by

the use of slaves. But labor deserves and has the right to be dignified and ennobled, and the auspicious revolution in its condition has begun. Here the mechanic, at the shipyard, or the iron-works, or wherever may be the task of his choice, owns no master on earth; and while, by the careful study and employment of the forces of nature, he multiplies his powers, he sweetens his daily toil by the consciousness of personal independence, and the enjoyment of his acknowledged claim to honor no less than to reward.

The fifty years which we celebrate, have taken mighty strides toward the abolition of servitude. Prussia, in the hour of its sufferings and its greatest calamities, renovated its existence partly by the establishment of schools, and partly by changing its serfs into a proprietary peasantry. In Hungary, the attempt toward preserving the nationality of the Magyars may have failed; but the last vestiges of bondage have been effaced, and the holders of the plough have become the owners of themselves and of its soil.

If events do, as I believe, correspond to the Divine idea; if God is the fountain of all goodness, the inspirer of true affection, the source of all intelligence; there is nothing of so great moment to the race as the conception of his existence; and a true apprehension of his relations to man must constitute the turning point in the progress of the world. And it has been so. A better knowledge of his nature is the dividing

line that separates ancient history from modern ; the old time from the new. The thought of Divine unity as an absolute cause was familiar to antiquity ; but the undivided testimony of the records of all cultivated nations shows that it took no hold of the popular affections. Philosophers might conceive this Divine unity as purest action, unmixed with matter ; as fate, holding the universe in its invincible, unrelenting grasp ; as, reason, going forth to the work of creation ; as the primal source of the ideal archetypes, according to which the world was fashioned ; as boundless power, careless of boundless existence ; as the infinite one, slumbering unconsciously in the infinite all. Nothing of this could take hold of the common mind, or make

“Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,”

or throw down the altars of superstition.

For the regeneration of the world, it was requisite that the Divine Being should enter into the abodes and the hearts of men, and dwell there ; that a belief in him should be received, which should include all truth respecting his essence ; that he should be known not only as an abstract and absolute cause, but as the infinite fountain of moral excellence and beauty ; not as a distant Providence of boundless power and uncertain or inactive will, but as God present in the flesh ; not as an absolute lawgiver, holding the material world and all intelligent existence in the chains of necessity,



but as a creative spirit, indwelling in man, his fellow-worker and guide.

When the Divine Being was thus presented to the soul, he touched at once man's aspirations, affections, and intelligence, and faith in him sunk into the inmost heart of humanity. In vain did restless pride, as that of ARIUS, seek to paganise Christianity and make it the ally of imperial despotism; to prefer a belief resting on authority and unsupported by an inward witness, over the clear revelation of which the millions might see and feel and know the divine glory; to substitute the conception, framed after the pattern of heathenism, of an agent, superhuman yet finite, for faith in the ever-continuing union of God with man; to wrong the majesty and holiness of the Spirit of God by representing it as a birth of time. Against these attempts to subordinate the enfranchising virtue of truth to false worship and to arbitrary power, reason asserted its supremacy, and the party of superstition was driven from the field. Then mooned Ashtaroth was eclipsed, and Osiris was seen no more in Memphian grove; then might have been heard the crash of the falling temples of Polytheism; and, instead of them, came that harmony which holds Heaven and Earth in happiest union.

Amid the deep sorrows of humanity during the sad conflict which was protracted through centuries for the overthrow of the past and the reconstruction of society, the consciousness of an incarnate God carried peace

into the bosom of mankind. That faith emancipated the slave, broke the bondage of woman, redeemed the captive, elevated the low, lifted up the oppressed, consoled the wretched, inspired alike the heroes of thought and the countless masses. The down-trodden nations clung to it as to the certainty of their future emancipation; and it so filled the heart of the greatest poet of the Middle Ages—perhaps the greatest poet of all time—that he had no prayer so earnest as to behold in the profound and clear substance of the eternal light, that circling of reflected glory which showed the image of man.

From the time that this truth of the triune God was clearly announced, he was no longer dimly conceived as a remote and shadowy causality, but appeared as all that is good and beautiful and true; as goodness itself, incarnate and interceding, redeeming and inspiring; the union of liberty, love, and light; the infinite cause, the infinite mediator, the infinite in and with the universe, as the paraclete and comforter. The doctrine once communicated to man, was not to be eradicated. It spread as widely, as swiftly, and as silently as light, and the idea of GOD WITH US dwelt and dwells in every system of thought that can pretend to vitality; in every oppressed people, whose struggles to be free have the promise of success; in every soul that sighs for redemption.

This brings me to the last division of my subject. That God has dwelt and dwells with humanity is not only the noblest illustration of its nature, but the perfect guarantee for its progress. We are entering on a new era in the history of the race, and though we cannot cast its horoscope, we at least may in some measure discern the course of its motion.

Here we are met at the very threshold of our argument by an afterbirth of the materialism of the last century. A system which professes to re-construct society on the simple observation of the laws of the visible universe, and which is presented with arrogant pretension under the name of the "Positive Philosophy," scoffs at all questions of metaphysics and religious faith as insoluble and unworthy of human attention; and affects to raise the banner of an affirming belief in the very moment that it describes its main characteristic as a refusal to recognise the infinite. How those who own no source of knowledge but the senses, can escape its humiliating yoke, I leave them to discover. But it is as little entitled to be feared as to be received. When it has put together all that it can collect of the laws of the material universe, it can advance no further toward the explanation of existence, morals, or reason.

Philosophy which leaned on Heaven before,  
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.  
They who listen to the instructions of inward expe-

rience, may smile at the air of wisdom with which a scheme that has no basis in the soul is presented to the world as a new universal creed, the Catholic Church of the materialist. Its handful of acolytes wonder why they remain so few. But Atheism never holds sway over human thought except as a usurper; no child of its own succeeding. Error is a convertible term with decay. Falsehood and death are synonyms. Falsehood can gain no permanent foothold in the immortal soul; for there can be no abiding or real faith, except in that which is eternally and universally true. The future will never produce a race of atheists, and their casual appearance is but the evidence of some ill-understood truth; some mistaken direction of the human mind; some perverse or imperfect view of creation. The atheist denies the life of life, which is the source of liberty. Proclaiming himself a mere finite thing of to-day, he rejects all connection with the infinite. Pretending to search for truth, he abjures the spirit of truth. Were it possible that the world of mankind could become without God, that greatest death, the death of the race would ensue. It is because man cannot separate himself from his inward experience and his yearning after the infinite, that he is capable of progress; that he can receive a religion whose history is the triumph of right over evil, whose symbol is the resurrection.

The reciprocal relation between God and humanity

constitutes the UNITY of the race. The more complete recognition of that unity is the first great promise which we receive from the future. Nations have, indeed, had their separate creeds and institutions and homes. The commonwealth of mankind, as a great whole, was not to be constructed in one generation. But the different peoples are to be considered as its component parts, prepared, like so many springs and wheels, one day to be put together.

Every thing tends to that consummation. Geographical research has penetrated nearly every part of the world, revealed the paths of the ocean, and chronicled even the varying courses of the winds; while commerce circles the globe. At our Antipodes, a new continent, lately tenanted only by the wildest of men and the strangest products of nature, the kangaroo and the quadruped with the bill of a bird, becomes an outpost of civilization, one day to do service in regenerating the world.

In this great work our country holds the noblest rank. Rome subdued the regions round the Mediterranean and the Euxine, both inland seas; the German Empire spread from the German Ocean to the Adriatic. Our land extends far into the wilderness, and beyond the wilderness; and while on this side the great mountains it gives the Western nations of Europe a theatre for the renewal of their youth, on the transmontane side, the hoary civilisation of the farthest antiquity



leans forward from Asia to receive the glad tidings of the messenger of freedom. The islands of the Pacific entreat our protection, and at our suit the Empire of Japan breaks down its wall of exclusion.

Our land is not more the recipient of the men of all countries than of their ideas. Annihilate the past of any one leading nation of the world, and our destiny would have been changed. Italy and Spain, in the persons of COLUMBUS and ISABELLA, joined together for the great discovery that opened America to emigration and commerce; France contributed to its independence; the search for the origin of the language we speak carries us to India; our religion is from Palestine; of the hymns sung in our churches, some were first heard in Italy, some in the deserts of Arabia, some on the banks of the Euphrates; our arts come from Greece; our jurisprudence from Rome; our maritime code from Russia; England taught us the system of Representative Government; the noble Republic of the United Provinces bequeathed to us, in the world of thought, the great idea of the toleration of all opinions; in the world of action, the prolific principle of federal union. Our country stands, therefore, more than any other, as the realisation of the unity of the race.

There is one institution so wide in its influence and its connections, that it may already be said to represent the intelligence of universal man. I have reserved to this place a reference to the power, which has

obtained its majestic development within the last fifty years, till it now forms the controlling agency in renovating civilisation ; surpassing in the extent and effectiveness of its teachings the lessons of the Academy and of the pulpit. The invisible force of the magnetic ether does not more certainly extend throughout the air and the earth, than the press gives an impulse to the wave of thought, so that it vibrates round the globe. The diversity of nationalities and of governments continues ; the press illustrates the unity of our intellectual world, and constitutes itself the organ of collective humanity.

By the side of the press, the system of free schools, though still very imperfectly developed, has made such progress since it first dawned in Geneva and in parishes of Scotland, that we claim it of the future as a universal institution.

The moment we enter upon an enlarged consideration of existence, we may as well believe in beings that are higher than ourselves, as in those that are lower ; nor is it absurd to inquire whether there is a plurality of worlds. Induction warrants the opinion, that the planets and the stars are tenanted, or are to be tenanted, by inhabitants endowed with reason ; for though man is but a new comer upon earth, the lower animals had appeared through unnumbered ages, like a long twilight before the day. Some indeed tremulously inquire, how it may be in those distant spheres with regard to redemption ? But the scruple is un-

called for. Since the Mediator is from the beginning, he exists for all intelligent creatures not less than for all time. It is very narrow and contradictory to confine his office to the planet on which we dwell. In other worlds the facts of history may be, or rather, by all the laws of induction, will be different; but the essential relations of the finite to the infinite are, and must be invariable. It is not more certain that the power of gravity extends through the visible universe, than that throughout all time and all space, there is but one mediation between God and created reason.

But leaving aside the question, how far rational life extends, it is certain that on earth the capacity of coming into connection with the infinite is the distinguishing mark of our kind, and proves it to be one. Here, too, is our solace for the indisputable fact, that humanity in its upward course passes through the shadows of death, and over the relics of decay. Its march is strown with the ruins of formative efforts, that were never crowned with success. How often does the just man suffer, and sometimes suffer most for his brightest virtues! How often do noblest sacrifices to regenerate a nation seem to have been offered in vain! How often is the champion of liberty struck down in the battle, and the symbol which he uplifted, trampled underfoot! But what is the life of an individual to that of his country? of a state, or a nation, at a given moment, to that of the race? The just man

would cease to be just, if he were not willing to perish for his kind. The scoria that fly from the iron at the stroke of the artisan, show how busily he plies his task; the clay which is rejected from the potter's wheel, proves the progress of his work; the chips of marble that are thrown off by the chisel of the sculptor, leave the miracle of beauty to grow under his hand. Nothing is lost. I leave to others the questioning of Infinite power, why the parts are distributed as they are, and not otherwise. Humanity moves on, attended by its glorious company of martyrs. It is our consolation, that their sorrows and persecution and death are encountered in the common cause, and not in vain.

The world is just beginning to take to heart this principle of the unity of the race, and to discover how fully and how beneficently it is fraught with international, political, and social revolutions. Without attempting to unfold what the greater wisdom of coming generations can alone adequately conceive and practically apply, we may observe, that the human mind tends not only toward unity, but UNIVERSALITY.

Infinite truth is never received without some admixture of error, and in the struggle which necessarily ensues between the two, the error constantly undergoes the process of elimination. Investigations are continued without a pause. The explanatory hypothesis, perpetually renewed, receives perpetual correction. Fresh observations detect the fallacies in the former

hypothesis; again, mind, acting *a priori*, revises its theory, of which it repeats and multiplies the tests. Thus it proceeds from observation to hypothesis, and from hypothesis to observation, progressively gaining clearer perceptions, and more perfectly mastering its stores of accumulated knowledge by generalisations which approximate nearer and nearer to absolute truth.

With each successive year, a larger number of minds in each separate nationality inquires into man's end and nature; and as truth and the laws of God are unchangeable, the more that engage in their study, the greater will be the harvest. Nor is this all; the nations are drawn to each other as members of one family; and their mutual acquisitions become a common property.

In this manner, truth, as discerned by the mind of man, is constantly recovering its primal lustre, and is steadily making its way toward general acceptance. Not that greater men will appear. Who can ever embody the high creative imagination of the poet more perfectly than HOMER, or DANTE, or SHAKESPEARE? Who can discern "the ideas" of existences more clearly than PLATO, or be furnished with all the instruments of thought and scientific attainment more completely than ARISTOTLE? To what future artist will beauty be more intimately present, than to PHIDIAS or RAPHAEL? In universality of mind, who will surpass BACON, or LEIBNITZ, or KANT? Indeed, the



world may never again see their peers. There are not wanting those who believe, that the more intelligence is diffused, the less will the intelligent be distinguished from one another; that the colossal greatness of individuals implies a general inferiority; just as the solitary tree on the plain alone reaches the fullest development; or as the rock that stands by itself in the wilderness, seems to cast the widest and most grateful shade; in a word, that the day of mediocrity attends the day of general culture. But if wiser men do not arise, there will certainly be more wisdom. The collective man of the future will see further, and see more clearly, than the collective man of to-day, and he will share his superior power of vision and his attainments with every one of his time. Thus it has come to pass, that the child now at school could instruct COLUMBUS respecting the figure of the earth, or NEWTON respecting light, or FRANKLIN on electricity; that the husbandman or the mechanic of a Christian congregation solves questions respecting God and man and man's destiny, which perplexed the most gifted philosophers of ancient Greece.

Finally, as a consequence of the tendency of the race towards unity and universality, the organization of society must more and more conform to the principle of FREEDOM. This will be the last triumph; partly because the science of government enters into the sphere of personal interests, and meets resistance from

private selfishness ; and partly because society, before it can be constituted aright, must turn its eye upon itself, observe the laws of its own existence, and arrive at the consciousness of its capacities and relations.

The system of political economy may solve the question of the commercial intercourse of nations, by demonstrating that they all are naturally fellow-workers and friends ; but its abandonment of labor to the unmitigated effects of personal competition can never be accepted as the rule for the dealings of man with man. The love for others and for the race is as much a part of human nature as the love of self ; it is a common instinct that man is responsible for man. The heart has its oracles, not less than the reason, and this is one of them. No practicable system of social equality has been brought forward, or it should, and it would have been adopted ; it does not follow that none can be devised, for there is no necessary opposition between handcraft and intelligence ; and the masses themselves will gain the knowledge of their rights, courage to assert them, and self-respect to take nothing less. The good time is coming, when humanity will recognise all members of its family as alike entitled to its care ; when the heartless jargon of over-production in the midst of want will end in a better science of distribution ; when man will dwell with man as with his brother ; when political institutions will rest on the basis of equality and freedom.

But this result must flow from internal activity, developed by universal culture; it cannot be created by the force of exterior philanthropy; and still less by the reckless violence of men whose desperate audacity would employ terror as a means to ride on the whirlwind of civil war. Where a permanent reform appears to have been instantaneously effected, it will be found that the happy result was but the sudden plucking of fruit which had slowly ripened. Successful revolutions proceed like all other formative processes from inward germs. The institutions of a people are always the reflection of its heart and its intelligence; and in proportion as these are purified and enlightened, must its public life manifest the dominion of universal reason.

The subtle and irresistible movement of mind, silently but thoroughly correcting opinion and changing society, brings liberty both to the soul and to the world. All the despotisms on earth cannot stay its coming. Every fallacy that man discards is an emancipation; every superstition that is thrown by, is a redeeming from captivity. The tendency towards universality implies necessarily a tendency towards freedom, alike of thought and in action. The faith of the earliest ages was of all others the grossest. Every century of the Christian Church is less corrupt and less in bondage than its predecessor. The sum of spiritual knowledge as well as of liberty is greater, and less mixed with error now, than ever before. The future

shall surpass the present. The senseless strife between rationalism and supernaturalism will come to an end; an age of skepticism will not again be called an age of reason; and reason and religion will be found in accord.

In the sphere of politics the Republican Government has long been the aspiration of the wise. "The human race," said DANTE, summing up the experience of the Middle Age, "is in the best condition, when it has the greatest degree of liberty;" and KANT, in like manner, giving utterance to the last word of Protestantism, declared the republican government to be "the only true civil constitution." Its permanent establishment presupposes meliorating experience and appropriate culture; but the circumstances under which it becomes possible, prevail more and more. Our country is bound to allure the world to freedom by the beauty of its example.

The course of civilization flows on like a mighty river through a boundless valley, calling to the streams from every side to swell its current, which is always growing wider, and deeper, and clearer, as it rolls along. Let us trust ourselves upon its bosom without fear; nay, rather with confidence and joy. Since the progress of the race appears to be the great purpose of Providence, it becomes us all to venerate the future. We must be ready to sacrifice ourselves for our successors, as they in their turn must live for their posterity.

We are not to be disheartened, that the intimate connection of humanity renders it impossible for any one portion of the civilised world to be much in advance of all the rest ; nor are we to grieve because an unalterable condition of perfection can never be attained. Every thing is in movement, and for the better, except only the fixed eternal law by which the necessity of change is established ; or rather except only God, who includes in himself all being, all truth, and all love. The subject of man's thoughts remains the same, but the sum of his acquisitions ever grows with time ; so that his last system of philosophy is the best, for it includes every one that went before. The last political state of the world, likewise, is ever more excellent than the old, for it presents in activity the entire inheritance of truth, fructified by the living mind of a more enlightened generation.

You, BROTHERS, who are joined together for the study of history, receive the lighted torch of civilisation from the departing half-century, and hand it along to the next. In fulfilling this glorious office, remember that the principles of justice and sound philosophy are but the inspirations of common sense, and belong of right to all mankind. Carry them forth, therefore, to the whole people ; for so only can society build itself up on the imperishable groundwork of universal freedom.



















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